


Malvern:
What To See And
Where To Go
(1899)



Charles F. Grindrod



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

Malvern: What To See And Where To Go

Charles F. Grindrod

In the interest of creating a more extensive selection of rare historical book reprints, we have chosen to reproduce this title even though it may possibly have occasional imperfections such as missing and blurred pages, missing text, poor pictures, markings, dark backgrounds and other reproduction issues beyond our control. Because this work is culturally important, we have made it available as a part of our commitment to protecting, preserving and promoting the world's literature. Thank you for your understanding.

MALVERN:
WHAT TO SEE
AND
WHERE TO GO

BY

CHARLES F GRINDROD

*Author of "Plays from English History" "Tales in the Speech
House" "The Shadow of the Raggedstone" etc*

JOHN THOMPSON
PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER MALVERN

1899

Dedication

TO EVERY PERSON WHO READS IT
WITHOUT DISTINCTION
OF
AGE SEX RANK BUSINESS
NATIONALITY RELIGION OR POLITICS

This book is dedicated

PREFACE

THE author was induced to write this book in the hope of being of some use to the place he lives in ; and also to those who visit it, and who often complain that they don't know "what to see, or where to go."

In so wide a range as the work traverses it is impossible that some errors have not been made, or that some points of interest have not been overlooked, and the author will gratefully welcome any corrections from those who are better informed than himself.

The book being designed for those wishing to see the places of interest round Malvern, the scientific resources of the neighbourhood are only slightly treated. If further apologies are needed on this score, they must be these—that excellent works on the subjects involved already exist, and that the author did not feel himself competent to undertake the task, being a poor geologist, a worse botanist, and a somewhat rusty entomologist. To write at second-hand on matters one is not well acquainted with is apt to lead to first-rate blunders, and the author

does not wish to share the fate of a writer in "Good Words" who, in describing a fight between a cobra and an Indian mongoose, speaks of the latter as "that wonderful bird."

The kindness is here acknowledged of Mr. H. Dyke Acland of the Old Bank, and of Mr. W. H. Jones of Cherbourg School, the former in looking over the proof-sheets of the section on Geology, the latter in performing the same act of grace for the gossip on Botany.

If the author seems to have given too large a space to architecture, his excuse must be that in most small towns and villages the church is the chief object of interest, and that this part of England is specially rich in fine churches.

It was intended to include in the programme of this book a "Cyclist's Guide," but time has not allowed that intention to be carried out. It is hoped to supply this omission in a future issue, should there be one, but practically the omission is not of much moment, as most of the excursions described in the present volume are open to cyclists.

Finally—since every one who writes books makes excuses—the author would claim some indulgence on the score of a temporary illness which, after enforced idleness, obliged him to write this work with undesirable rapidity. He

trusts, however, not to have fallen into such capital blunders as some existing guide-books have done, one of which describes the Malvern Hills as dividing the counties of Hereford and Warwick, and another of which calls the Teme a Gloucestershire river, and—*mirabile dictu!*—solemnly tells us that *Caer Caradoc*, where Caractacus was taken prisoner, is *on the Wye below Holm Lacey*.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION, 1895

THIS edition, besides many corrections of and enlargements to the former issue, contains the following new matter—a more detailed local description under the heading “The Seven Malverns,” the drives to Bromsberrow Church, Besford, Corse Church, Hasfield Tirley, Ashleworth, and Hartpury, and the excursion to Ilfracombe.

In a work of this range, dealing with a country so rich in interest as that round Malvern, it is impossible to give every drive and every excursion which might be deemed worthy of description; but probably enough are given to satisfy most visitors, and also enough to

illustrate the country visited. The author believes that he has omitted few places of interest which are easy to get at, but if he has done so—to repeat a former invitation—he will gladly welcome suggestions.

With reference to a singularly shallow notice of the architectural portion of this book in the *Literary World*, in which the critic evidently derives his knowledge from a dictionary, the author would point out that he always applies the term “Gothic” to the whole range of that branch of architecture in England from Anglo-Saxon to Perpendicular, and not merely to the Pointed styles, a confined use of the term which he believes to be both unscientific and misleading. On this point, however, equally good authorities hold different views, nor is it possible to discuss the question here. It will be sufficient if the readers of this book who are not versed in architecture remember that the author applies the above term to the whole five styles—*i.e.* the two Round as well as the three Pointed—and their transitions.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION, 1897

SEVERAL slight but important corrections and additions will be found in this issue, including the excursion to Dymock and Kempley. Limited space prevents the author from doing justice to these places. Kempley, especially, would require several pages to give any idea of its remarkable mural paintings. It is, however, an easy trip from Malvern, and a ten minutes' visit would be worth a volume of description.

The author's design in this book was to give as clear an account as lay in his power, and under distinct headings, of the most interesting features of the surrounding country—scenery, history, antiquities, etc.—rather than to spend the space at his disposal in a detailed description of local streets, hotels, charities, and places of education. The call for a third edition in three years is an encouragement to believe that this design was not altogether a mistaken one.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION

1899

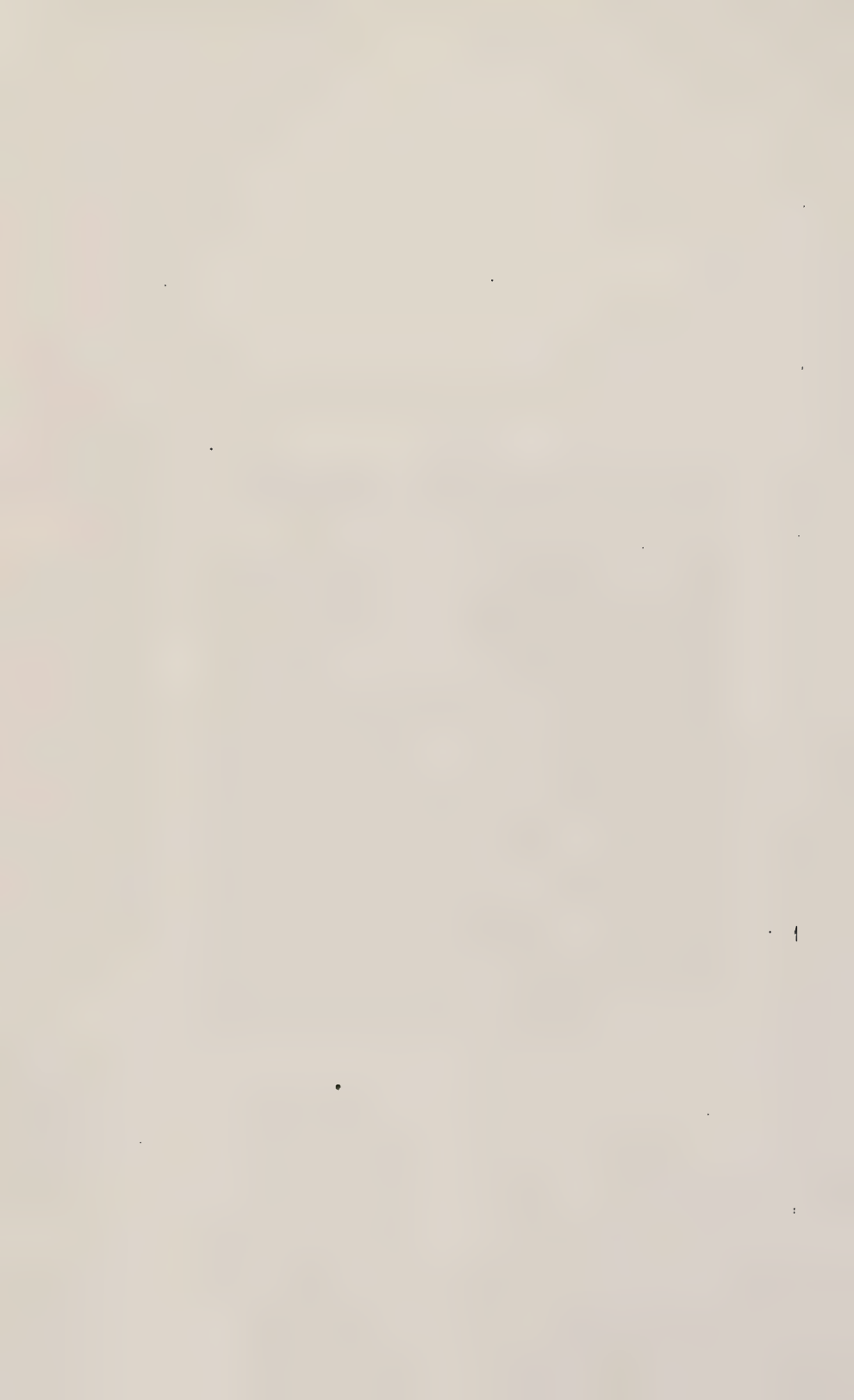
THIS edition contains a larger amount of new matter than any previous reissue. Besides many slight corrections and enlargements, the following fresh excursions have been added :—"The Upper Wye"; "Ham Mill and Bridge, Stanford Bridge, and The Hundred House"; "Howe Capel, Fownhope, and Mordiford"; "The Blackstone Rocks, Bewdley, and up the Severn to Arley Castle"; "Ketford Bridge"; "Clifton-on-Teme"; "Eckington Bridge and Nafford Mill"; and "The Scenery of the Cotteswold Hills."

The notes on that most interesting Anglo-Saxon church, Deerhurst Priory, have also been much amplified, though less so than the writer could wish and the subject deserves.

Views of Ham Mill, Eckington Bridge, the Blackstone Rocks, and the belfry of Deerhurst Priory, from a series of photographs taken by the author, have been added to the illustrations. The last-named view, though not a good photograph, may be interesting to antiquarians, as it was taken from inside the belfry, and so within a few feet of the window mouldings.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Malvern : Part of North Hill and Town	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Priory Church, Malvern	25
Little Malvern Priory Church	74
Worcester Cathedral : Nave, with Chancel beyond	87
East Front of Severn End	96
Eckington Bridge	119
Ledbury Town Hall and Market Place	150
Tewkesbury Abbey	163
Belfry of Deerhurst Priory	169
Hereford Cathedral	176
Gloucester Cathedral	195
Ham Mill	225
The Blackstone Rocks	229
Tintern Abbey	248
Chepstow Castle	251



CONTENTS

PART I

MODERN MALVERN

	PAGE
Malvern as a Health Resort	3
Schools, hotels, etc.	5
Amusements	6
Railways, cabs, brakes, etc.	7
Churches, chapels, etc.	8
The Seven Malverns	9

PART II

ANCIENT MALVERN

The origin of the name, position, ancient people, etc.	14
Ancient buildings	16
Ancient religious history	17
Secular history	19
The Priory Church	20
General structure and Norman nave	21
East end	22
Probable design of apse	27
Exterior and Porch	28
Former Lady Chapel	29
Mural and pavement tiles	29
The stained glass	30
Oak stalls	36
Monuments	37

PART III

THE MALVERN HILLS

General description	39
The general view from the Hills	42
Details of the view from the Hills	43

PART IV

SHORT EXCURSIONS

The North Hill	62
The Worcestershire Beacon	62
The Wyche-cutting and the Wells Hills	63
The Herefordshire Beacon, or Camp Hill	64

	PAGE
The Swinyerd, The Gullet, Obelisk, and Bransill Castle	65
The Midsummer Camp	66
The Raggedstone Hill	67
Valley of the White-leaved Oak, and the Gloucestershire Beacon, or Keys End Hill	69
The circle of the hills	70
Circle by Eastnor, the Raggedstone Pass, and Castle Morton Common	70
Circle by Bromsberrow and Eastnor	71
Drive to the Valley of the White-leaved Oak	71
Drive through Colwall, Mathon, and Cradley	72
Drive or walk to Little Malvern Priory	75
Drive round Madresfield	79
Drive or train to Worcester	80
Drive by Sherridge, Bridge's Stone, and Bachelor's Bridge	90
Drive or train to Ankerdine Hill	91
Drive to Clifton-on-Teme	92
Drive to Woodbury and Abberley Hills, Hundred House and Witley Court	92
Drive to Leigh Sinton	93
Drive to Leigh	93
Drive to the Rhydd, Clevelode Ferry, and the Old Hills	93
Drive or walk to the "White House" or "Priors"	94
Drive to Severn End	97
Drive to Longdon	99
Drive to Hanley Hall	102
Drive to Eastington Court	103
Drive to Earl's Croome	105
Drive to Pirton Court	106
Drive to Birts Morton Court	109
Drive to Castle Morton	112
Drive or train to Upton-on-Severn	112
Drive or train to Ripple	113
Drive to Twyning Fleet, with Bredon, Strensham and Hill Croome	114
Drive to Eckington Bridge and Nafford Mill	117
Ascent of Bredon Hill	118
Villages round Bredon	121

	<i>PAGE</i>
Drive, or part train, to Besford	123
Drives to Pendock and Eldersfield	127
Drive to The Berrow	127
Drive to Bromsberrow Church	128
Drive to Staunton Swan	129
Drive to Upleadon	130
Drive to Haw Bridge	131
Drive to Ashleworth	132
Train or drive to Dymock and Kempley	137
Drive to Corse Church	138
Drive to Hasfield Church and Court, and the Great House	139
Drive to Tirley	140
Drive, or part train, to Hartpur	141
Drive to Redmarley, Payford Bridge, and Newent	144
Drive to Ketford Bridge	145
Drive or walk through Eastnor Park to Eastnor Castle	147
Drive, walk, or train to Ledbury	148
Drive or walk to Bosbury	152
Drive or walk to Colwall and Coddington	153
Drive, walk, or part train, to the Ketch Inn	154
Drive to Ombersley and Holt Fleet	154
Layamon's Cave near Stourport	155
Train to Droitwich	156
Westwood Park	156
Drive or train to Boomyard	157
Drive or train to Stoke Edith	157
Drive or train to Tewkesbury	158
Deerhurst Priory	167

PART V

LONGER EXCURSIONS

Drive or train to Ross	173
Drive or train to Hereford	173
Drive or train to Cheltenham	178
Train and drive to Winchcombe	179
Train and drive to Sudely Castle	180
Train, or train and part drive, to Bishop's Cleeve	181

	PAGE
Train, or part drive, to Pershore and Evesham	182
Train to Bromsgrove	185
Train or boat to Bewdley	186
Train or drive to Gloucester	186

PART VI

LONG EXCURSIONS

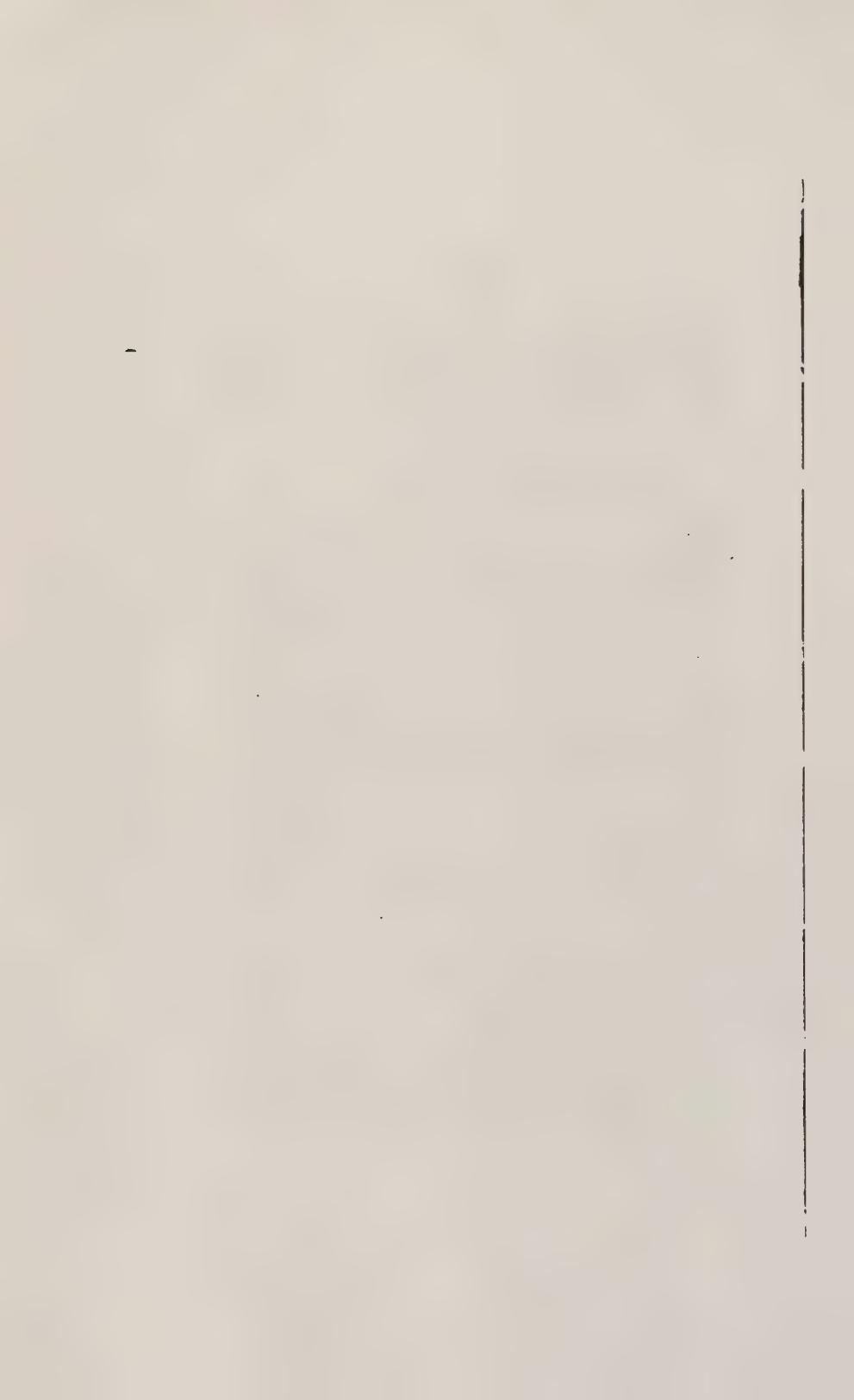
Train, or part drive, to Tenbury	199
Train to Cleobury Mortimer	200
Drive, or part train, to The Broadway	200
Train, and short drive, to Berkeley Castle	202
Train, or part steamer, to Sharpness Point	202
Train or drive to Alcester	203
Train, or part drive, to Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Guy's Cliff, and Kenilworth	204
Train to Coventry	206
Train to Lichfield	208
Train to Birmingham	209
Train to Cirencester and Fairford	209
Train, or part walk or drive, to Kilpeck, the Golden Valley, Abbey Dore, and Grosmont Castle	209
Train and drive to Weobley	211
Train to Shrewsbury	212
Train to Bristol	213
Train, and drive or walk, to the Black Mountains and Llanthony Abbey	213
Train to Brecon, or drive from The Hay to Brecon and Abergavenny	214
Train to Dudley	217
Circle by train to Bridgenorth, Buildwas and Wen- lock Abbeys, Church Stretton, and Stokesay Castle	218
Train to Leominster and Ludlow	220
Drive to Ham Mill and Bridge, New Mill Bridge, Stanford Bridge, and Hundred House	224
Drive or train to the Blackstone Rocks and Bewdley, and walk up the Severn to Arley Castle	228
Drive to Howe Capel, Fownhope, and Mordiford	232
The scenery of the Cotteswolds—train and drive	235

Train and drive to the Upper Wye . . .	PAGE 238
The Lower Wye by train and boat . . .	240
Train, or part drive, to the Forest of Dean . .	254
Train and steamer to Ilfracombe . . .	256

PART VII

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DISTRICT

Geology	260
Botany	264
Entomology	271
Ornithology	275
Land and Fresh-water Mollusca	277





ABBAY HOTEL, MALVERN.



FOLEY ARMS HOTEL, MALVERN.

B

COX & PAINTER,

LIMITED.

SPECIALITIES IN

Parisian Millinery.

Costumes of the Latest Fashion.

Mantles, Jackets, and Capes.

Teagowns, Blouses, and

Children's Dresses.

British and Foreign Dress Fabrics.

DRESSMAKING

**In First-Class Style by Head Dressmakers of
Approved Ability.**

FIVE DISTINCT WORKROOMS,

**Employing the Largest Staff of Skilled Assistants
in the District.**

Frontage of Premises, 272 feet.

HOUSE FURNISHING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Cabinet Makers, Upholsterers, Bedding Manufacturers,

Carpets, Curtains, Linoleums, Inside and Outside Blinds.

ESTIMATES FREE.

Funerals Carefully Conducted.

Warwick House, MALVERN.

PART I.

MODERN MALVERN.

Malvern as a Health Resort.

MALVERN hardly needs any "bush" to advertise the "wine" of its good qualities, and probably there is no other English health-resort which offers so many natural advantages to invalids. It possesses the four great necessities of a natural sanatorium—high position, dry soil, pure water, and gently-bracing air. Beyond these, it has the rare advantage of being placed on hills which have no breadth, *i.e.* they are a single chain, with no lateral, intervening valleys to collect moisture and catch the breezes, a point which has scarcely been made enough of. The water for this very reason is not unlimited, although sufficient; but, flowing through the syenite rock, it is of the purest and most delicious quality, and with an almost unrivalled freedom from solid matter. As regards provision for the increasing number of both residents and visitors, the great new waterworks at the Camp Hill, lately opened (April 23, 1895) by H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, are confidently expected to

give an ample supply of the best water, not only for Great Malvern, but also, if required, for the entire Malvern district. This reservoir holds about 44,000,000 gallons of the finest hill-water, its top-water-level area is some 7 acres, and its maximum depth is 60 feet. The soil of Malvern, which is mainly syenitic gravel, affords so good a natural drainage that the roads, and especially the hill paths, quickly dry up after the heaviest storms. The rainfall is less in Malvern than in most localities, even those near at hand, the rain-storms seeming to be deflected from the narrow hills upon the valley below. There is also, usually, less snow in winter, and it lies for a less length of time than in most districts. The prevailing westerly winds, blowing from the Atlantic, are softened by their passage over the intervening country. From whatever cause, the air of Malvern contains a higher average of that much-approved stimulus "ozone" than perhaps the air of any other inland place. This is in curious contrast to Cheltenham, so short a distance off, the air of which contains very little ozone.

The eastern aspect of Great Malvern, which some physicians who do not know the peculiar local circumstances have considered a point against the place, is in reality one of its merits. The morning sun is for invalids of more value than that of the afternoon; besides which, the abutment of the hills north of Great Malvern protects the town from what is often the coldest of winter winds, the snow-chilled north-west. The abrupt rise of the hills from the eastern

valley is another cause of the singular dryness of the high plateau on which the main town is situated.

The above points apply equally to Malvern Wells, and the districts between the latter and Great Malvern.

For lung diseases, especially what is known as "consumption," Malvern can be strongly recommended, and for winter resort quite as much as summer—a statement which the author could back by facts, and doubts not that other medical men could still more confidently confirm. Malvern, always loved for the summer, is rapidly winning respect as a resort in winter. Cases of anæmia, dyspepsia, and nervous disorders arising from modern wear and tear, are peculiarly benefitted by Malvern air, especially if backed up by regimen of diet, and that system of simple treatment which first made the place famous, and which, if properly applied, is a useful branch, and should not claim to be more, of the science of medicine. Finally, Malvern has the proud boast of having the lowest death-rate among watering-places.

The Malvern Hills are almost unique in their natural advantages. No other range is at once so free, so easy of access to the weak, so open to unchecked breezes, and so rich in glorious prospect at so slight a toll of trouble.

Schools, Hotels, etc.

As regards education, Malvern is almost as famous as Brighton and Cheltenham for its schools for both sexes. To name but one.

Malvern College is rapidly attaining a high reputation among the Public Schools of England, alike for its sound education and, what is often a good test of progress, its success in athletics. In 1894 a Malvern boy was captain of the Cambridge Cricket eleven, and another has won the rackets for Oxford, and also the English amateur championship. Victories of brain and of muscle commonly go together in schools, and the healthy climatic conditions of Malvern conduce to success in both.

High-class Hotels and Boarding - houses abound in Malvern, and visitors will find every comfort which modern life demands. There is also a large Hydropathic Establishment in Great Malvern. Excellent lodgings will be found in every part of the town, as well as in the neighbouring districts.

Amusements.

In amusements, it must be confessed, the town has until lately been somewhat behind the times; but the new Assembly Rooms provide entertainments sufficient to meet the want of most visitors, who probably come to a health resort rather for natural than artificial pleasures, and to show that Malvern is the centre of centres for the former class of diversions is the author's object in the present book. Besides its large Concert Hall and Theatre, the Assembly Rooms are provided with Billiard and Reading rooms. The Malvern Club is at the bottom of Church Street, and visitors can readily gain admittance on proper introduction.

Railways, Cabs, Brakes, etc.

Malvern is served by the Great Western and Midland railways, both working from the station at Great Malvern. London is reached in three and a half hours; Birmingham in less than an hour and a half; Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Manchester in about five hours; Bristol in under three hours; and there is a frequent service of trains to Worcester, which is reached in less than half an hour.

Excellent cabs, and open carriages for drives, supply the want of visitors, and good riding-horses can be hired at several stables. There is also a well-ordered service of brakes and omnibusses, running about every half-hour, between Great Malvern and Malvern Wells, winter and summer, and there are brakes to Malvern Link and West Malvern. Large and handsome brakes, moreover, start every day in the season for short and long excursions in the neighbourhood, including trips to some of the places mentioned later on in this book; and these brakes are of great advantage to visitors who cannot afford the luxury of a private carriage, or who prefer to take their pleasure in company. Possibly the proprietors might find it worth while to arrange runs to The Broadway, and other places of great interest difficult to reach. Starting early, a well-appointed four-horse brake would cover the distance in good time to see the points of interest in such places, besides giving the pleasure of the fine scenery on the way.

It would be an incomplete account of the

means of transit possessed by Malvern to omit the most famous and time-honoured—it is to be feared not always hide-honoured—of all, the donkeys. These useful little animals have since the dawn of modern Malvern been associated with the place, and can always be hired for ascending the hills at a price as modest as themselves, several “stands” being close above the town, with boys and women waiting eager for orders.

Churches, Chapels, etc.

As regards places of worship, Malvern is well supplied with churches and chapels to meet the wants of members of most communions. The Church of England has the noble mother church of the Priory, and Christ Church near the railway station, besides the neighbouring churches of North Malvern, Malvern Link, West Malvern, Malvern Wells, Little Malvern Priory, Newland, St. Andrew at Pool Brook, and also the Wyche School-Chapel, the latter being a pleasant short walk over the breezy Malvern Common road, and having short services well suited for invalids.

There are two Roman Catholic churches, one near the Rural Hospital, and the other at Little Malvern. There is also regular service at the chapel of the Benedictine Monastery, College Road, Great Malvern.

The Wesleyan Chapel is some distance below the bottom of Church Street; the Congregational Chapel is on the Worcester Road, not far from the Foley Arms Hotel; Lady Huntingdon's Chapel is on the Wells Road, close to the town;

and the Baptist Chapel is below the Hay Well Baths.

Besides these there are two communions of the "Brethren," and a regular meeting-place for the "Society of Friends."

The Seven Malverns.

Formerly there were six places called Malvern, and, as a part of the Wyche district has lately received the name of South Malvern, the number is now raised to seven. All of these are on the eastern side of the Malvern Hills except West Malvern. North Malvern, Great Malvern, South Malvern, Malvern Wells, and Little Malvern lie on the slope of the hills from north to south in the order named. Malvern Link is farther from the hills, lying to the north-east of Great Malvern. West Malvern, as its name implies, is on the west side of the range, and is mainly on the western slope of the Worcestershire Beacon. The Upper Wyche district occupies a very high position, almost on the crest of the hill, and is midway between Great Malvern and Malvern Wells.

North Malvern.

North Malvern lies under the steep northern face of the North Hill, and is simply an extension north and west of Great Malvern. At its western limit it joins touch with West Malvern. The hill is somewhat steep and bold above North Malvern, an effect added to by the huge quarries which have practically made a preci-

pice of this end of the range. North of the place are the beautiful wooded small hills of Cowleigh Park and Cradley.

South Malvern and The Wyche.

The Wyche is a district high up on the hill, between Great Malvern and Malvern Wells, and, roughly speaking, occupies the tract between the Wyche and the Wells roads. It is divided into the Upper and the Lower Wyche. The great bulk of the Wyche consists of cottages and small dwellings, but at the lower part, facing the main Wells road, is a fringe of villas, continuous with the northern extension of Malvern Wells. This portion is included in the district now called South Malvern. In spite of being a poor district, the Wyche is remarkably healthy, and is less shut in by trees than either Great Malvern or Malvern Wells. Its name is of considerable antiquity, being derived either from the Hwicci, an Anglo-Saxon tribe which occupied this and neighbouring tracts of the kingdom of Mercia, or from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning a settlement, and hence a village. A still earlier name is claimed for the Wyche in that of the steep path leading from the east side of the Cutting down to the Wells road. This is now called by the local people the "Old Picture Path," or "Pixie Path," also "Pig Path," and is thought by some to be a corruption of Pict—possibly a fanciful derivation, but worth noting.

Malvern Wells.

Malvern Wells, like a certain famous character, is both beautiful and respectable, and may be called the "west end" of Malvern. It is entirely modern, the only building with any pretension to age being "The Ruby," a late Seventeenth Century house, said to have been built by the famous Admiral Benbow, and named after his flag-ship. The neighbouring little hotel—once a picturesque coaching inn, called the "Admiral Benbow," but lately improved out of its quaintness and robbed of its historical title for one not so familiar to students of history—also bears witness to the association of James the Second's favourite sea-captain with this part of England. The old Well-House, now a Private School for boys, is a late Georgian structure. It was once an hotel, and afterwards a Hydropathic Establishment. The Holy Well, one of the most picturesque spots on the hills, shows by its name some association with the mediæval past, but no whisper remains of why it became sacred, nor whence arose its fame for healing. Malvern Wells is neither a town nor a village, but may best be described as a small watering-place. As such it is highly popular with visitors who desire a quiet Health-Resort, a popularity which it well deserves, for it is situated along some of the loveliest slopes of the Malvern Hills, and possesses the best-kept and most varied set of hill-paths for invalids to be found in the district. It has two good hotels, and plenty of first-class lodgings. The M.R.

station is only a short distance below Malvern Wells, while the G.W.R. station is somewhat farther off. Brakes run every forty minutes between Malvern Wells and Great Malvern.

Little Malvern.

This is a mere hamlet of a few houses, which lie under the most southern of the Wells Hills, and form a continuation of Malvern Wells southwards. Little Malvern, however, is of ancient date, and has a name at least as old as the Twelfth Century, when its Benedictine Priory was erected in the wilds of Malvern Forest. The Priory Church and its surrounding scenery are described in a special section.

Malvern Link.

If Malvern Wells can claim for its general "selectness" to be the "west-end" of Malvern, Malvern Link is literally the "east-end," but not in an invidious sense, for it is a very pleasant and healthy locality. It lies farther off the hills than any of the other divisions of Malvern, occupying the district north-east of Great Malvern, and fringing the road to Worcester. It is less resorted to by visitors than the other places bearing the common name, but is largely taken advantage of as a health residence by business men from Worcester and elsewhere. Plenty of good lodgings can be obtained here, and probably at a somewhat cheaper rate than in the other Malverns. Although the greater part of Malvern Link is somewhat distant from the

hills, it has a compensating advantage in a very fine view of the latter, and also of the beautiful ranges of wooded hills lying to the north of Malvern.

West Malvern.

This is a favourite resort in summer, and the situation is certainly very beautiful, commanding fine views of the hilly country westwards. There is a good hotel, and a fair supply of good lodgings. Probably the greater volume of the morning sun, and the steeper rise of the hills, with the lighter lower soil, on the eastern side, give more of the peculiar qualities for which Malvern is famous; but visitors cannot go far wrong in the choice of any of the various divisions of Malvern. The sunsets behind the Welsh and the Shropshire hills are a great feature of the West Malvern view; and the small, richly-wooded hills in the valley just below have a beauty quite their own, being threaded with paths leading through dense thicket, and here and there opening into bare glades, or diving down into abandoned quarries, strangely picturesque and unlike anything else.

PART II.

ANCIENT MALVERN.

The Origin of the Name.

MALVERN is certainly a British name, and is commonly derived from the words *Moel Hafren*, the hill above the Severn ; although the late Mr. Ward, of Ross, maintained that it was a single word, the name of a Gaelic princess, *Malvhina*, to whom he attaches a romantic story. Another derivation is *Moel-y-Yarn*, or the Seat of Judgment.

Position, Ancient People, etc.

The Malvern Hills form a natural outpost of the wilder country westward, whither the British tribes retired, and mark the western limit of the great Severn valley, which stretches eastward—past the gap between the Cotteswolds and the Ridgeway—into Warwickshire, Leicestershire, etc.

When the Romans invaded Britain, the country neighbouring Malvern was peopled by the Silures, a tribe apparently differing in some features from the general Celtic race, and whose

descendants are said to now occupy the Forest of Dean. Whether these people were true Celts, or Gaels, or the still older aborigines who previously possessed Britain, is a question which cannot be discussed here, but they certainly differed in several points from the former. At the present day a typical Forest of Dean man has certain curious characteristics which mark him off not only from the surrounding ordinary English, whom he still calls "foreigners," but also from the Celtic inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

The unreckonable changes of cold and heat, flood and fire, which have wrought and re-wrought the earth's surface, have left their marks on these hills and the valleys around them. Looking from Malvern one can well picture at least one of the stages, when its hills were an island, or islands, and the projecting bluffs on each side of the two gaps in the range opposite were capes standing out from what has been aptly termed the "Severn Straits." Even now the great plain at times looks strangely like a sea, and the projecting bluffs eastward as strangely resemble, what doubtless they were, though not at the time of their greatest submergence, veritable capes washed by veritable waves. Bredon Hill would be another island, surrounded by narrow channels, though at one time it may have been totally submerged. On the western side would be an archipelago of islands, backed up by great headlands of mainland; while the deep sea washed over its coral reef, which was tilted up,

at some other great epoch, almost as high as the present Wyche-Cutting. At another stage, when the land was open and cold reigned, the woolly mammoth and the reindeer ranged the plains below; and at yet another, when heat prevailed, the smooth elephant and the rhinoceros roamed amid a vegetation which would astonish the modern student of northern flora. Then came man—first the primitive “cave-dweller,” who has left us his flints and engraved bones, and about whom we know so little and speculate so much; next the mysterious “Iberian,” who may have left a memorial in some of the entrenched hills we conveniently term “British”; and then, at the dawn of northern history, Cæsar’s Britons, followed by Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Normans, and the scant peopling of the dense Forest of Malvern, which in our own “Middle Ages” stretched almost to the tops of the hills, as still witnessed to by the thick growth of oak and holly on the Midsummer Camp at the southern end of the chain.

Ancient Buildings.

Malvern, though its ecclesiastical history dates from pre-Norman times, and its fame as a health-resort at least from the seventeenth century, as a town is essentially modern. Within the memory of those yet living it was only a village, and a little earlier still it was a mere hamlet scattered near the church of its ancient Priory. Only one building remains, since the vandalistic effacement of its old Gate-House, to

witness to the former architectural glories of the place. Not very long ago, however, one of the finest specimens of oak carving in existence still stood on land to the south-east of the Priory church. This was the Refectory of the monastery, and the solid richness of its carved work may be judged from the few fragments which have escaped destruction. The work left belongs to the transition between the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, and the building, then known as the "old barn," was wantonly destroyed about fifty or sixty years ago. It is strange that Malvern should have lost two such fine structures as this and the old Gate-House, the one through want of care, and the other through too much of it—contrary factors which have about an equal share in injury done to the ancient monuments of the country.

Not far from the Refectory, and sharing its fate, was an old kiln, said to be Roman, in which were found fragments of encaustic tiles similar to those in the Priory, and which is credited with having supplied many of the surrounding churches with a like pavement. Certain is it that the Malvern tiles are found in numerous churches of the ancient diocese, such as Worcester Cathedral and Tewkesbury Abbey.

Ancient Religious History.

The earliest whisper of religious movement in Malvern is that of St. Werstan, Abbot of Deerhurst, who, driven by the Danes from his quiet little abbey on the bank of the Severn below

Tewkesbury, fled to Malvern, and built a cell there. Some years ago certain relics were found, amid ruined stone-work, near a house on the way to St. Anne's Well, and which were thought to be evidence of the legend, and even of the exact spot chosen by the Abbot. In the upper lights of the north-western clerestory window of Malvern Priory is depicted the martyrdom of St. Werstan. Here the saint is seen leaning through the window of a church, and two men are cutting off his head with a sword.

From this shadowy tradition a firm step is taken to historical ground in the mission of Aldwyn, the first Prior of Malvern, who was sent from Worcester by St. Wulstan, the last Anglo-Saxon Bishop, to establish religion in these wilds. A lower light in the same window shows the institution of Aldwyn to his new office. This was nearly twenty years after the Norman Conquest, and the nave and various fragments of the present church are part of Aldwyn's Priory, 1085.

A skip of nearly five hundred years brings us to the time of the Dissolution, when the Priory church was purchased for the use of the parish, in place of the old parish church which once stood at the top of the existing churchyard. The glorious church of the monastery must have been, and we know that it was, only just saved, for the work of destruction had begun, the Lady Chapel, the cloisters, and the south transept having been already pulled down, as well as all the domestic buildings except the

beautiful Refectory, which was left for the present enlightened century to wreck and make a bonfire of.

Disputes as to their jurisdiction over Great Malvern Priory early occurred between the Bishops of Worcester and the Abbots of Westminster, which, after several somewhat unseemly quarrels, and an appeal to the Pope himself, resulted in the Priory becoming a cell of Westminster. The latter was a good deal associated with this part of England, and held land at various times in more than one parish of the country round. A road at the Lower Wyche, between Great Malvern and Malvern Wells, owes its name to a large tract of that part of the hills being held by the Abbey. Also the village of Longdon, near Upton-on-Severn, and one or two neighbouring villages, had their tithes granted to Westminster by Edward III., in lieu of having to make good out of his own pocket certain damage done to the Abbey buildings through a fire at the Royal Palace, and the living of Longdon is still in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

Secular History.

Of secular history there is none worth recording except in connection with the Royal Forest, afterwards Malvern Chase. Even here we have no point of more importance than the dispute between Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Hereford over their respective hunting rights on the hills. The embanked ditch which runs from one end of the chain to

the other, and which is probably ancient British, is said to have been made, and a palisade raised, by the Earl, to prevent the deer wandering to the western side, and he is reported to have sworn a great oath to hang the first Bishop's man who crossed it after game. This quarrel is said to have led to a challenge being sent to the "Red Knight" by a local adherent of the Bishop; but the Earl's wife, Joan, persuaded her father, King Edward I., to interfere, not wishing her husband, who was no longer very young, to risk his life in the dispute.

A more interesting point, which is half-secular, is the mention of Malvern by the famous Robert Langland in his poem "Piers Ploughman," and the tradition that he wrote this work in Malvern, and was even a monk of the Priory. Readers will remember that in the opening lines he speaks of himself as falling asleep on Malvern Hill, while listening to the music of a stream, and there dreaming his great vision.

The Priory Church.

The Priory church of Great Malvern is a very easy one for students of architecture, as, with some trifling exceptions, it consists of only two styles—the first and the last of the four great Gothic periods. The lower half of the nave is Norman, as also are the line of the old apse, the body of the south aisle of the nave, the masonry which supports the tower, and much of the stonework in various parts, either in its original position, or re-applied by the later

builders. The tower, almost the whole of the east end, the north transept, the north aisle of the nave, and both the chancel aisles, are Perpendicular or Fifteenth Century work. Evidently a fire or great fall took place at the latter period, and necessitated the rebuilding of a large part of the church. The arcading of the nave is earlier in style than its date, 1085, might suggest, and vies in solid simplicity, though not in grandeur, with the nave of its great neighbour Tewkesbury. A portion of the capital of the last pillar at the north-east end alone has any ornament, a plain fluting, abandoned for some reason, whether of taste or cost, as soon as begun.

A curious feature of the nave is the rubble-work of Malvern Hill stone above the arches, and which marks the extent of the catastrophe to the structure in the Fifteenth Century, the heavy, irregular stones of the Perpendicular period lying immediately over this rubble-work. The slanting of the Norman masonry supporting the tower shows that the weight of the latter had been too heavy for its support, and it is possible that a fall of the original tower, involving a great part of the nave and chancel, may account for the rebuilding of the church in the Fifteenth Century.

This rebuilding must have been gradual, for the eastern portion of the later work is strangely different from that of the western. It is seemingly earlier, and is essentially better and more original. The eastern portion, indeed, is unlike ordinary Perpendicular, and has all the merits,

without the faults, of that style. The great east window, glorious with its stained glass, and with its solid central mullion branching off and thus breaking the monotony of straight lines, is probably the finest example of a Perpendicular window in England, at least from an artistic point of view.

The character of this east end of Malvern is solidity—a rare feature in a style which depended so much on ornamental detail—and yet it is rich. A vaulted stone roof was originally designed, as may be seen from the spring of the incomplete groins, but for some reason the temporary flat oak roof was never superseded. The two chancel aisles, however, are vaulted; and here again simplicity is the characteristic, the lines of the groining being scarcely more complex than those of the previous century. These aisles are entirely Perpendicular, as is the north aisle of the nave, their width forming an instructive contrast to the south aisle of the nave, the Normans building their aisles much more narrow in proportion to their naves. The last-named aisle was probably left standing in consequence of the cloisters which joined on to it, the Norman door leading to them still remaining at its angle with the transept. Here, too, is a Norman arch which led into the latter, having a rich chevron ornament in relief. The panelling on the wall-face of the tower and also of the chancel is very beautiful, and a fine example of this kind of treatment, in which the Perpendicular builders excelled.

LEWIS & SON,

HIGH-CLASS . . .

Bakers, Confectioners,

AND . . .

✕ ✕ **CATERERS.**

First-Class Dining and Tea Rooms.

**LADIES' TEA ROOMS, and
PRIVATE DINING ROOM.**

**BALL SUPPERS, RECEPTIONS,
WEDDING BREAKFASTS,**

provided in latest Recherche style.

HIRERS OF MEN-COOKS AND WAITERS.

The most up-to-date Bakeries in the Malverns.

Orders by post promptly attended to.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Church St.

(Close to the New Post Office), and

**PRIORY CAFÉ, Graham Rd.,
MALVERN;**

Also the

Model Bakery,

ALBERT PARK ROAD, Malvern Link.

Telegrams: "CAKES, MALVERN." Telephone Nos. 12 & 13.

**"SCHWEPPES MINERAL WATERS
ARE ALWAYS THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON."**

. . . These Waters . . .

Schweppes Soda.

SCHWEPPES

Potass Water

SCHWEPPES

Lemonade

SCHWEPPES

Lithia Water

SCHWEPPES

Tonic Water

Schweppes Soda.

SCHWEPPES

Malvern Seltzer

SCHWEPPES

"Dry" Ginger Ale

SCHWEPPES

"Sweet" Ginger Ale

SCHWEPPES

Sparkling Malvern

SCHWEPPES

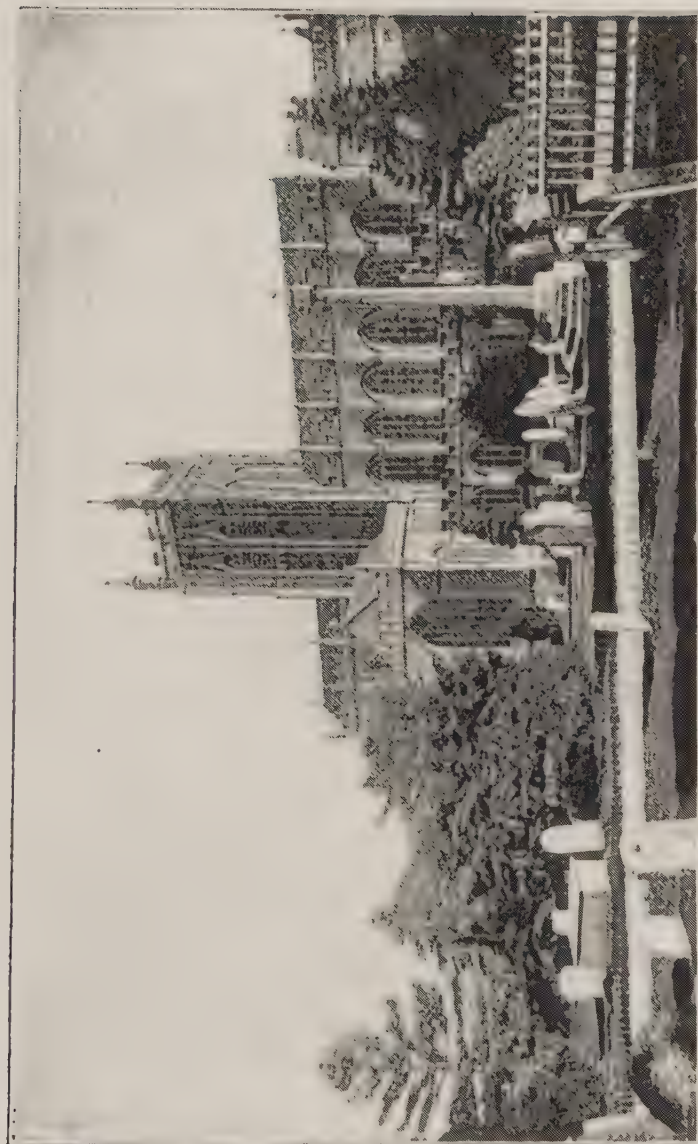
Porcelain Lined

Syphons, Guaranteed

free from Metallic Contamination,

**have been celebrated for over a
Century and continue to be supplied
to Royalty.**

**All the above are Manufactured from the purest springs
on the Malvern Hills, and are obtainable through any
Chemist, Wine Merchant, or Grocer.**



PRIORY CHURCH, MALVERN.

The original Norman church had an eastern apse, with an ambulatory behind, and the line of this apse is still seen in the plain-chamfered base-moulding which runs along the chancel aisles. The design of this apse, whether of low piers and arches standing upon a semi-circle of solid masonry, which seems probable from what is left, can only be guessed. The difficulty of judging the original design of this east end is added to by the way in which the Perpendicular builders have used up the Norman stones, even the base-mouldings, in every direction within and without. If, however, the base-moulding on the south side of the north aisle of the chancel be studied, some light will be thrown on the question. It will be seen that this base-moulding cannot form a circle with that of the inner or altar apse, and that it represents the true or outer apse which enclosed the latter. The Perpendicular restorers much changed the altar apse, adding moulded string-courses behind, and decorating (presumably their work) its front with wall-tiles; but the form is Norman, and a characteristic Norman base-moulding circles the wall behind, and is also found in front at the sides of the altar. Probably the true apse had two apsidal chapels, one on each side, opening from it, and communicating with the Lady Chapel or its crypt by passages, the outer doorways of which can still be seen below the east window. These chapels are now replaced by Perpendicular chapels, and a Perpendicular blocked-up doorway in the one on the south side shows the former passage to

the Lady Chapel. Whether the outer wall of the main apse was partly straight, or semicircular, is another question. If the external base-mouldings are in their original position, they would indicate the former.

The exterior of the church is singularly harmonious. With the exception of Norman stones remaining or used up in certain places, the whole is Perpendicular, and of the best kind, and the proportion and details are equally excellent. The Fifteenth Century builders excelled in towers, and this one is among the best. Its squatness, suggestive of Norman ground-work, gives solidity, and though rich in effect, the lines and ornaments which produce this are few and simple. As already stated, only two styles are present in the church, the earliest and the latest, and everywhere outside the square equal-sized stones of the Normans may be seen intermingled with the heavy irregular blocks of the Perpendicular period. The pinnacles are remarkable in being curved instead of straight-edged, a point which delighted, as did the whole building, the famous architect Pugin.

The porch at the north-west entrance WAS a fine example of Perpendicular, but it has been quite spoiled by bad restoration. A brass inscription just inside the door tells us, with a blank unconsciousness of blame deserved, that this porch was "rebuilt with new stonework, but strictly according to the original design." The author does not wish to encourage an illegal act, but he cannot help expressing the opinion that any person who should be bold enough to

destroy the modern figures stuck into the niches of this porch would be more deserving of public honour than of punishment.

The Lady Chapel was projected from the east end, with an intervening space as at Gloucester, and was almost certainly Perpendicular. Its structural necessity, and the fragments remaining, especially some bosses of the vaulting with portions of the groins attached, go to prove this. The remains, however, of two semi-Norman doors (once leading to the chancel aisles), one or two corbels and capitals, and fragments of Norman base-moulding still farther east, show the former existence of Norman work at this end of the church. It is hard to say to what part of the Priory buildings the two or three fragments of Decorated work belonged. Possibly, but not certainly, to the Lady Chapel. On the whole it is probable that an earlier Lady Chapel existed, which was rebuilt or largely changed at the great Perpendicular restoration to suit the necessities of the new design, especially of the dominant east window.

In two architectural embellishments Malvern can boast special pre-eminence—its tiles and its stained glass. The former for colour and variety of design are easily first among English examples, and include the rare mural specimens, which are only found in one or two other churches. A few tiles belong to the Fourteenth, but most are of the Fifteenth Century. The many varieties may be classified into four main divisions—sacred monograms and legends, monk-

ish lessons in emblem or text, arms of the great families in the district and benefactors of the Priory, and designs simply artistic. Among the mural tiles—which consist of sets of five, capped by rich and complex canopy—is the beautiful legend of the “Pelican vulning herself,” wounding her own breast to restore with her blood her dead young to life, typical of the Saviour’s sacrifice. Some of the tiles have an added interest in bearing a date—the 36th year of King Henry VI. Of the “moral” tiles is the curious one, a perfect specimen of which is preserved in a pillar near the north porch, commending in a rough monkish verse the wisdom of giving while we are alive to see our gifts bestowed.

The stained glass of Great Malvern Priory if equalled is unsurpassed, and, in spite of the silly modern fashion of trying to prove everything that is good foreign, is thoroughly English, and there is no reason to doubt was, like the tiles, made on the spot. Whatever shortcomings the Perpendicular builders may be thought guilty of in comparison with those of an earlier date, their pre-eminence in the art of stained glass cannot be denied. Deeper rubies and blues may be found in Twelfth or Thirteenth Century glass, as in the lovely lancet windows at the east end of Coutances Cathedral, Normandy, and richer effects of colour, as in the seven Fourteenth Century windows of Tewkesbury Abbey; but for pure and soft colouring, delicacy of design, and general harmony of effect, there is no rival to the best Fifteenth Century glass, and that of Malvern ranks with the very best.

The three quaint windows of the south aisle of the chancel, with what is left of their Old Testament subjects, are very interesting; and the great east window, and the rich one of the north transept, are splendid examples; but the gems—probably the unequalled gems—of the church are the north clerestory windows of the chancel, especially the western one. Here you have the purest blues and reds combined with that exquisite drawing in yellow—the loveliest yellow art ever conceived—and those canopies of silver-white tracery, complex and delicate as a frosted web, so eloquent of the period. It will well repay trouble to visit the church when the light is shining from the north, and to study these windows with the help of a field-glass from the south aisle of the chancel. Some of the heads in the cusps under the transoms, drawn in pure yellow, are beautiful in the extreme, and the details throughout are so fine that close inspection adds to admiration.

Splendid as is the glass yet remaining in this church, it pales before the imagination of what must have been the effect when, as Habbingdon tells us it was in his time, the whole of the windows were complete in their original glory of design and colour. Sad has been the history of the injury to ancient art through fanaticism and carelessness—in this case wholly the latter, for the wild wave of iconoclasm passed by the Priory in its wooded nook beneath the hills, and the blows were dealt by folly while indifference looked on. We are told that, fifty or sixty years ago, it was a favourite amusement of the village

boys to pelt these precious windows with stones, and one can imagine the keen rivalry, and the pride of success, in aiming at some saint's head, priceless to art and incapable of restoration. One wishes one could apply purgatorial penalties—not so much to the souls of the juvenile offenders as to those of their crass elders who stupidly suffered the sacrilege.

The great east window is now almost a medley—though a beautiful one—save for the figures of the Apostles in the upper lights, which were probably out of range of the urchins' artillery. It was chiefly descriptive of scenes in our Saviour's life, passion, and crucifixion. Broken and mixed as its designs are, it is a transcendent picture of colour set in a frame of glorious stone-work. Gazing at it from the western end of the church we do not reflect on the injuries which have been dealt to it, but, if we think at all, wonder whether it could ever have looked lovelier. Compare it with the "Jubilee Window" in the north aisle of the nave, and we recognise that religious art must be the outcome of religious feeling, and cannot be manufactured by a "firm."

The large window of the north transept is also much, though less, broken and disarranged, but it is the richest in colour of all the windows. Part of the upper portion appears to have represented the Last Judgment. The lower portion has some interesting panes, among others the salutation of Mary and Elizabeth, and the kneeling figures of Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry VIII., and Sir Reginald Bray, archi-

*dark blues + warm colored purples + greens
very wonderful*

tect of the famous Tudor Chapel in Westminster Abbey. Visitors who care about such things are strongly advised to study all these windows with the aid of a good glass, otherwise they will not have a notion of what they are looking at, the old artists having worked with that true love of art which takes pains even with what will be out of sight. To take this north transept window as an example—there is hardly a fragment of glass which will not under a lens reveal undreamed-of beauties. Some of the heads are strikingly spirited, and the exquisite diapering on the various colours—blue, red, green, etc.—is beyond praise. The blue corona, or whatever it may be called, near the centre of this window, is beaded with a kind of flaming star ornament coloured in the most superb of pale greens, and this cannot be seen at all without a glass. At the top of the pane at the right side of the window is a very fine rendering of (apparently) the An-nunciation. The pale blue, richly diapered background is extremely lovely, and the figures are equally excellent. On the left side of the window, just below the transom, is the head of a king, which, from its resemblance to the familiar portrait of that monarch, as well as from what we know of the window's history, is probably Henry VII.

The great west window, blank in its lower third for an obvious reason, contains scenes of St. Lawrence and the gridiron, St. Catherine and the wheel, St. Christopher bearing the infant Saviour across the stream, St. George and the Dragon, and other subjects. The north aisle on both

sides of the transept has only fragments remaining, but some of these are extremely fine, especially parts of the north-eastern window. It is to be regretted that some beautiful figures of Angels, and other pieces of old glass, were removed from the frame of the present "Jubilee Window," to make room for the latter, a work of a hundred times less artistic value than the least of those fragments.

The south aisle of the chancel, called St. Anne's Chapel, is famous for its quaint Old Testament scenes, especially the Creation window, which represents the creation of the earth, sun, moon, planets, etc.; and the history of Adam and Eve, from their creation to their expulsion from Paradise, after which Adam is seen digging the ground, while Eve is seated spinning with her firstborn Cain upon her knee. The second window gives subjects from the history of Noah, and of Abraham and Isaac, and contains some brilliant specimens of ruby richly diapered. The third window is a medley, but there are some beautiful fragments, and above all a head of the Saviour with bandaged eyes, the latter piercing through their covering, suggestive of omnipotence.

The beauty of the north clerestory windows of the chancel has already been alluded to. The one nearest the tower is of special interest, as it represents two important episodes in the religious history of Malvern. A third episode, now missing, but once contained in the north-eastern window, was of even greater interest, as it is said by Habington to have represented the

Prior, John Malverne, who began the Perpendicular restoration, and it bore an inscription to that effect. The glass above the transom of the north-western window represents the inspiration of St. Werstan, the fugitive Abbot of Deerhurst, to build his chapel or hermitage in Malvern, his receiving his charter from Edward the Confessor, and his martyrdom by two assassins with drawn swords. These men appear about to cut off the head of the saint, who is seen looking out from one of the windows of his chapel. These scenes have an added interest from the Malvern Hills being represented rising behind the sacred building. Below the transom of this window is the episode of Aldwyn, the first Prior of Malvern, and the builder of the Norman nave, his charter being from William the Conqueror, and his grant from St. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester. The origin of the connection between Westminster Abbey and Great Malvern Priory seems somewhat obscure. Deerhurst Abbey, afterwards reduced to a Priory, had the larger half of its domain transferred by Edward the Confessor to his pet Abbey of Westminster, but the former monastery does not appear to have been a cell to the latter, but to St. Denis in France. Yet the later tradition, perhaps invented by the Priors of Malvern to please the Abbots of Westminster, was that St. Werstan founded his religious house in Malvern under the auspices of Westminster. Probably, with this slight lever, the powerful Abbey contrived to lift the well-endowed Priory into their hands so soon as St. Wulstan and his successors at Wor-

cester had made it worth while to start or revive the claim.

The other two windows on the same side of the chancel contain some beautiful heads and figures of Bishops and other notables, and also the history of St. Joachim and St. Anne, the traditional parents of the Blessed Virgin. The large bed in this scene is specially worth noting. The south clerestory windows of the chancel also contain some beautiful glass. Over a richly-coloured coat of arms at the top of the south-east window is a head drawn with great power. In another of these windows is a Crucifixion, with angels attending on the Saviour on either side of the cross. Near the foot of the latter are a skull and bones, to typify Golgotha. Some beautiful diapered blue glass forms the background. In another pane is the figure of a Pope kneeling, a very finely executed figure, with a curious early tiara.

The Perpendicular oak stalls in the chancel are of much interest. The original stalls numbered twenty-four, to which, unfortunately, some modern ones have been added with that want of reverence which is characteristic of the present day. All the old stalls have the usual carvings underneath the seats. Some represent scenes of everyday life, lay or ecclesiastical, such as are found in other churches, but a few of the subjects are less common. One of them, which is well known to antiquarians, depicts three rats in the act of hanging a cat, a satire which may have included a warning. Another represents the figure of a man lying in bed, supported by a

hooded figure behind, and attended by another figure at the foot of the bed, who is holding two vessels. This is supposed to be a medical scene of a special kind. One very original subject, which the author will not describe, but leaves to visitors to think out for themselves, is probably unique in the grim humour of its conception of how to "give the devil his due."

Only three or four monuments of any interest are found in this church. In the south aisle of the chancel is a small Tudor chantry with a vault of fan-tracery. On its sunk floor lies the tombstone of Walcher of Lorraine, the second Prior, but the original position of this stone is not known. Part of another inscribed stone, lying near the first, is also supposed to record one of the Priors, but, as the half which bore the name is missing, this is only conjecture. On the north side of the chancel is an effigy in chain armour, said to represent one John Corbett. A curious weapon resembling a bill rests in the hand of this figure. On the south side of the chancel is the Renaissance alabaster tomb of John Knotsford, Esq., and his wife. The Priory church, after the suppression of the monastery, was sold by this gentleman, who had acquired it, to the people of Malvern for their parish church. At the foot of the Knotsford tomb is a rather remarkable kneeling figure, with a face suggestive of strong character. This is also Renaissance work, and is supposed to represent the eldest daughter of the above John Knotsford. The author ventures to reprint here some lines which he wrote on this figure, and which

appeared in the October number of *Good Words*, 1882.

ON THE KNEELING FIGURE IN MALVERN PRIORY.

Tenant of stone ! here still thou worshipping,
 Smiling the prayer that on thy lips has hung
 While ages travelled. Still thou kneel'st among
 The quiet tombs. Impassioned joy or spleen
 Moves not thy face—in part to heaven addressed,
 In part to the green hills thy feet have clomb.
 Image of what is past and what shall come !
 Silent as death, which thou embodiest
 Far more than life ! Mute sentry, stood between
 The crumbled mortal and ascended sprite !
 Hast thou no sense for what is, or has been ?
 Can nothing break thy sepulchre of rest ?
 Is there no Dawn to follow thy long Night ?
 Once thy heart throbbed with human motion keen,
 Thy folded hands with others warmly pressed,
 Thy close-sealed lips have sweetly spoke or sung—
 Now an eternity is not more dumb !
 The organ peals around thee its deep notes ;
 But thou art deaf to music's noblest strains.
 A glory of rich hues about thee floats :
 Thou car'st not for the splendour of bright panes.
 What fateful storms and changes hast thou seen !
 How little dost thou heed the mad world's hum !
 Our childhood knew thee as doth now our age—
 Time stirs not thee. Where art thou all this space,
 The part of thee which not in stone remains,
 While wondering centuries roll past thy place ?
 They change and cease : the whole world turns a page—
 But thou still wear'st that smile upon thy face.

PART III.

THE MALVERN HILLS.

General Description.

THE Malvern Hills are about nine miles in extent, and their direction is almost north and south, being a trifle west of north at their northern end, and east of south at their southern. The northern half of the range, or north of the Herefordshire Beacon (the "Camp Hill"), is almost bare of trees, except of modern planting, but the southern end, is in parts thickly wooded with the original growth, chiefly oak and holly, which marked the forest times. The remarkable ancient thorns on the slopes of the Wells Hills, and the fine hollies near Little Malvern, are exceptions to the above statement, and are probably remnants of the forest.

Higher at the northern end, but wilder at the southern, the chain consists of a single narrow line of peaks, with scarce any lateral extension, and therefore no intervening valleys—nothing to catch the moisture or hold the wind—a feature to which, together with the dry nature of the soil and the pure water, the health of Malvern is chiefly due.

The appearance of the range from the east and west sides, at a distance, is curiously differ-

ent—the hills seeming almost mountainous when viewed from a far-off point in the Worcestershire valley ; while seen from Herefordshire, in consequence of the greater upward tilt of the land on that side, they appear of less height than they really are.

For some reason only certain of the peaks have names, and those apparently modern, in the northern half of the range ; whereas south of the Camp Hill every peak is named, and the names appear to be ancient. Thus, in the first of these divisions, beginning at the north, we have the North-end Hill, the North Hill, the Sugarloaf, the Worcestershire Beacon, the three or four Wyche or Wells Hills, and the Herefordshire Beacon or Camp Hill. In the second division, in great contrast, we have the picturesque and meaning titles of the Swinyerd or Swineherd's Hill—suggestive of forest times—the Midsummer Camp (sometimes called the Holly Bush Hill), the Raggedstone, and the Key-end or Chase-end, pronounced by the country people "Cas-end," the end of the forest or chase of Malvern. This last hill is also called the Gloucestershire Beacon, a part of it being in that county.

The northern division, again, short of the Camp Hill, is only indented by gullies more or less deep, while the southern half is sufficiently cut through by at least four main passes to admit of roads or broad tracks from east to west.

There is yet another point of difference. The southern hills, including the Camp, are mostly

double-peaked, with valleys between, and so have a better collecting ground for water, fair-sized streams running from several of them, except in very dry seasons.

In prehistoric and the earliest historic times the Malvern Hills formed a valuable defence for the tribes inhabiting the district, and everywhere marks of occupation and fortification exist, especially in the two great camps of the Herefordshire Beacon and the Midsummer Hill. The latter, and the next hill southwards—the Raggedstone—are of curious form, consisting each of two peaks east and west, with a valley open to the south running up between them. This conformation gave rise, in the case of the Midsummer Camp, to a singular variety in ancient British defences. Both its peaks are encircled by the usual ditch, which unites them at the northern end; but, in addition, the valley between is defended by a series of semicircular earthworks stretching across from side to side, at intervals, from the bottom of the ravine to the top.

The range reaches its greatest height at its northern end, in the two hills which overhang the town of Malvern, the Worcestershire Beacon and the North Hill, the former of which is nearly 1,400 feet above sea level. The main peaks become of less elevation as the chain runs southward, the loftiest of the Wells Hills being next in height to the two just mentioned, then the Herefordshire Beacon, followed by the Midsummer Camp, the Raggedstone, and the Gloucestershire Beacon.

The General View from the Hills.

Probably no man knows all the objects which can be seen from these hills, nor even the exact number of counties. Something new comes to light—a fresh church, or hill, or village—on every inspection. The range of about fifteen counties of England and Wales may be set down as certain, and two or three others as doubtful. The certain ones are Worcester, Warwick, Gloucester, Somerset, Stafford, Oxford (allowing Edge Hill to be partly in that county), Leicester, Northampton, Hereford, Salop, Monmouth, Radnor, Brecon, Glamorgan, and Montgomery. The uncertainties are Huntingdon, a slip of Devonshire, a high point in Cheshire, the Peak district in Derbyshire, and one or two other Welsh counties. This is a range of view which for extent all round can hardly be equalled in Great Britain, and probably not in many other countries, except from very high and favourably placed mountains. Roughly, the range is from the Wrekin in the north to the Mendips in the south, and from Plinlimmon in the west to Bardon Hill, Leicester, in the east. These points are fair certainties, but there is little doubt that the view north and east goes much beyond what is here ventured, especially in the former direction. The prospect includes (site or close vicinity) six of the great battlefields of English history—Worcester Evesham, Edge Hill, Tewkesbury, Shrewsbury, and Mortimer's Cross; three cathedrals—Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester; six abbeys and prio-

ries — Pershore, Evesham, Tewkesbury, Deerhurst, and the local ones of Great and Little Malvern ; three rivers—the Severn, the Teme, and the Avon (the two last only seen in flood times), with possibly a glimpse of the Wye ; churches, county seats, and villages literally too numerous to mention ; and the towns of Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford, Cheltenham, Evesham, Bromsgrove, Kidderminster, Stourport, Stourbridge, Dudley, Brierley Hill, and possibly Wolverhampton. Birmingham is hidden by the Lickey Hill, but its smoke can be seen in certain conditions of the wind, and once the author saw its lights refracted on a clear night when a belt of mist hung over the hill just mentioned.

Details of the View from the Hills.

Most of the points given here are described as they appear from the Wells part of the range, but they will not differ materially, except sometimes in the case of buildings, from observations taken elsewhere.

Looking eastward, one sees that this part of the Severn Valley is bounded by an almost continuous line of hills, stretching from near Dudley on the north right up to, and beyond, the Severn estuary on the south. In the middle, due east, is the gap described in a former section, between the southern end of the Ridgeway and the northern end of the Cotteswold Hills. The latter run south to a point overlooking the broad reaches of the Severn, and beyond them, when it is clear, the low outline

of the Mendip Hills can be plainly seen. When it is very clear another range can be seen south-west of these, doubtless the Quantock Hills of Somersetshire, with Dunkery Beacon, 1707 feet high. It is also possible—a Devon friend assured the writer that it was a certainty—that a part of Devonshire is visible beyond the Somersetshire hills, and, if so, this would be a high point of Exmoor.

Looking due south from any high peak of the Malvern Hills north of the Herefordshire Beacon, you see beyond the latter the small, pointed summit of the Swinyerd Hill, beyond which, and separated from it by the Gullet Pass, are the two peaks of the Midsummer Camp, easily recognised by the thick growth of wood on them; and beyond these again, lying a little to the east, are the twin, bare peaks of the Raggedstone; while past these is the last of the chain, the small hill called the Keys End or Gloucestershire Beacon. The Raggedstone Pass divides the Midsummer Camp from the Raggedstone Hill, and the picturesque valley of the White-leaved Oak, famous for its geologic interest, separates the latter hill from the Gloucestershire Beacon.

Between this point and the little town of Newent, in Gloucestershire, is a romantic tract of country watered by the small river Leddon, a stream from which Ledbury takes its name. The spire of Newent church can be seen with a field-glass, and lies to the east of the end of the Malvern Hills. Behind Newent rises May Hill,

which gives its name to the famous sandstone also called Purple Llandoverly, and it will be recognised by the isolated clump of trees on its rounded summit. Beyond this, east and west, are the wooded hills of the Forest of Dean, the smoke of whose collieries is plainly discernible. To the east of May Hill is seen what is called the Bristol Channel—two broad, white lines of water, one beyond the other, which are probably the Severn at Newnham and Sharpness Point.

Looking eastward of May Hill towards Gloucester, to the left of a small isolated hill, one can make out the spire of Highnam church, which was built and decorated by the late Mr. Gambier Parry; and east again of this is the tall tower of Gloucester Cathedral, rising above the wooded slope of Maismore Hill, with the Cotteswolds behind; as well as a glimpse of the Severn by Maismore bridge, where that river forms the western circle of Alney Isle. To the left or north of Maismore Hill is the wooded Wainlode Camp, on the east bank of the Severn. Behind, and a little south of Gloucester, is Robin's Wood Hill, a projecting spur of the Cotteswolds. South of Gloucester, where the hills trend toward Bristol, two monuments on the Cotteswolds can be made out with a good glass, the farthest of which overlooks the Severn at Lydney, not far from Chepstow.

A few miles north of Gloucester, under the curve of the Cotteswolds, the flat-topped little hill of Churchdown (locally pronounced "Chosen"), with its church poised like a tree

on its eastern side, is the next prominent object. Still east of this, and well on the slope of the Cotteswold Hills, is the town of Cheltenham, its many churches and houses making a marked feature in the landscape. Behind and to the north of Cheltenham rises Cleeve Cloud, the highest point of the Cotteswold Hills, being nearly 1,100 feet above sea level. Cleeve Cloud is only a part of the elevated tableland of the Cotteswolds, and does not prominently stand out; but it will be recognised by the white masses of exposed oolite which shine brightly in the sun, and also by the cluster of houses, including the well-known "Rising Sun" Inn, which line the steep road leading up from Cheltenham. Bishop's Cleeve church, at the foot of this hill, and one of the finest examples of Norman work in Gloucestershire, can be easily made out when the sun is shining on it. To the right of Cheltenham is Leckhampton Hill, with its exposed rocks of white oolite, including the famous "Devil's Chimney," while still farther to the right is the steep and picturesque Birdlip Hill. Farther south still are Frocester Hill and Stinchcombe Hill, not far from the towns of Stroud and Cains Cross.

Westwards, between Cheltenham and Malvern, is the darkly-wooded Sarn Hill, high at its southern end, and coming to a gradual point where its northern end touches the plain. Over this hill the great Norman tower and western front of Tewkesbury Abbey boldly rise in the view; and a little to the north-east of it, under the red bank of Mythe Hill, may be seen a bend

of the Severn. West of Sarn Hill, lying just in front of it in the view, the spire of Longdon church is easily seen. North and west, again, much nearer Malvern, is the little town of Upton-on-Severn, with the cupola of its old church and the yellow spire of its new one, and where another reach of the same river is visible. A sharp fight on its old bridge, and also in its old church, here preceded the battle of Worcester. Between Upton and Tewkesbury the tower of Ripple church is seen among the thick growth of trees.

Following, again, the line of the Cotteswolds northwards from Cleeve Cloud, we find some outliers of the range—Nottingham and Gotherington Hills, with the higher Langley Hill behind them, and then the sharp-edged, wooded Oxenton Hill. Behind these hills, in the high valley between them and the main chain of the Cotteswolds, lies the picturesque old town of Winchcombe, with the ruins of Sudely Castle close by. In this castle died Catherine Parr, or rather Catherine Seymour, poisoned, according to public suspicion, by her husband.

Right in the middle of the valley line, nearly facing Malvern, is Bredon Hill, the most prominent object in the eastern view. Its highest point—about 970 feet—is near its northern side, where is a ruined modern tower, and also an ancient camp, and it slopes gradually to the south. It is richly wooded in places, and the view from the top is extremely fine, especially of the winding Avon, and the abbeys of Pershore and Tewkesbury, with the rich orchard country around. Bredon is in Worcestershire, but is an

outlier of the Cotteswolds, and shares their table-land character, the girth of the hill being out of all proportion to its height. By road the distance round the hill is about sixteen miles.

Between Bredon and Oxenton hills is a gap which runs up towards Winchcombe, and at the head of this gap, as it appears in the view, is the little hill of Dumbleton. Slightly to the right of Bredon, and west of it, is the fine church of that name, whose spire can be plainly seen, and on the south side of the hill are the interesting churches of Overbury and Beckford. About the middle of the hill-line, but seeming farther south in the view, is the church of Bredon's Norton ; and to the north of this, close to the Avon, are the church and village of Eckington. West of the latter, on a gentle rise, is the tower of Strensham church—a prominent object—and not far from this is the birthplace of Samuel Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*." Just north of Bredon Hill are the churches of Great and Little Comberton, the former almost on the northern slope, the latter lying a little to the east and north of the other.

Behind these, almost in a straight line eastward, can be seen the church spire and two tall chimneys of Bengeworth, a suburb of Evesham ; and to the left of these last, on some rising ground, the Bell Tower of Evesham Abbey is also visible with a glass, sometimes to the naked eye. It appears on the right edge of the small rise referred to, and the latter is sighted just in front of the curiously shaped hollow between Meon and Ilmington Hills. At a distance these look like one hill, and have some resemblance

to the outstretched head and neck of a camel. Beyond and much to the left of these hills, on a clear day and with a good glass, a lofty spire is to be seen, which from its position and appearance the author believes to be that of Stratford-on-Avon church.

Some miles behind Bredon Hill is the great ridge of the Broadway Beacon, with a tall modern tower at its northern end, and behind this are Meon and Ilmington Hills, projecting northwards past the former hills. Behind this, again, and projecting still farther northwards, is the long, low, sharp-ending line of Edge Hill, some ten miles beyond Stratford-on-Avon, and the scene of the first battle between Charles I. and the Parliament. Between these projecting lines of hill on the south side, which stretch like successive headlands of a coast, and the similar cape-like extension of the Ridgeway on the north side, is the "gap" already referred to, which lets in to the view an indefinite tract of country eastwards—Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, a slip of Oxfordshire, and perhaps Huntingdonshire.

The Ridgeway is a low line of hill which runs almost unbroken from near the town of Redditch, at its northern end, to a point not far from Evesham, at its southern limit. A little west of the latter point is the small town of Pershore, whose Abbey tower is clearly seen above a wooded rise in front of it, while on the slope of the Ridgeway itself is the well-known "Shooting-box" of the Duc d'Aumale. The river Avon, flowing westwards from Stratford, runs

through the "gap" just described, past Evesham and Pershore, and under Bredon Hill, to join the Severn at Tewkesbury.

Over the south end of the Ridgeway, in the far distance eastwards, but only on a very clear day, can be seen an isolated nipple-like hill, resembling a tiny island in the plain, and this is Bardon Hill, near Leicester.

The Ridgeway, at its northern end, is continued beyond Redditch (famous for needles and fish-hooks) by the Lickey Hills, the monument at whose summit, in the gap between some clumps of trees, is plainly seen, as also is the smoke of Birmingham when the wind favours. Close under the Lickey is the small town of Bromsgrove, the spire of whose fine church is readily made out in a good light.

The Clent Hills, near Hagley, the seat of Lord Lyttelton, continue the line to the border of Stourbridge, whose clustered chimneys can be seen through a glass when the atmosphere is clear enough. At the end of the Clent Hills is another and smaller monument.

After a sharp break, a fresh line of hills circle north-westward, and on the crest of the first of these is the tall church tower of Brierley Hill. Beyond or left of this is Dudley, with its grand castle ruins and many buildings. Between this town and Malvern, due north of the latter, and half-hidden by red sandstone bluffs, one sees the churches and many chimneys of Kidderminster, of carpet fame; and a little nearer still a few chimneys of the smaller town of Stourport, on the left bank of the Severn, and a few miles south-west of the former place.

Seen through a good glass, there is a continuous network of towns in the above northern direction, and it is difficult to distinguish between them. The Black Country has begun, and stacks of chimneys cover the valleys and small hills, almost without a break, from Stourbridge to Wolverhampton. The flames from these chimneys are well seen at night from the Malvern Hills.

Close to Stourport, but hidden by hills, is the picturesque little town of Bewdley, chiefly on the right bank of the Severn.

Worcester, the nearest large town in the prospect, is eight miles north-east from Malvern, and its Cathedral, the tall spire of St. Andrew, and other buildings, are very clearly seen from almost every point of view. About six miles north-east of it is the town of Droitwich, famous for its salt; and a little north of this the lofty chimney of Stoke Prior, where are extensive salt-works, forms a prominent object.

Among other objects less distant, and forming an inner eastern circle—first, between Malvern and Worcester, is the huge red-brick block of the County Asylum, and nearer Worcester the tower of Powick church. South of the latter, and nearer Malvern, is the slender tower of a large Roman Catholic Convent, not far from the Severn at Pixham Ferry. Still nearer Malvern, and a little south of the line of view towards Worcester, is Madresfield Court, the seat of Lord Beauchamp, a building partly old, but much added to, and close by is the spire of the modern church.

On the east bank of the Severn, four miles below Worcester, are the church and village of Kempsey, the point where Prince Llewellyn's Welsh contingent joined the forces of Simon de Montfort before the battle of Evesham. The church tower appears just over the Old Hills, two low rises, with conspicuous trees on their tops, in a line beyond Madresfield. East of Kempsey, and looking much nearer Worcester than they really are, the black-and-white half-timber tower of Pirton church, and the beautiful old Court close by, can just be made out. Between Worcester and Upton, and also on the east bank of the Severn, but farther south, are the village and church of Severn Stoke, and a prominent white house with a tower, called "Severn Bank." A little east of this is Croome, the seat of Lord Coventry, and Croome D'Abitot church can be plainly seen in a line with the tower of Pershore Abbey. The three following objects are nearly in a line: the stone summer-house on a rise above Croome Park, the tower of Croome church, and the tower of Pershore Abbey. Behind Pershore, also nearly in a line, is the tower of Fladbury church. Not far from Severn Stoke, and a little north-east of Upton, is Earl's Croome, the former home of the Coventry family, a partly old black-and-white mansion which, as well as the quaint old church of the same name, can just be seen amidst the surrounding trees. Beyond this, just west of the great common of Defford, is a sham ruined castle, Dunstall, erected by a former Lord Coventry.

Below Malvern Wells, and a little north-east of it, lying in the midst of Blackmore Park, is the large red-brick house of Mr. Hornyold, the representative through marriage of a very ancient Worcestershire family, and to the right of this the spire of the modern church of Hanley Swan, while to the right of the latter is the spire of the equally modern church of Welland. To the right of the last is the huge common of Castle Morton, which stretches up to the southern end of the Malvern Hills. Close to the north-west top of this common is the picturesque Little Malvern Priory, and beyond its south-eastern dip is the spire of the fine old church of Castle Morton. South of the latter are the old church tower and the ancient manor-house of Birts Morton, more difficult to make out. Several other old churches lie in an irregular line between here and Gloucester, amongst others the towers of Pendock and the Berrow, and the spire of Eldersfield peeping over Gadbury Camp; while to the right of Tewkesbury is the tall, thin tower of Deerhurst Priory, and, nearer in the view, the less lofty tower of Forthampton church. Just north-west of Upton, in a line from Malvern Wells, the low, red tower of Hanley Castle church can be sometimes seen. Of the ancient castle of this place, famous as having belonged to the great Earls of Warwick, and doubtless their hunting-seat in Malvern Chase, scarce a vestige remains except the site where it stood.

The view on the west side of the hills is more broken and romantic, but less interesting in signs of human life. Few towns disturb the

rich blending of hill and orchard, and these few are mostly small in size, and nearly all hidden from sight by interposing ranges. With the exception of the spire of Ledbury church, Hereford is the only town of which any part can be made out. Ross and Leominster in Herefordshire, Ludlow and Shrewsbury in Shropshire, Monmouth and Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, are all hidden by hills, as also are the large Welsh towns to the south-west. Nevertheless, the view on this west side is singularly varied, and the contrast with that on the eastern side is one of the features of the Malvern prospect. Countless ranges of wooded hills stretch one behind the other, with the mountains of Mid and South Wales rising at the back of all, the whole beautifully interspersed with orchards and hop-gardens, and coloured with the rich hues of the Old Red Sandstone. The rivers Wye, Lug, Frome, and Teme run through the valley within a radius of twenty miles apart, but cannot be seen; while in the north-west the Severn, and in the south-west the Usk and the Monnow, are equally hidden from view.

Looking direct to the north one sees, beyond the small, rather bare Ankerdine Hill, the two well-defined hills of Abberley and Woodbury Camp. The former, which is a little north of the latter, is easily recognised by the dark clump of trees on the top; and Woodbury, which is clothed with trees, is famous as the place where Owen Glendower made a stand against the troops of Henry IV., when on their march to meet Percy and Douglas at Shrewsbury. At

the foot of Abberley Hill is the well-known Hundred House ; while close by is Witley Court, the beautiful seat of Lord Dudley. West and south of Abberley is Bromyard Down, a hill which can be noted by its smooth, common-like slope, surmounted by a clump of trees. Far to the north of these hills is the round beehive-shaped, thickly-wooded Wrekin, which is so central, and stands out in the plain so prominently, as to have given rise to the Shropshire toast—"To all friends round the Wrekin"; and north of this no man can venture to say what he sees.

West of Abberley is the rich fruit and hop valley of the Teme, and, hidden by hills, the small, picturesque town of Tenbury in the north-western corner of Worcestershire ; while north-west of the same hill is the beautiful broken country round Cleobury Mortimer.

North of the latter, and to the left of the Wrekin in the view, are the Clee Hills, also in Shropshire, which rise to over 1,800 feet above sea level, and are famous for their hard road-making stone, not to speak of their great geological interest and the grand prospect from their tops.

To the west, or left, of these is the Longmynd Range (over 1,600 feet above sea level), which stretches between Shropshire and Montgomery ; and also, though unseen, the charming little town of Church Stretton in the valley which divides the Longmynd range from the Caradoc range eastward. On the east side of this valley is a high peak, *Caer Caradoc*, the traditional site of the capture of *Caractacus*. The more defined peaks on this side of the valley, opposite

Church Stretton, can be seen from the Malvern Hills, and appear just west of the Clee Hills, almost as though touching the latter. A few miles beyond the northern outlet of the same valley is the ancient town of Shrewsbury, with the remains of its Castle and beautiful Abbey, as well as the memory of its famous battle; while not many miles from the southern outlet is the smaller town of Ludlow, one of the most interesting places, both from a picturesque and an antiquarian point of view, in the kingdom.

Somewhere west of the Longmynd Range is Plinlimmon. The author gives it on the authority of the late Rev. W. S. Symonds, but has not himself been able to identify it with certainty. To the north of Shrewsbury a point of Cheshire may possibly be seen, while it is also possible that a portion of North Wales may come into the view, *i.e.* the Berwyn range.

From the Longmynd Hills, circling south and west, range after range, one behind another, of the Montgomery and Radnorshire hills, and perhaps those of other Welsh counties, meets the eye, the foreground being occupied by the lesser hills of Shropshire and Hereford. Among these, to the left of the Longmynd range, is the Black Hill, between Knighton in Radnorshire and Clun in Shropshire. Near the latter place are the remains of Clun Castle, which is said to have given Sir Walter Scott the idea of his border castle in "The Betrothed." Conspicuous in the distance west and south of Ludlow, which lies under a long, wooded hill, is the high range of Radnor Forest (over 2,000 feet above sea

level), a district full of romantic scenery. Not far from Ludlow is Mortimer's Cross, where the battle was fought between Edward, Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV., and a large army of Lancastrians, chiefly Welsh, under Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke. South of Ludlow is the picturesque old town of Leominster, in Herefordshire, but hidden, like all the other towns above-mentioned, by the surrounding hills.

To the south of Radnor Forest, across the upper valley of the Wye, and behind the richly wooded Moccas Hills, is the great range of the Black Mountains, by far the most prominent object in the western view. These mountains extend, north to south, from the small border-town of The Hay to near Abergavenny, and divide the counties of Hereford and Brecon. Seen from Malvern they appear one long, straight line, but in reality consist of several ranges, with intervening valleys, in one of which lies the ancient ruin—a ruin always—of Llanthony Abbey. The top of the Gadr-fawr, or Vawr, 2,545 feet above sea level, may be seen over the rest; and also the long, sharp ridge of the Pen-cerrig-calch (2,200 feet), a mountain of great geological interest.

To the south of this range, and really part of it, overhanging the town of Abergavenny, is the conspicuous cone of the Sugar-loaf; and east of the town is the sharp, bent peak of the Skyrid Vawr, resembling a miniature Matterhorn. In front of this is a smaller hill with a well-defined clump of trees on one side of it. This is the Garway, and near the top are the

ruins of Grosmont Castle. It was here that Edward I., when only about sixteen years old, fought his first battle with the Welsh.

On the eastern or Herefordshire side of the Black Mountains is the beautiful Golden Valley, in which are the fine remains of the Cistercian Monastery of Abbey Dore.

In the gap to the south of the Black Mountains may be just seen the Brecon Beacons, which rise to a height of nearly 3,000 feet; and south and west of these the mountains of Glamorgan and Caermarthen. Immediately to the right or south of the Black Mountains is the rugged outline of the Bloreng.

The high land southward is continued by the Monmouthshire hills, in the neighbourhood of the Wye, amongst others the famous Wyndcliff above Chepstow, and the sharp-outlined Kynin near Monmouth, while the wooded hills of the Forest of Dean complete the inner circle to the south-east. The Mendips far south of this, the Quantocks beyond, and the possible high land of Devonshire still farther off, have already been alluded to.

Nearer in the view, and to the right of the Forest of Dean, is seen the wooded, sharp-edged outline of Penyard Hill, Ross, and the smoke of the town may sometimes be made out. Between this and Hereford are the well-timbered Woolhope Hills, which give their name to an important geological section. There are some beautiful reaches of the Wye, not, unfortunately, to be seen from Malvern, between the above towns

The city of Hereford can be seen pretty plainly just to the north of and beyond the long, low hill above Stoke Edith, a hill which may be distinguished by the gap or break in its crest, and which is the next line of hill beyond the small Colwall and Ledbury range. The rather squat, massive tower of the Cathedral can be made out on most days, as also the spires of All Saints' and St. Peter's churches, and, with a glass, many of the other buildings. On the northern slope of the hill above Stoke Edith the large red-brick residence of Lady Emily Foley, lady of the manor of Malvern, can be distinctly seen, as also the spired church of Stoke Edith.

The city of Hereford is surrounded by prominent wooded hills. To the south of it is Dinedor Hill, an ancient British camp; and north of it is Dinmore Hill, tunnelled by the railway to Shrewsbury and Chester, and close to which flows the river Lug. To the north-west is another thickly wooded camp, Credenhill. Some miles northward beyond the latter is the picturesque village of Weobley, famous for its old half-timber houses; while a little south-east of this are the two small, sharply-conical hills called Robin Hood's Butts, and which are prominent objects in the landscape. West of Hereford, and parallel with the northern end of the Black Mountains, are the richly wooded Moccas Hills.

Very few churches, or indeed other buildings, of any note are to be seen on this side of the Malvern Hills. The spire of Ledbury church is

plainly visible, peeping above the lower end of Dog Hill, which hides the rest of the little town. From Bradlow Knoll, the southern point of another long, wooded hill north of the railway tunnel, a very fine view is obtained. Practically, one long, wooded hill runs east of Ledbury as far north as faces the village of Coddington, with small, intersecting valleys between. In one of these valleys is Hope End, the reputed birthplace, and certainly early home, of Elizabeth Barrett, the wife of Robert Browning. South-east of Ledbury, amongst the woods which reach up to the Herefordshire Beacon, is the modern Eastnor Castle, the seat of the late Lord Somers, and the church of Eastnor is close by. On the small hill in front of the Midsummer Camp is an obelisk to the memory of several of the Somers family; and in the hollow below, looking southwards, are the ruins of the picturesque old border castle of Bransill or Bronsill, the greater portion of whose remaining tower has unfortunately lately fallen.

Between Hope End and the Wyche-Cutting on the Malvern Hills are the village and church of Colwall. The church contains some fine early work, and near it is a half-timber farmhouse, which was once the hunting-seat of the Bishops of Hereford. West and a little north of Colwall, and to the right of the hill which runs north of Ledbury, the spire of Coddington church may be seen, and beyond this the picturesque village and very interesting church of Bosbury. Farther north, and nearly west of the Worcestershire Beacon, is the tower of Mathon church, notable

for its fine open oak roof of the Thirteenth or early Fourteenth Century. A little north of this is the tower of Cradley church, only to be seen from a northerly point of the Malvern Hills.

Many rivers flow through the great valleys which are parted by the Malvern Hills, but only one, the Severn, is in ordinary times seen. From various points of these hills glimpses of the latter river may be seen—at Pixham Ferry, the Rhydd, Upton, Tewkesbury, and by Maismore Bridge, Gloucester, as well as the broad reaches near Newnham and Sharpness Point. In seasons of flood, however, it forms almost a continuous line from Stourport to Gloucester. At such times the Teme also, which joins the Severn just below Worcester, and the Avon, which unites with the same river at Tewkesbury, are readily seen, but at no other period. The other rivers of note are the Arrow, north-eastwards, which is hidden by the Ridgeway line of hill; and, on the west side, the Wye, the Lug, the Frome, the Monnow, the Leddon, and the Usk, all of which are concealed from view either by their high banks or by interposing hills.

PART IV.

SHORT EXCURSIONS FROM MALVERN

(Within Twenty Miles).

Walks or Rides on the Hills.

The North Hill.

THE North Hill is one of the boldest of the Malvern peaks, and is more broken by rocks than any of the others. The track up is rather deceptive, as, when about the upper third of the hill is reached, a path runs round the eastern side, and strangers commonly mistake this for the path to the top. The proper way is to take the upper path to the left after passing the well-known "Ivy Rock," and that to the right after reaching the eastern path mentioned above. The view from the top is very fine, especially of the country to the north, and the almost bird's-eye view of the town of Malvern below is worth seeing. This hill is next in height to the Worcestershire Beacon.

The Worcestershire Beacon.

The Worcestershire Beacon, the highest point of the Malvern Hills (1,397 feet above sea level), is too well known to need description. Two good roads, fit for carriages, lead to the summit, one from the town itself, and the other from the west

side of the Wyche-Cutting. The latter is the easier gradient. These roads cannot be said to have improved nature. On the way up the hill from the town St. Anne's Well is passed—a famous spot forty years ago, where Malvern patients used to meet and drink the water before breakfast. On the north side of the well is a small rise called St. Anne's Delight, another instance of the association of this saint with Malvern. Ponies, mules, and donkeys take visitors to the top of the hill, and invalids can ascend it in donkey chairs. A good walk is to the top of the Beacon, then down the ridge southwards to the Wyche-Cutting, and back by the Wyche road. A longer walk may be made of this either by remounting the ridge past the Cutting, or by following the path on the eastern side of the latter as far as the Holy Well.

The Wyche-Cutting.

This is a road which was cut through the hills about sixty years ago. Before it was made, the hill was crossed by the old steep track from below which passed over, and still passes, on the right side of the present cutting.

The Wells Hills.

A longer walk still is right along the crest of the Wells Hills, or by the side paths, either to the Camp Hill, or as far short of it as may be wished. The paths on this part of the range—above Malvern Wells—are very numerous and easy, and the thorn trees which here dot the eastern slopes are worthy of notice, some being of great age. In Spring, when it is a good

flowering year, the hills look white with their blossom. On these hills are several well-marked remains of prehistoric or early historic occupation. The view, also, from the highest peak, the third in elevation of the whole chain, is extremely fine, especially southwards over the Severn Estuary. From the peak beyond this is a beautiful peep of Little Malvern Priory amid the trees below.

The Herefordshire Beacon, or Camp Hill.

The distance is about four miles from Malvern to this hill, or a short five to the summit. Besides the view from it, which is one of the most beautiful and varied in the Malvern range, it is, perhaps, the finest specimen of an ancient British camp and city in the kingdom, and it is possible that Caractacus himself may have defended it against the Romans. The whole hill is surrounded by a trench, deepest on the western side, and other trenches circle the peak, the intervening ground being everywhere marked by signs of habitation. On the western side of the low spur leading south beyond the Camp is a curious cave hewn out of the hard syenite, and known as the "Hermit's Cave."¹ Probably it was wrought in ancient British times, and may have been the residence of some chief when occupying the

¹ A similar but much larger cave is in the wood behind Holly Mount House, once the residence of the Queen when staying in Malvern. It is probable that this cave is also prehistoric, and it may have been used later on by one of the early religious pioneers in the district, possibly even by St. Werstan himself.

camp. Very likely it was made use of by a hermit at a later period. Below it, just within the fringe of Eastnor Woods, is a spring called "Walms Well," which is supposed to have supplied the camp with water. It is within easy reach of the southern slope of the fortress—the side least likely to be attacked—and would be little suspected by an enemy. At the northern foot of the camp, where the road runs through the gap between the hills, is the well-named Wind's Point, and here is the house where lived and died the famous Jenny Lind, whose remains lie in Great Malvern Cemetery. To a good walker the hills south of the Camp may be recommended, for they are wilder and more varied than the higher peaks at the northern end of the range.

The Swinyerd.

The small, bare peak beyond the Camp is the Swinyerd or Swineherd's Hill, a memory of old forest days. On the west side the woods of Eastnor sweep up high, while its eastern slope is continuous with the great common of Castle Morton.

The Gullet, Obelisk, and Bransill Castle.

Leaving the above hill, and carefully avoiding a steep quarry on its southern face, the pedestrian will descend through the wood on his right hand, and cross the picturesque Gullet, which divides the Swinyerd from the Midsummer Camp, and then ascend the latter by the open green sward on the right of a thick growth of trees. If preferred, there is a rough

road along the west side of the Swinyerd, leading through the upper part of the wood, and past an interesting quarry of Llandovery sandstone, to the top of the Gullet. A little south-west of this, on a small outlying hill, is the Obelisk, erected to the memory of members of the Somers family, and in the valley to the south-east of it is the picturesque remnant of the old border castle of Bransill, or Bronsill, surrounded by its broad moat and thick wood. Only one of its Fifteenth Century towers had survived, and unhappily most of that fell a year or two ago, but the scene is still of great interest. It is reached by the main road leading from Eastnor over the Raggedstone Pass, a private road branching off on the north side to the castle, which visitors are kindly allowed to see.

The Midsummer Camp.

The Midsummer Camp, sometimes called the Hollybush Hill (the latter name would be better applied to its eastern peak), has already been described, and is a very remarkable specimen of an ancient British fortress. After reaching its western summit, and going a short way along its ridge south, it is best to scramble down through the thick wood on its slope to the valley which divides the two peaks, and then descend to the road below. The great feature, as already pointed out, is the defence of this valley by a series of semicircular transverse earthworks, some six or seven in number, beginning from the mouth at the bottom of the

valley, and reaching nearly to the top. Some antiquarians have held that these curious entrenchments were constructed for the supply of water, but a glance at the position of the gully makes it probable that they were designed to check an enemy approaching from the open mouth below. The present damp condition of the trenches is merely an incident of time and neglect.

The Raggedstone Hill.

Leaving the above gully, the Raggedstone Pass—rather a large name for it—is reached, and a rough track on the other side of the road leads up to the hill. Like the Midsummer Camp, the Raggedstone is double-peaked, with a broad-scooped valley running up between its eastern and western points both on the north and south sides, but much deeper on the latter. This hill is richly wooded in places, but as a whole is bare and rugged, and small blocks of syenite crop up all over its surface, from which probably it gets its name, if not from a larger mass on its eastern peak—a rock somewhat resembling a couchant lion with paws extended. A very fine view of the Malvern range, looking back north, is obtained from the eastern peak, and also of the country all round.

The Raggedstone is rather a weird-looking hill, seen on a misty day, with its strange scoop of a gully on the south side, flanked by a sharp jagged, rocky scarp, and one is not surprised to learn that it is haunted. Legend is fast fading from our present practical life, and only the

very old and simple people know anything about the traditions of the past. One old woman of nearly ninety, who used to live near the gully on the south side of the hill, told the author about the spirit which was said to haunt the place, and how when a girl, and she "feared nothing," she watched to try and see it.

The other legend—that of the monk of Little Malvern Priory, whose shadow-curse still hangs over the hill—is of more interest, for it seems to spring from a real human tragedy. A monk of Little Malvern, for some offence which he had been guilty of, was condemned to crawl on his hands and knees, every day and in all weather, to the top of the Raggedstone and back again. At last, in the bitterness of his suffering, he cursed whomsoever the shadow of the hill should fall upon, and death or misfortune is said ever to follow the person upon whom the baleful shadow does fall. Especially does it fall on the little hamlet of Birts Morton, which lies a few miles east of the hill, and the famous Cardinal Wolsey was once caught by the weird cloud while sleeping in the orchard of Birts Morton Court, when he was tutor there to the Nanfan family. The late Rev. W. S. Symonds, of Pendock, told the author that he had twice seen the shadow, and he described it as a black columnar cloud which rose up from between the two peaks of the hill, and moved slowly over the valley. Whether this appearance is due to a spiritual cause, or is simply dependent on the sun shining between the peaks at a particular inclination at certain times, must

be left to individual choice, but undoubtedly the former solution is the more interesting.

Valley of the White-leaved Oak.

South of the Raggedstone is a very picturesque little pass called the "Valley of the White-leaved Oak," so named from a variegated specimen of the species which once grew there. The district round the western outlet of this gully is famous for the Black and the White Shale, among the oldest geologic formations containing fossils. A diminutive species of Trilobite is found in these thin and finely broken fragments of shale, but requires such patient search to find that geologists usually carry away bags of the *débris*, and reserve the hunt until they reach home. At a gate here, along the track between the Raggedstone and Keys End Hills, the counties of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford meet.

The Gloucestershire Beacon, or Keys End Hill.

South of the valley just described is the last hill of the Malvern range, a small peak called by the country folk "Cas-end," a corruption of Chase-end, or the end of Malvern Chase. At the southern foot of the hill, in Bromsberrow parish, are the house and richly wooded park of Mr. Ricardo. The county of Gloucester runs up to the southern end of the hill, hence its other name of "Gloucestershire Beacon." A pleasant variation in the return walk, and a very beautiful one, may be made by taking the

rough road from the White-leaved Oak along the east side of the Raggedstone, crossing the main road between this hill and the Midsummer, continuing along the same side of the latter hill nearly as far as the Gullet, then down a road to Castle Morton Common, crossing the upper part of this, whence another rough road leads past Little Malvern Priory to the high road for Malvern.

Drives, Walks, and Rail round and about Malvern.

The Circle of the Hills.

The hills, as far south as the Herefordshire Beacon, are encircled by an excellent road, and either the whole or half of this makes a charming drive. In the latter case the route is either by North Malvern, returning by the Wyche road, or the reverse. The longer drive can also be shortened by taking the same (Wyche) road home. The "Jubilee Drive," made in memory of 1887, runs at a high level along the western side of the Wells Hills, and avoids two rather steep pitches on the old road below. The view from this drive, and perhaps still more so from the road between the Wyche and North Malvern, is extremely fine.

Circle by Eastnor, the Raggedstone Pass, and Castle Morton Common.

No continuous road fit for carriages runs along the hills south of the Herefordshire Beacon;

but each of these hills can be driven to, and they can be driven round in a wide circle. A fine circle is through Eastnor Park, up the road between the Midsummer Camp and the Raggedstone, then through a gate on the left, and along the by-road under the east side of the Midsummer to Castle Morton Common, down which a very good road leads home through Welland.

Circle by Bromsberrow and Eastnor.

A longer and quite as beautiful circle, including the last two southern hills of the range, is by the Castle Morton road as far as Camer's Green, thence following the Bromsberrow road to the right, from the first part of which the finest view of the Raggedstone is obtained. From the latter to Bromsberrow the loveliest of lanes winds round the Keys End Hill and Mr. Ricardo's richly wooded park at its foot. Just before reaching Bromsberrow Rectory, and a little past the park lodge, a road is taken which bears slightly to the right. This leads through a very picturesque country, crossing a stream near a water-mill (Clincher's Mill), and winds round the back of Eastnor Castle into the Ledbury road. The return can be made either through Eastnor Park, or by the longer round of the Ledbury road and Chance's Pitch.

Drive to the Valley of the White-leaved Oak.

Visitors can drive to the eastern opening of the above valley, and will find it a very beautiful excursion. The natural and scientific interests

of the place have already been described. The route is the same as in the last drive as far as the Bromsberrow road, but after leaving Camer's Green the first road to the right is taken, by a large farm-house, and is followed until another road is reached which turns to the left. The latter can be driven along as far as a short way beyond a bridge which crosses it, after which it is necessary to walk, the road being too rough and steep for a carriage. The scenery all around is very beautiful, and it is easy from here to ascend both the Raggedstone and Keys End hills. This is a pleasant spot to take tea at, which can be done at one of the cottages above, it being perhaps wise to bring your own provisions. In Spring the two last drives have an added glory in the wealth of wild flowers, especially the daffodils and white violets.

Drive through Colwall, Mathon, and Cradley.

A wider circuit of the northern end of the hills may be made, either by way of West Malvern and the steep road below the "Westminster Arms" leading down to Mathon, or by the longer route through Colwall. In the latter case the best way is by the Wyche-Cutting, and down the private drive through Mr. Ballard's grounds; then a short distance along the road to Colwall church; from which road another to the right leads under Brock Hill—where is a very interesting geological section—by many winding turns to Mathon. Here the church should be seen, for, besides a typical



LITTLE MALVERN PRIORY CHURCH.

Norman east end exterior, the open timber roof of Thirteenth or early Fourteenth Century work is the finest in the neighbourhood. There are also some interesting old black-and-white houses in the village. A little farther on is Cradley, in Herefordshire, one of the most picturesque villages to be seen anywhere, being dotted over the sides of two small hills and in the valley between, through which a brook courses. The church has some curious fragments of Norman work, and the remains of an old lych gate, but is not comparable with Mathon. Near it, however, is an old black-and-white house, now used as the village school, which is worth noting, though a part of it is new. From Cradley the lane soon opens into the main Bromyard road, and a beautiful drive between wooded hills, with fine peeps of the northern end of the Malverns, leads through Cowleigh Park home.

Drive or walk to Little Malvern Priory.

This is really only a walk, being under four miles from the centre of Malvern, and the brakes go within about three-quarters of a mile of it. Originally standing amidst the wild forest, with no other church near, the Priory would perform missionary and parochial services, apart from its monastical duties, and the Benedictines were always notable for their labours among the people. The present building, which is now the parish church, is a mere remnant of the original structure, having in the Demolition Period been despoiled of its nave,

transepts, side chapels, and Lady Chapel. Some fragments of the Norman nave still remain, and larger portions of the ruined transepts and side chapels. The side windows of the chancel, the only part now left intact except the Perpendicular tower, are apparently transitional Decorated-Perpendicular, as, also, is much of the main masonry.¹ A finely-carved oak roodscreen, rich in the vine ornament, and of about the same period, partitions off the chancel; and the east window has some beautiful stained glass of special interest, as it contains, or rather once contained, portraits of Edward IV., his queen, and children. Some of these are still perfect, but others have been, unhappily, defaced. The tiles are identical with those of Great Malvern Priory, but are valuable as supplying more perfect specimens of one or two nearly perished in the latter church.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Little Malvern Priory consists in the rare preservation

¹ From an inscription on the glass of the east window it is generally assumed that Bishop Alcock, who lived rather late in the Fifteenth Century, built this chancel, but, as in many similar cases, it is probable that this inscription has been misunderstood, and only refers to some restoration or addition—possibly to the vanished Lady Chapel. If a careful inspection of the work be made, especially of the masonry of the walls outside, the tracery of the windows, and what few mouldings exist, the evidence will be found to point to an earlier date than that of the above prelate. The east window, by the way, is in a most unsafe condition, and, unless something is soon done, it is likely to add to the ruins around it.

of its domestic buildings. How these escaped destruction in the first instance can only be guessed, but the property was afterwards granted by Philip and Mary to one of the Russells of Worcestershire, and through marriage came to the Berington family, the present owners. Visitors should pass through the gate above the house, walking a short way down the road which leads to the top of Castle Morton Common, and view the scene from near the first fish-pond below. A happier union of man's work and nature could hardly be lighted on than one meets here. The house stands on a gentle slope of the Malvern Hills, whose wooded spur is in Spring carpeted with yellow daffodils, while eastward the plain stretches with scarce a break to the distant Cotteswolds. A trim lawn, with the ancient preaching-cross of the Benedictines in its midst, and shaded by a lime-tree of grand growth, reaches down to the edge of the old Priory fish-ponds, which lie to the south, one below another, richly fringed with foliage, and dappled with water-lilies. East of the domestic buildings, and a finish to the picture, are the ivy-veiled remains of the Priory church, artistically a ruin, though still used for the parish services. The whole scene breathes of calm, contented English landscape, deepened and spiritualized by the touch of mystery which thoughts of the Past can alone give. No sounds disturb the quiet, which seems religious, save the calling of the rooks from the wooded hill above; and the grey conventual buildings might be still tenanted by the devotional Breth-

ren who once mused and worked there, for any signs of modern bustle to break the ancient peace.

Outside, the old building shows few marks of the restorer, with the exception of a modern gable of stone and a low portico on the south-west, and these have been added with unwonted good taste, being neither prominent enough to distract the eye from the earlier portions, nor, what is so common, a poor imitation of the latter. The original building is mostly of the Fifteenth Century, said to be the work of Bishop Alcock, with here and there fragments of an earlier date; while at the south-west angle is a very rare and picturesque round tower, probably of the Twelfth Century period, when the Priory was founded. The black-and-white portion is confined to the upper storey of the north-west gable, and is thought to have been added after the Russell family came into possession of the property. It is in no way remarkable, consisting merely of plain uprights, with two heavy transoms, but it adds, by way of variety, to the general picturesqueness of the building. The old stables, black-and-white as well, near the entrance gate, are also extremely quaint, and in apt keeping with the whole scene.

Inside the hall, amongst other relics of antiquity, is a rare treasure—a large chest, covered with red leather, and studded with brass or bronze, bearing in bold characters the monogram of Catherine of Aragon. Within it, somewhat faded and damaged, is an ancient quilt of red and green silk, probably of Spanish or

Moorish design. How this chest came here, or in what way the unfortunate Queen was associated with the little Priory under the Malvern Hills, there is no record to explain, but the late Mr. Berington told the author that it had been in the house "time out of mind."

About half a mile along the by-road referred to above are some remarkably fine specimens of limes, probably planted by the monks of Little Malvern. One especially, in the sloping field just above an old farmstead, has a gigantic trunk, its western face looking almost like the side of a small house, but its size and strange form can only be appreciated by walking close up to it. Between the hills, a little above this tree, a once very picturesque gully, with a stream running through it, leads up to the Wind's Point; but its beauty has been destroyed, as also have some uncommonly fine alders which lined the stream, by the necessary but disfiguring hand of the Malvern water-works.

Drive round Madresfield.

If a stranger asks a Malvern flyman to take him for a short drive, it is ten to one that that flyman will suggest Madresfield. The author recommends visitors, for the joke of the thing, to put this assertion to the proof, and, provided the flymen are not forewarned by having seen this paragraph, the result is a moral certainty: Nor will the visitor regret the choice, at all events for the first time or two, for the country he will pass through is typical quiet English

scenery, and especially lovely in Spring, when the pear and apple orchards are in blossom. Lord Beauchamp's beautiful park is worth seeing, with glimpses of the partly old, moated mansion across the fields. There are three ways of approaching Madresfield, if you return by Newland and Malvern Link. One is by Barnard's Green, at the turn from which is the "Friar's Elm," a remarkable tree, probably some five or six hundred years old. Another route is by Sherrard's Green, on the right side of which, about half-way down, is a small orchard of uncommonly fine pears. The third way is by Pickersleigh, a picturesque specimen of the black-and-white half-timber houses so characteristic of this part of England. This house would originally stand in a clearing of Malvern Chase, and was probably the residence of one of the forest wardens. At Newland, which will be passed either going or returning, visitors will be shown a very ornate modern church, which some years ago succeeded a much more interesting structure, unfortunately then destroyed—a black-and-white half-timber building, of which there were only two or three examples in the county.

Drive or Train to Worcester.

There are four or five ways of driving to Worcester, two of which are by main roads, the others partly by lanes or by-roads—in this part of the country often better than the main roads. The ordinary way is by Malvern Link and Powick,

crossing the Teme at the latter place. Less than half-way is the remnant of a once famous orchard of Barland pears, a noted Worcester-shire perry pear ; and at Powick is a very fine old bridge, a little north of the modern one. A slight deviation by the old road to the left crosses this bridge, and it is well worth seeing. Besides its architectural interest, it was the scene of a stubborn fight between the Royalists and a detachment of Cromwell's army at the battle of Worcester. Just past this bridge is one of the largest hop gardens in the county, and perhaps in England. It is divided by the road, but the two halves amount together to nearly a hundred acres. A little beyond this are the immense nurseries of Messrs. Richard Smith, and beyond these is the somewhat interesting suburb of St. John's. The other and more beautiful main road is by Leigh Sinton and Bransford Bridge, another old and picturesque bridge over the Teme. This road runs through a country of apples and hops, and charming views are obtained of the strangely level valley lying north-west, bounded by the hills of Ankerdine, Woodbury, and Abberley. A third way is by Madresfield, the Convent, and Powick, the rest of the route being the same as the first one. A fourth way, very interesting but more troublesome, is by Barnard's Green, the Old Hills, over the Severn by the carriage ferry at Pixham, and through the village of Kempsey, entering the city by the Bath road.

There is much in this city to interest visitors. The famous porcelain works, founded by Dr.

Wall in 1751, and situated in a street behind the Cathedral, can be seen every day, and every detail of the manufacture is shown and explained, from the mixing of the clay to the painting, gilding, and burnishing. Here also, in a side street north of the Cathedral, is the centre of Dent's glove manufacture.

Worcester has been much modernised since the last century, but some of its old half-timber houses still remain, notably those in New Street and Friar Street. In the Corn Market is the old house with the inscription "Fear God, Honour the King," where Charles II. is said to have taken refuge after his great defeat, and whence he just managed to escape as the enemy entered. Not far from this is the "Trinity," once a very fine specimen of a half-timber house, and lately opened out and restored.

Off the Sidbury, near the junction of the Bath and London roads, is the old Commandery, the finest example of antiquity in Worcester after the Cathedral. It is the remains of an Augustine Hospital founded by St. Wulstan, and the head of it was called "Master," but later on assumed the military title of "Commander." Interest chiefly centres in the fragment of a beautiful hall, said to have been the refectory. It is of late Perpendicular work, with a very fine half hammer-beam roof, a good deal of rich and solidly-carved oak, and an oriel window which contains some of the excellent yellow glass of the Sixteenth Century. An almost unique, beautifully carved Seventeenth Century staircase, with the uprights perpendicular to the

steps, leads to the rooms above. In one of these is a magnificent oak chimney-piece and over-mantel, among the finest in the county. Charles I. is said to have slept in one of these rooms, and his son to have escaped from another. Here, also, the Duke of Hamilton died, after being mortally wounded at the battle of Worcester, some of the hardest fighting at which took place on the small hill called Fort Royal, just above this Hospital. On the lawn outside the latter are two bases of pillars of the old Chapel of the Brotherhood, and they give the notion of an important building. They are of the Decorated period, probably rather early in that style.

The ancient city wall is still to be seen in places, especially on the river face below the Cathedral, and near "Edgar's Tower," and also east of the old house from which the king fled.

The Cathedral exterior, always severely plain, has been so dressed out of remembrance by restoration that it presents little interest beyond one or two finely typical Early English windows. Originally it must have been a grand example of the simpler form of that style. Probably no church gives so great a surprise as this does on passing to its interior. Within, all is as rich and, but for bad taste in modern decoration, as noble as most without is poor and plain. The warm varieties in the colour of the New Red Sandstone of the western portion add to the effect of the architectural details.

The nave of this Cathedral shares with that of Westminster Abbey the curious example of Perpendicular builders imitating the earlier east end

in the form of the arches, while retaining their own ornamental details. Another peculiarity in this nave is that the arcading on the north side is earlier than that on the south, the former being late Decorated, and the latter early Perpendicular, as may be seen by the mouldings and other details. This last peculiarity is added to by the upper portion, *i.e.* the triforium and clerestory, of the two western bays on the north side being early Perpendicular like the work on the south side. A comparison of the mouldings of the triforium and clerestory of these bays with those of the bays east of them will at once show the difference, and the work must have been begun from the east. The study is an instructive one, and a good example of the progressive lines of Gothic architecture. The two western bays just referred to of course mean west of the late Decorated north arcading. The two absolute western bays of the nave are of the Twelfth Century, of which style so much fragmentary work exists in the Cathedral—in the south-west transept, the Chapter House, the western passage from the cloisters, the west end of the nave, and, lastly, the highly interesting vaults of the isolated building which lies between the west end of the Cathedral and the river. The scalloped ornaments in the triforium spandrels of the two Twelfth Century bays of the nave should be noticed, and also the finely sculptured figures in the spandrels on the northern side of the nave. For some reason these have been for the most part spared, while those on the south side were so destroyed or

defaced as to require almost complete renewal.

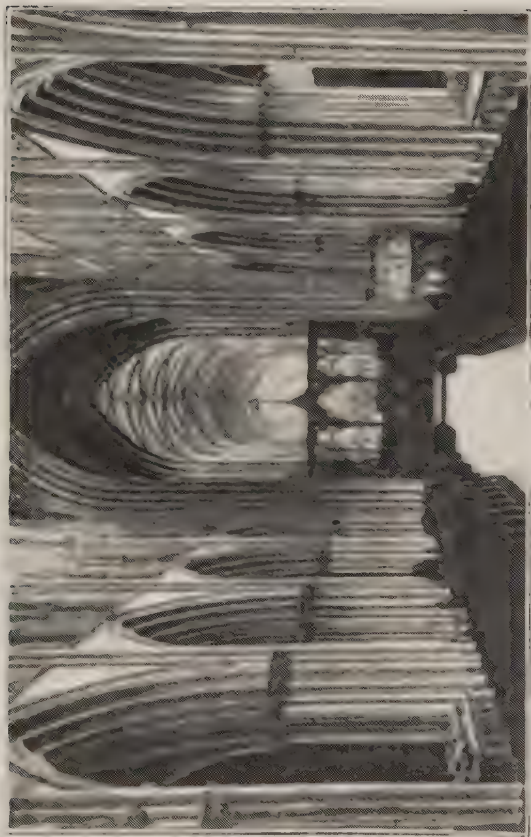
The vaulting of the nave is late Decorated, approaching Perpendicular. The vaulting of the western transepts is Perpendicular. In the northern of these some of the groins spring from the old Twelfth Century pilasters and corbels. The southern one contains some very interesting remains of the Twelfth Century, unfortunately nearly blocked out of sight by the great organ added at the late restoration. Two magnificent Norman arches, especially the one on the south side, lead from the western transepts to the east end.

East of these transepts the work is nearly all of the Early English or Thirteenth Century period, and one of the most beautiful examples in the kingdom. The general effect of this glorious east end, and especially the sense of its excellent proportion, has been sadly spoiled by the modern colouring of the groined roof, but the old work itself cannot be overpraised.¹ Simplicity and richness meet in such fine degree that neither robs the other, and the effect is much more satisfying than in some more elaborate east ends, such as that of Ely. The capitals of the choir piers could

¹ This beautiful work has lately been barbarously disfigured and intruded upon by some organ additions quite unneeded for Divine service. It is to be regretted that Deans, and other dignitaries of the Church, who as a rule have small knowledge of, and less veneration for, architectural art, should have their present power of life and death over the glorious buildings they for a time have the charge of.

hardly be surpassed for variety and free-cutting. Take, for instance, the capital of the second pier from the tower on the south side, and also that of the pier standing just behind it in St. John's Chapel, both with heads carved beneath or amidst their luxuriant "stiff flower" ornament. They are marvels of art in stone, and must surely have been wrought by inspired men or with charmed chisels. The figures, again, in the triforium spandrels of the choir and chancel, eastern transepts, and Lady Chapel, bear witness to the high state of English religious sculpture in the Thirteenth Century. The uncertificated Seventeenth Century lunatics, ubiquitous in their mischief, wrought all the harm they could, chopped off heads, hands, wings—everything that made a mark for their stupid rage—yet the glory of those Early English artists lives still, and enough of their work remains to show the sacred fire which inspired their chisels. On the south side of the present choir St. Michael slaying the Dragon, the angel striking the cymbals, and another playing on a pipe, must have been glorious in their original perfection, and far more than mere decorative details. Many of the original corbel-heads yet remaining in this east end show the spirit and character which the old sculptors threw into their human embodiments, and offer a vigorous contrast to our feeble modern imitations, which, indeed, could hardly be otherwise.

In the chancel is the Perpendicular tomb of King John, who was buried at Worcester; and on the south side of the chancel is the mortuary chapel of Prince Arthur, elder brother



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL: NAVE, WITH CHANCEL BEYOND.

of Henry VIII., a work of the Tudor or late Perpendicular period. The original portions of the Early English arcading around the eastern transepts and the Lady Chapel are of fine work, and the spandrels contain some very curious and spirited sculptures.

The cloisters are early Perpendicular, and their rich vaulting is especially admirable. The Decorated doorway leading from these into the south aisle of the nave has beautiful and characteristic mouldings, worthy of study. The very fine Chapter House is mainly Twelfth Century, with a central pillar from which the groins of the roof spring, while the circular wall is relieved with interlacing arches.

The crypt is the earliest work of any extent in the church, and is said to have been built by St. Wulstan, the last Anglo-Saxon Bishop, soon after the Conquest. It is perhaps the finest crypt in England, certainly the most complete. Portions of it have been unfortunately blocked out by the works for blowing the same irrepressible organ already alluded to. It is in the form of an apsidal chancel with aisles. The work is of the simplest character—short, slender, round shafts, with plain round arches, having as plain cushioned capitals (except one, which is ornamented with the "alternate billet"), and as plain vaulted roof.

The Refectory, south of the cloisters, is a late Decorated building. At its east end is a remarkable piece of sculpture, or rather the indication of what was once one. In the oval quatrefoil which forms the centre is a very large seated figure of the Saviour in the act of blessing, with

the emblems of the Evangelists at the four corners. From the remaining ornaments this oval appears to be of the early Thirteenth Century, but the surrounding work is later, seemingly of the same date as the main building. The entire sculpture has been hacked almost level with the face of the stone it was carved on, in some places even scooped out; but in its original state it must have been one of the most precious relics in the Cathedral, and one can only groan over the wanton folly which spoiled it. The lower part of the outside wall of this fine Refectory is late Norman, and beneath it is a highly interesting Norman crypt, or set of crypts.

The ruins of the Guesten Hall, on the east side of the Chapter House, bear witness, particularly in the rich tracery of the Decorated windows, to the former glory of that building. Not long ago it was almost intact, and possessed a fine open timber roof, which now adorns a modern church in the city.

The fine late Norman door leading from the passage on the south side of the cloisters is worth notice; and also the early Norman arcading, with curious beehive-shaped capitals, in a similar passage leading from the cloisters towards the Guesten Hall.

Drive by Sherridge, Bridge's Stone, and Bachelor's Bridge.

This is one of the most charming drives in the district, but is not favoured by the flymen on account of the hills. The route is by Leigh

Sinton, through the tree-embowered lanes of Sherridge, down to the lovely valley of Storridge Brook at Bridge's Stone, over Bachelor's Bridge, past the late Mr. Yapp's house into the main road a little above Stifford Bridge, and through Cowleigh Park home. Beyond Bachelor's Bridge is an interesting wooded hill called Bear's Wood. The stream, which is almost a small river, runs within view of the road a great part of the way. If time allows, a short ramble along its bank at Bridge's Stone, in a south-westerly or up-stream direction, would repay the trouble. From Storridge Beck—the wooded hill which rises on the south-west side of the brook, opposite Bridge's Stone—a fine view is obtained, but it is better reached from the Malvern side. The thin line of trees on the top of this hill, seen from a distance on the eastern side, as from Taverner's Pitch on the road to Worcester, or from the railway when going to the latter place, curiously resembles a ship in full sail.

Drive or Train to Ankerdine Hill.

Visitors can reach the picturesque Knightsford Bridge, under Ankerdine Hill, by taking train to Foregate Street, Worcester, changing into the train to Knightwick station on the Bromyard line, and walking the short remaining distance. It is, however, far better to drive, as the country is very interesting between here and Malvern, and the distance is only nine and a half miles. The route is the same as in the last drive, as far

as the high ground before descending to Bridge's Stone. A gate on the right leads through the grounds of Hopton Court into the main road. The quaint little church of Alfrick is presently passed. Knightsford Bridge lies in a fertile valley almost surrounded by wooded hills, between which the rapid Teme winds with many bends, which are well seen from the side of the steep road leading up Ankerdine Hill. The latter is an ancient camp, and is worth ascending for the fine view from its crest of the surrounding country both on the Worcester and the Bromyard sides. Not long ago a simple black-and-white wooden bridge crossed the river, and gave a finishing touch to the picture. This has unfortunately been replaced by the usual modern abomination of painted iron.

Drive to Clifton-on-Teme.

The chief object of interest in this village is the church, which is one of the few remaining examples of ancient half-timbered ecclesiastical buildings. The most picturesque route, though a very hilly one, is by Ankerdine, Martley, and Ham Bridge. Clifton-on-Teme is some two and a half miles from the latter, and about sixteen miles from Malvern.

Drive to Woodbury and Abberley Hills, Hundred House, and Witley Court.

This is a somewhat hilly drive, but it is a very beautiful one. The ancient British camp of Woodbury Hill, a few miles north of Anker-

dine, is famous as the spot where Owen Glendower entrenched himself against Henry IV., before the battle of Shrewsbury. A little farther north of this is the picturesque Abberley Hill, and at its foot the once noted Hundred House. Close by is Lord Dudley's beautiful seat of Witteley. The Hundred House is sixteen and a half miles from Malvern, by Ankerdine. The route by Henwick and Holt is only a mile farther, and is a much better road, but far less beautiful.

Drive to Leigh Sinton.

A pretty drive of short distance is through Malvern Link, past Newland, then down Stock's Lane to Leigh Sinton, and home by Newtown and the Link Top.

Drive to Leigh.

An extension of the last drive may be made, along the beautiful Sherridge road, to Leigh on the bank of the Teme. The church is the chief object of interest. On the north side of the latter is a niche consisting of a small Norman arch, within which is a figure of the Saviour. This forms one of the illustrations in Parker's "Gothic Architecture." Inside the church are some fine Renaissance tombs.

Drive to the Rhydd, Clevelode Ferry, and the Old Hills.

Another short drive is by Barnard's Green, past Guarlford church and Dripse Hill, to the

Rhydd. A few yards' walk from the road leads down to the river Severn, which here has a somewhat bold bank of red sandstone on its western side, on the fringe of Sir Edmund Lechmere's grounds. From here the road northwards runs round Dripse Hill to a by-road on the right which leads down to Clevelode Ferry, a pretty village on the Severn, where salmon fishing is pursued. About a mile farther on, going back to the main road, are the Old Hills, from which a fine view of the Malvern Hills on one side, and of Worcester on the other, is obtained. These small hills are said to have been held by the Danes in their excursions up the Severn, and the western of the two knolls bears strong marks of fortification, which consists rather of long detached pits than of the usual continuous trenches, following the form of the hill, characteristic of British work.

Drive or walk to the "White House" or "Priors."

On the by-road between Pixham Ferry and Powick is an old half-timber farm-house sometimes called the "White House" and sometimes the "Priors." It is said to have been formerly connected with Great Malvern Priory. Whether it was a small cell attached to some larger monastery, or only a manse, the author is not aware, but the remains of a burial ground outside would seem to indicate the former. The house itself is worth seeing, having a very interesting inner



EAST FRONT OF SEVERN END.

court, and some fine timber-work within. A few years ago it contained a veritable museum of antiquities, of more than common value from the fact of having for centuries belonged to the house. Whether these objects are still in the old place the author cannot say, but he devoutly hopes so.

Drive to Severn End.

This is one of the most important black-and-white half-timber houses in Worcestershire, and is only about seven miles from Malvern, being reached by a private road, through a gate, nearly opposite Hanley Church, a mile from Upton-on-Severn. Severn End was the ancient seat of the Lechmeres, but now, as is not uncommon, does duty as a farmhouse, though it is kept with commendable care by its popular owner, Sir Edmund Lechmere.¹

Whatever its foundation, the building² as we now see it is mostly of late Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century work. The eastern front is mainly Jacobean, while its red-brick wings are said to have been built by Judge Lechmere at the time of the Commonwealth, or early in the reign of Charles II. The west front is perhaps of somewhat earlier date than the eastern. Both are fine examples of old half-timber work, and

¹ Now the "late" Sir Edmund, to the regret of all who knew him.

² Unfortunately we no longer see it, this beautiful structure having been destroyed by fire during last winter, 1896.

quite different. That on the west side consists of a three-gabled block, and another single-gabled smaller block, of black-and-white work, standing out from intervening blocks of plain brickwork. The arrangement of the timbers is simple, mostly in squares and uprights ; but the effect of the whole front, with the overlapping storeys and broad, latticed windows, and the old brick chimneys, is very pleasing. The brackets supporting the wall-plate above the west door, and also those under the windows, are exquisitely carved, the chief ornament being a beautiful variety of the vine-pattern. The barge-boards, as is usual in old work, are straight-edged, and are filled with a kind of single dog-tooth ornament, which also appears on the barge-boards of the eastern front.

The latter front is richer in design, and as a whole more strikingly effective. Of the black-and-white part there are two main gables, the higher one flanked by a pair of very fine old chimneys, and the plain square design of the timbers is here varied by arches, circles, and triangles ; while under the chief gable between the two chimney-bases, is a somewhat imposing doorway, with the arms of the family, the legend of the Pelican vulning herself, painted over it. At an angle between the southern gable and the later brick wing is a small subordinate gable, also black-and-white.

Inside, the house contains several oak staircases, much of the ancient panelling, and some good pieces of old oak furniture, and is altogether a typical example of an English Mansion

of the Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century. The main staircase leading from the ground-floor of the northern wing is a fine specimen of plain solid oak carving; and the smaller staircase leading from the upper rooms of the southern wing, with the half-timber work of the walls flanking it, is highly picturesque. In the south-eastern wing a bedroom is shown in which King Charles II. slept when on his way to Worcester. There is also a haunted room, in which, however, when the author peeped through the key-hole, many years ago, he saw nothing more fearsome than a row of empty spirit-bottles.

Drive to Longdon.

A very beautiful building, of much smaller size, is the "Moat House" in the pretty little village of Longdon, a place about three or four miles south of Upton-on-Severn, and some two miles to the west of the river. It is easily reached by a by-road off the "Pheasant" road to Upton. Longdon is a charming Worcestershire village. The old church and part of the hamlet are on a rising ground looking towards the Malvern Hills, while the other half of the village lies nestled below amid orchards and richly-timbered meadows. In this latter situation stands the "Moat House," and the best view of it is from the rising meadow on its western side. The author has not been able to discover any history relating to it or its former owners, but it has evidently known a more

distinguished past, being at present only one of the cottage-dwellings of the place, though it looks a head and shoulders above its companions.

The arrangement of the black-and-white in this building is unusually happy, more so than in many larger and better known structures. The plain uprights, with a single transverse beam, of the lower storey of the gable give just the solidity needed to prevent a sense of over-balance to the larger projecting part above; while the simple squares in the second storey, with the diagonal side-pieces, and the solitary bell-shaped pair of struts below the latticed window, crowned by the richer chevrons of the gable-mitre over this, produce altogether an effect of effortless beauty which is the best art.

As already stated, this old house is set in the sweetest of pastorals, and its own charms of structure are added to by the pleasant orchards round it, by the wooded slope above, the glimpses of other old dwellings dotted about, and the ancient spire of the church peeping over all the rest.

Inside the house there are several points of interest, and proofs of its former importance. Leading from one of the lower rooms is a carved oak door of about the Sixteenth Century, apparently not in its original position, as it has been cut down to suit the space it now occupies. There is also a panelled room of some size, evidently the hall of olden days, with a black-and-white ceiling, the oak beams chamfered,

and crossed so as to form plain squares. This room has a large oak or chestnut chimney-piece, with quatrefoils at the sides, and in the centre a square containing a shield surrounded by shell-shaped foliation. No arms are on the shield, but above it there is a carved helmet, and over this a bird with outstretched wings.

Outside, at the north-east angle, is an oak doorway, probably the original main entrance, in the spandrel of which is what appears to be a carved name and date, the latter illegible, and the former difficult to make out. On the north side, detached from the house, stands a ruined stone building, most likely the Keep of an earlier structure. Its sole remaining ornament is a corbel head of either the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century. The hewn stones which remain are of the size and shape common to the second of these periods.

Though one cannot find any whisper of legend relating to this old house or its former possessors, there is a curious piece of history, already referred to, concerning the village itself. In the reign of Edward III., the royal palace at Westminster took fire, and damage was done to some of the Monastical buildings of the adjacent Abbey; to make which good, by other means than out of his own pocket, the King proposed to the Pope to hand over the tithes of Longdon and one or two neighbouring parishes to the Abbot of Westminster. This was done, and at the present day the living of Longdon remains in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey. The church itself has little interest

beyond a somewhat fine tower and spire, the only parts left of the original Gothic building. Some exceptionally good old brasses alone make it worth while to visit the interior.

Drive to Hanley Hall.

Just off a by-road between Malvern and Upton-on-Severn, and in the parish of Hanley Castle (so called from the great castle of the Earls of Warwick which once stood there), is a quaint old farm-house called Hanley Hall. The road to the right at Hanley Swan, and the second to the left from the former road, is the way to it. It is not a large house, but its gabled front is worth seeing, and inside there is a panelled room, now shorn of half its former dimensions, with a very fine carved oak chimney-piece of the Sixteenth Century. The house is pleasantly situated, and the view of it from the end of the big pool on its western side, with the long, low, black-and-white building behind, the front gable just showing above the margin of the water, is one of the most picturesque glimpses in the neighbourhood. In former times this house was the residence of the Keeper of Malvern Chase, and prisoners were tried here for offences committed in the forest, as is still the case in the Forest of Dean. A room is shown to visitors—the panelled one referred to—where the trials took place, and tradition has marked a small, dark chamber leading out of the larger one as the cell where prisoners were confined.

Drive to Eastington Court.

One of the earliest and most interesting specimens of these black-and-white houses is Eastington Court, about six or seven miles from Malvern, and two from the little town of Upton-on-Severn. It is reached by the "Pheasant" road to Upton, taking the first by-road on the right about three-quarters of a mile after passing the "Anchor" Inn. It stands on a slight upland of park-like country, with here and there some fine forest trees dotted round, while on the west the Malvern Hills form a background to the view. As usual, the remains of an ancient moat can be traced, but it appears to have been on three sides only, the ground to the south rising too high to admit of the defence being completed. On its eastern side stands a stone Pigeon-house, seemingly as old as the main building, and still used for its original purpose.

The plan of this house follows that of most of its fellows—a main front, within which are the great hall and chief dwelling-rooms; and behind this, and flanking it, a long building of less elevation and of plainer design, containing the domestic and farm offices.

The front of Eastington is mostly of the Fifteenth Century, and is very striking, especially as you draw near to it. Two fine gables, of different elevation, with an ivy-clad chimney rising between them, flank a porch which is a rare gem of old work. The chief, or north-eastern, gable has beautiful barge-boards, richly carved with the vine-pattern. Below these droop two handsome pendants,

between which and the square, projecting window are curious wide-angled struts, arching flush upon the wall-plate. The spandrels of these arches are filled with Tudor roses and oak leaves. The spandrels on the sides of the window near its base, just where it springs, are also filled with the same ornaments, and one of them with the figures of a man and a dragon, the latter apparently engaged in trying to swallow the former. The lower gable on the west side of the porch has modern barge-boards, but the rest of it is old, and the spandrels of its brackets are filled with exquisitely-carved leaves and varieties of the Tudor rose. The porch, as just said, is a gem of old art in oak, and a richly-carved domestic porch of the Fifteenth Century is not an every-day find for an archæologist. The spandrels, again, of the brackets which support the lower wall-plate above this porch are filled with Tudor roses, and also with curious figures in the dress of the period, and representing scenes the meaning of which is hard to guess, but which are worth a study. A short passage of plain black-and-white work leads from the outer door of the porch to the inner, and on the spandrels over the latter are huge heads, with projecting tongues and sharp rows of teeth, between oak-leaves.

The author has given all these details because the house is an exceedingly fine example of early timber-work, and also because it is little known, and may one day become a victim either to neglect or restoration—two stools betwixt which so many gems of architecture fall.

Commonly the "halls" of these old houses have in later times been shorn of a part of their original space to make up modern sitting-rooms, or for some such purpose. In the one at Eastington only a corner at the north-west angle has been sliced off to add to an original parlour under the lesser gable. The hall has not much ornamental detail, but the oak beams are very massive, and there is a curious eight-petalled flower at the junction of the huge collars which form an arch across the room near the entrance. The great fire-place, now blocked up, has a plain box-settle on one side of it, with a quaint little window close by, looking out into the front. The exact date of this settle is uncertain, but it is not difficult to conjure up the past dames of Eastington glancing from their tapestry-frames at the sound of horses' hoofs on the gravel outside—perhaps expecting news of their absent lords or sons from the "bloody field of Tewkesbury," or, later on, from famous "Worcester fight."

Little seems known of the former owners of this fine mansion beyond the fact mentioned by Dr. Nash, in his history of the county, that it once belonged to an ancient family of the same name as the house. According to an inscription in Longdon church, William Eastington, the last male of his race, died April 29th, 1523, and his daughter "Alyce" married William Brugge, who succeeded to the manor.

Drive to Earl's Croome.

On the other side of the Severn, just beyond

the town of Upton, and off the Pershore road, is another black-and-white mansion called Earl's Croome, but of a later date than Eastington. The western front, facing a grand avenue of elms, is really fine ; but the south side, which looks magnificent from the distant road, is only a false imitation of the old work, and nothing better than painted brick. Part, indeed, of the western front is of the same character. The house is interesting as having been the residence of the author of "*Hudibras*," when Butler was clerk to a Mr. Jefferys, an eminent Justice of the Peace. Here the poet amused himself in his leisure hours with painting pictures, which Dr. Nash relates were in his time used for stopping up the window-holes, and, he adds, "hardly deserved a better fate."

The west front of Earl's Croome is a good example, on a large scale, of the ordinary type of black-and-white work of either the late Sixteenth or the Seventeenth Century. There are three gables, the central one recessed, and the timber-work consists of a number of upright and transverse beams, with two rows of curved lozenges in the middle gable ; the effect gained being rather due to the volume of the black-and-white treatment than to any special artistic details. Nevertheless this effect, as usual, is both beautiful and imposing.

Drive to Pirton Court.

A mile or two east of the Severn, and close to Lord Coventry's beautiful estate of Croome, is one of the most interesting specimens of

old black-and-white houses which the author has ever come across. In size it cannot compare with some others, but for quaint form and originality of ornament it almost stands alone, as, in another sense, it stands alone by the side of the quiet country lane which runs past it. It indeed comes as a surprise to a visitor rambling along this pretty Worcestershire lane, as a turn of the road suddenly brings the strangely-lofty front gable, with the long, lower after-wing, into view. When, as he will do if he has a love for old work, he walks up the farm-track to the front of the house, he will be still more surprised, for this front is probably unlike any other he has seen, consisting of one lofty, narrow gable, richly studded with ornaments of as strange a character as the building they adorn.

The effect of the front as a whole is singularly pleasing. Narrow in itself, the sense of its narrowness is added to by a bay which projects from it throughout, from the ground to the gable above, the upper window overlapping the lower. To the drip-board of the latter the work is plain; but above that point, along the sides of the bay and over it, circles and lozenges, crossed by straight timbers, make a rich pattern. It is the central space, however, between the two main windows, which is richest and quaintest in ornament. Sunlike circles filled with stars, curved upright dragons, and curious foliation, bordered between the drip-boards below by a plain chevron, give an effect at once rich and weird. Within, there is much of old oak in

panelling, staircase, and doors, but mostly plain, solid timber-work.

While speaking of this old house a word of appeal may be addressed to the noble lord who owns it, and doubtless values it as it deserves, to spend on it the few pounds needed to put it in repair. Very little seems necessary except to renew the plaster which in some parts has dropped from the timber-spaces, and so prevent decay from wet and frost. It would be a very shame, and an irreparable loss, if so fine an example of English domestic architecture were allowed to suffer either from careless neglect or bungling restoration.

The scenery amid which the house is placed is quiet but beautiful. Just over a field, beyond the by-road referred to, is a large sheet of water, bordered by clumps of cedars, called Pirton Pool; and on a gentle rise, a little to the north-east of the house, is the old parish church, which has some fine Norman work, and a black-and-white tower at the west end.

The manor of Pirton originally belonged to the Peritons, from whom it took its name. Later, it passed to the ancient family of the Foliot, and, later still, was sold by Sir John Foliot to Sir William Corteyn, in the reign of James I. Soon afterwards it came into the possession of the Coventry family, through a curious stroke of ill-fortune to its previous owner. Sir William Corteyn, Dr. Nash relates, took out an expedition to settle the island of Barbadoes, arriving there safely in 1624, and laying the foundation of "James Town" in honour of the King. At

first he greatly prospered, but afterwards, owing to certain Court quarrels and jealousies which affected his position in the Colony, he became ruined, and had to sell his Worcestershire property.

Pirton is best reached by Upton, following the road from the latter to Worcester as far as the village of Severn Stoke, and then a by-road to the right. Pedestrians can take a much shorter route by crossing the Severn at the Rhydd Ferry.

Drive to Birts Morton Court.

A fine specimen of the half-domestic, half-fortified houses, not uncommon near the Welsh border, is Birts Morton Court, about eight miles south-east from Malvern, and scarce two miles from the southern end of the hills. This house is interesting alike for its architecture, and from the historical and legendary atmosphere which clings to it. Here Cardinal Wolsey was chaplain, before the days of his greatness, to the family of Sir John Nanfan; and it was while sleeping one afternoon in the orchard that the dread "Shadow" of the Raggedstone Hill fell on him, an event to which tradition ascribed his after misfortunes. Here, also, Queen Margaret and her ill-fated son, Prince Edward, are reputed to have once sheltered during the troublous Wars of the Roses; and here Sir John Oldcastle is said to have been concealed from his religious persecutors, hiding in the secret chamber behind the great chimney, and escaping, when hard put to it, by a secret passage which led under

the moat to the fields beyond. Here, lastly—an event of more modern interest—was born William Huskisson, who was killed by the famous "Rocket" engine at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, September 15th, 1830.

One story connected with the house is interesting as having some sort of witness for its truth still or recently existing. In a modern account of Birts Morton Court it is related—the present author does not know on what authority—that a certain lady of the family was wooed by two suitors, one of whom she loved, and the other she looked coldly upon. The disfavoured lover, maddened one day by the sight of his rival's happiness, picked a quarrel with the latter, and in the duel which followed killed him, and was himself mortally wounded. The lady, horrified at the tragedy she had caused, passed the rest of her life in close retirement within the manor house, and left a sum of money for the preaching of an annual sermon against the sin of duelling. This sermon, according to the same account, is still preached yearly in the neighbouring church of The Berrow, the parish in which the tragedy happened, and the plot of ground where the duel was fought is still called the "Bloody Meadow." The following information, derived from the Rector of The Berrow, somewhat modifies the above story. There appears to be no existing will of Bridget Nanfan—the lady supposed to be concerned—leaving money for a sermon against duelling, nor any existing record of the

duel; but there is a will by another member through marriage of the Nanfan family, Mistress Somers Nanfan, leaving a sum, charged on this very "Bloody Meadow," for an annual sermon in memory of her "wonderful deliverance from the wicked plot of an enemy" of her family. This may have some bearing on, or even be the origin of, the legend. The late Mr. Symonds, moreover, stated that he saw in the church register—now lost—the entry of the death of the gentleman who was killed in the duel. It may at least be assumed that some startling incident occurred in connection with the Nanfan family, and which cast a glamour of romance on this quiet corner of Worcestershire.

Apart from legend, the old house must have had a place in many stirring pages of past history, and it is still worth the visit of the antiquarian and the artist, despite having been the victim of some of the most abominable restoration which bad taste or worse economy could accomplish. Only within the last few years, when part of the western face fell, brand-new red bricks were deemed good enough to replace the stone which had been there before, with the result that an ancient domestic fortress has been made to look like a modern farm-house. The old Fifteenth Century gateway on the north side alone bears any semblance of the former glory of the place, and the peep through this, over the moat bridge, to the black-and-white domestic buildings beyond, is still as picturesque a bit as can often be lighted upon.

Inside the house there is a fine panelled room

of about the time of James I., with painted shields all round, bearing the arms of those personages, some notable in history, who had intermarried with the family. A moat surrounds the house, very broad on the western side ; and hard by is the parish church, having some good windows of the Fourteenth Century, and a remarkably fine tomb of Sir John Nanfan, with beautifully carved figures and tracery, and lovely in its original colouring.

Drive to Castle Morton.

Castle Morton is little more than a mile from Birts Morton, and can be taken on the way to the latter place, being nearer to Malvern. The drive, or walk, is over the great common of Castle Morton, from which a beautiful view of the hills and Little Malvern Priory is obtained, and then through a charming orchard country, gently hilly, and very characteristic of Worcestershire. The church, with its ancient spire, at the spring of which from the tower several yew trees are growing, is of much interest, and has two fine Norman doorways. Formerly a castle stood just below the church, and the broken ground still gives a good notion of its position and extent.

Drive or train to Upton-on-Severn.

There are no less than five roads to Upton, and it is chiefly the drive that is interesting, there being little to see in the place except a few old houses and a broad reach of the Severn. The tower is all that remains of the original

church. The battle of Worcester practically began at Upton, a Cromwellian detachment, sent to operate on the western side of the Severn, crossing over the remains of the broken bridge, and storming the church, to which the Cavaliers had retreated. Upton, though not very interesting in itself, is useful for passing through to other places of greater interest. It is eight miles from Malvern by the Wells road, and seven by Barnard's Green. Another way is by the Pheasant Inn, just before reaching Castle Morton Common ; a fourth by Hook Common ; and a fifth and very pretty way by the road on the north side of the Midland Railway. This by-road passes close to the site of the former castle of Hanley, just before the main road is reached. There is fair fishing in the Severn at Upton, and punts can be hired for this, and also good rowing-boats for trips on the river. The scenery is quietly beautiful, both up the stream past Severn End towards the Rhydd Ferry, or down it past Ham Court and Pull Court towards Tewkesbury. The famous Bishop Bonner was born in Hanley Castle, near Upton. Habingdon gives "Bonner's Place," on the Lechmere estate, as the exact locality.

Drive or train to Ripple.

Ripple is between two and three miles from Upton, and is easily reached by the Midland Railway. Whether by train or carriage, it should be visited, for it is one of the most picturesque villages in Worcestershire. The main part is triangular in shape, with an ancient

preaching-cross in the centre, at the foot of which stand the worm-eaten village stocks. Old cottages and alms-houses form the two principal sides, which meet at an ivy-covered gate-way, the whole scene being almost dramatic in its suggestion of old-world English country life. Close by is the church, a very fine example of Twelfth Century work, so common to the district round Malvern. The nave is of this period, and a typical specimen. The chancel is of rare beauty. It is Early English, but with so strong a feeling of the previous Transition as to warrant the belief that it was built soon after the nave was finished. The tracery of the windows might possibly suggest a different view; but the general form, as well as the details, especially the mouldings and the shape of the stones of the main walls, point to an early date. The side windows of this chancel are of a type uncommon to the period, especially in small churches—so wide as almost to give the effect seen in some late Perpendicular buildings. In this instance the effect is admirable. Here, also, are some very fine old oak stalls, with excellent carvings.

**Drive to Twyning Fleet, with Bredon,
Strensham, and Hill Croome.**

Twyning (pronounced Twinning) is one of the loveliest spots on the Avon, and is two miles from Ripple, and about four and a half from Upton. It is reached by a by-road off the road from the latter place to Tewkesbury. Just

before reaching this by-road the picturesque Brockeridge Common is crossed. It is a remnant of Malvern Forest, some grand oaks of which still remain. One in particular, an enormous tree, will be noticed on the western side of the road, and which is known as the "Haunted Oak," so called from the reputed ghosts of those slain while flying from the field of Tewkesbury. Half a mile on the Upton side of this common, standing just off the road, is an interesting old black-and-white farm-house, in the roof of which some years ago a richly-worked saddle-cloth was found, having on it the crowned monogram *M.R.*, which led to the supposition that the unfortunate Queen Margaret had sheltered here on her way to Worcester after the above fatal battle.

Twynning Fleet is only a mile from the Tewkesbury road, and is one of the pleasantest short excursions from Malvern, from which it is a very easy eleven and a half miles. By the river is a comfortable little Inn where an excellent tea of ham and eggs, etc., is provided, either within, or, as most prefer, on the lawn overlooking the river. The Avon is very beautiful here, and the view one of those natural pictures complete as if designed. Bredon Hill with its wooded crest backs the scene, and in front of it are the tall spire of the church, the old hall and the parsonage, and the ancient tithe-barn with its richly-lichened roof. On the right are the Cotteswold Hills, the sharp outline of Oxenton being the most prominent. In front of all, winding away almost from under one's feet, is the tranquil

Avon, fringed by gigantic rushes, and often gay with pleasure-boats. It is well worth while to take a boat (a telegram to Bathurst, Tewkesbury, will ensure one being in waiting) from Twyning to Strensham Lock, and better still, if time allows, as far as Eckington Bridge or Nafford Mill. The quiet beauty of the river reaches, especially beyond Strensham, can scarcely be surpassed, and the old bridge at Eckington is alone worth the trip.

Less than a mile from Twyning, across the meadows on the other side of the river, is Bredon church, one of the finest in Worcestershire. Like Tewkesbury Abbey, and several other churches in the neighbourhood, Bredon has an almost perfect Norman elevation, very characteristic of the period, besides several richly-ornamented doorways of the same style. There is also, in a chapel on the west side of the nave, some Early English work, with Purbeck marble shafts, of an excellence hardly to be expected in a parish church.

The Tithe-Barn is of great size, said, indeed, to be the largest in England, and its dimensions can hardly be realised until you stand within it, among the massive oak pillars which support the roof. It is probably of the Fifteenth Century: the stone buttresses, at all events, on the outside of its walls, seem to be of that date.

A variation in this drive may be made by taking the by-road by the side of the "Blue Bell," just beyond Upton, passing through Hill Croome with its quaint old church, and Strensham; returning from Twyning by Brockeridge

Common, and also, if desired, by Ripple, which is only about a mile out of the way. The village of Strensham is interesting as being the birth-place of Samuel Butler, the famous author of "*Hudibras*." The house in which he was born is now gone, but the place where it stood is still pointed out, and is at the northern end of the village on the way to Defford. Strensham has a church of great interest, containing several tombs of the Russell family, some very fine brasses, and also a number of old tiles. The Perpendicular oak rood-screen, now placed at the west end, with its original colouring of the figures in the panels, was an object of rare antiquarian value. These figures have unhappily been "restored" by a modern "artist," which means that they have been destroyed. The double view from the top of the hill before descending to Twyning is a glorious one on a clear day, with Malvern on one side, and Bredon and the Avon on the other. A gate is on either side of the road, and these form convenient gaps for overlooking the rich valleys which spread east and west.

Drive to Eckington Bridge and Nafford Mill.

This is an easy drive of between sixteen and seventeen miles from Malvern. The way is by Upton, the Pershore road, and the turn to the right (a sign-post directs) at the top of Baker's Hill, some two miles from Pershore. It is best to cross Eckington Bridge (avoiding the first turn to Nafford Mill), and then take the road to the left just at the entrance to Eckington village,

where is a good inn, and also an old church with some interesting Norman work. About a mile along the last-named road a short by-road on the left leads down to Nafford Mill. The turning on the left after leaving Baker's Hill leads to the picturesque village of Birlingham, some fine Norman remains of whose old church still remain; but the lane from this village to Nafford Mill is far too rough for carriages.

Eckington Bridge is perhaps the finest specimen of an old Sixteenth or early Seventeenth Century stone bridge in the district, and the sweep of the rush-lined Avon under its quaint arches, the long row of willows on the bank beyond, and the mass of Bredon Hill in the near background, make an almost perfect picture.

Nafford Mill is a favourite spot with artists, and justly so, for the scenery here is not only beautiful, but also uncommon. The mill itself is sufficiently old to be quaint, and the Avon is parted into several streams, with richly-wooded banks, and surrounded by a charmingly-broken country.

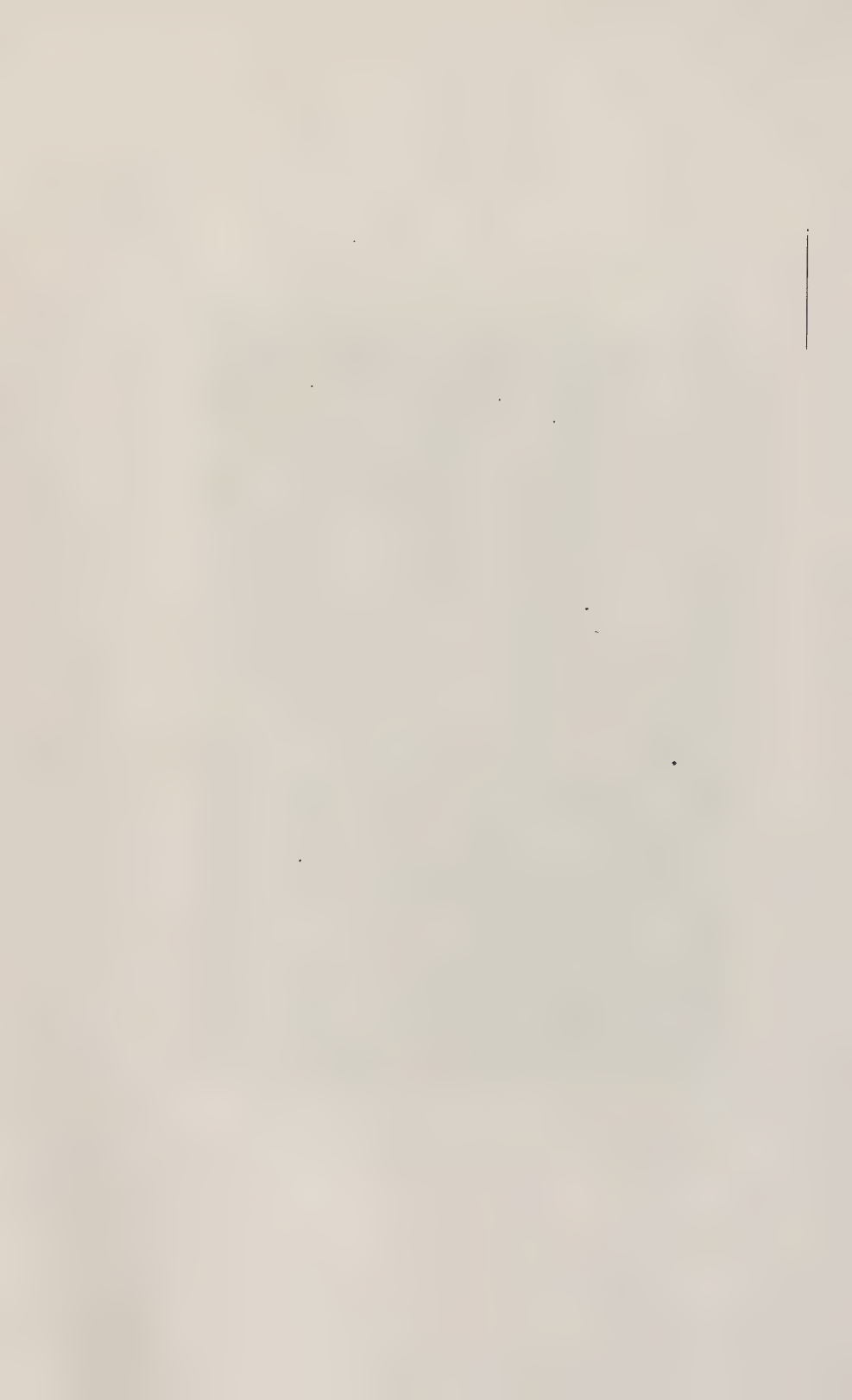
On the slope of Bredon, not far from Nafford Mill, is a fine old "Elizabethan" mansion, Wollas Hall, or Wollashill, which has belonged to the same family since 1536.

Ascent of Bredon Hill.

Bredon Station is reached by the Midland Railway through Ashchurch Junction, but few trains run to it. It is, however, no great walk from the above Junction, and only about five and a half miles to the top of the hill from Tewkesbury. The foot of the hill is about a mile from Bredon Station, and a road runs part



ECKINGTON BRIDGE.



of the way up. An ancient camp of large size is on the northern face, near the summit; while on the south side, not far from the village of Conderton, is another and smaller one, where a party of Danes are said to have settled after having been driven back from Pershore during one of their expeditions up the Severn and Avon. The ascent of Bredon is very easy from the station side, and the view from the top on a clear day is singularly lovely. The Black Mountains are seen far in the south-west, as well as a superb outline of the Malvern Hills nearly due west and much nearer. Gloucester Cathedral and Tewkesbury Abbey are clearly seen on the south-west side, and Pershore and Evesham Abbeys on the north-east, with the fertile and beautiful Vale of Evesham. The windings of the Avon, almost at the hill's foot, and partly encircling it, add not a little to the charm of the scene.

Villages round Bredon.

Many picturesque villages and churches are dotted round Bredon Hill. Some of these may be fairly reckoned among short excursions from Malvern, while others are hardly so, but for convenience are given here. Among them none is better worth a visit than Overbury, a charming village about two miles east of Bredon. The old church, carefully restored by Mr. Norman Shaw, is one of the most interesting of the smaller churches of Worcestershire. The nave is Norman, with a curious flat variety of the chevron ornament on the arches. The aisles

are Decorated, and enclose the older Norman clerestory windows, as is the case in Ledbury church. The chancel is Early English, and the bosses of the groined roof are both beautiful and uncommon, consisting of heads surrounded by curiously-curved sprays of leaves and flowers. The capitals of the side pillars from which the vaulting springs are of similar excellence. The font, at west end of nave, is partly restored, the original portion being half Norman and half Decorated. The nave has some very fine carved oak pews of the Perpendicular period, as well as a pulpit, which appears to have been constructed out of a former rood-screen. The exterior is mostly Perpendicular, the stone louvers of the belfry lights, and the grotesque gargoyles, being specially worth notice. A carved fox turning round the south-west buttress of the tower is full of life. A rich Norman doorway within the porch leads into the church on the south side, and on the northern side is another, now walled up, having a fine tympanum well preserved.

About two miles east of Overbury, past Conder-ton, is the village of Beckford, in Gloucestershire, which also has a fine church, though inferior to the one just described. It has a very rich Norman doorway, and the nave is also worth seeing.

There are many other villages and places of interest round the great girth of Bredon Hill, but they are somewhat farther afield. Such are Great and Little Comberton on its northern slope, both very picturesque villages, with many

old black-and-white houses, and fairly interesting churches, especially the transitional Decorated-Perpendicular tower of Little Comberton. An ancient stone Pigeon-house at the latter place is an early example of this kind of building.

Elmley Castle is another picturesque village east of the Combertons. Its Castle, but a few stones of which are now left, once stood on the north-eastern slope of Bredon, and in Norman times was the stronghold of the fierce Urso D'Abitot, Steward of the Conqueror, and who was associated with the history of Great Malvern Priory. The daughter of Urso married Walter Beauchamp, and from this marriage the Beauchamps of Worcestershire are said to have risen to power. A band of Elmley men, under several sons of a Lord Beauchamp of that time, fought for Henry III. at the Battle of Evesham, and were much praised for their valour.

These last places are difficult of access to any save a cyclist. The latter can easily reach them either by the Pershore road, and the turning to Eckington; or by Strensham, ferrying over the Avon at Strensham Mill, crossing a field, and then taking a by-road to Eckington Station—a shorter, prettier, but more troublesome route. This, by the way, and through the above villages, makes a very pleasant run to The Broadway.

Drive, or Part Train, to Besford.

Besford is a small hamlet lying between Croome Park and Pershore, and about two miles from Defford Station on the Midland Railway between Ashchurch Junction and Wor-

cester. It is a beautiful drive of from eleven to twelve miles from Malvern, and can be so reached either by Pixham Ferry and the Pershore road through Croome, or by the longer but more convenient road through Upton. After Upton, either the Pershore road must be followed until about three-quarters of a mile past Defford station, when a by-road to the left is taken, which crosses another by-road, and runs down a steepish hill ; or, after joining the Pershore road, the by-road past Earl's Croome, which leads past the Dunstall sham ruins, afterwards taking the road towards Croome and Pirton, presently turning to the right to reach Besford. By rail it is a troublesome affair, because of the long waiting at Ashchurch Junction. From the latter the train takes you to Defford, from which you must walk or drive the two miles.

The great interest of the place, and one which should induce at least antiquarians to make the pilgrimage, is the church. It is very small, and has been restored almost out of remembrance, but it has still enough remnants of its former glory to be worth a much longer journey. Two features mainly comprise this worth. It is one of the rare specimens of a half-timber church, and it has the remains of a singularly beautiful rood-loft. Since the picturesque little church of Newland, Malvern, was wantonly pulled down some years ago, very few old half-timber churches remain, and the writer knows personally of only two—Clifton-on-Teme and Besford—both within an easy drive of Malvern. Only the west end of Besford church is

of this work, and most of the old timber on the outside remains untouched. This is of a very simple design, and on the two sides consists of plain squares and a lozenge, the west end being somewhat more complex. On the north side is a small wooden ogee-arched doorway, and at the west end is a square-headed window, with original wood tracery of quatrefoils and trefoils, an exceedingly rare example in church architecture, and probably of the transitional Decorated - Perpendicular period. The original building had a plain wooden turret with a little louver-light at the top. This is now replaced by a more pretentious structure. The original stucco, also, between the timbers, was plain rough-cast. The present arrangement is an abominable design of stamped squares, absolutely out of character with the building or the county. Inside, a good many of the main original timbers remain, especially three heavy tie-beams with four meeting fleur-de-lis in the centre of each, making a kind of engraved boss. A wooden porch is on the north side, but it is much restored, and has no precise details. Some interesting Renaissance work is in the chancel—a double-panelled diptych, richly painted, and a tomb with the figure of a boy, some of the old colours remaining on the mouldings. Both are commemorative of the former Harewell family, and the tomb is dated 1576, and bears the letters R. H. The gem of the church, however, is the rood-loft. If not unique, it is at least of great rarity, and in its original completeness must have been singularly

beautiful. In its present state it is largely new, but enough remains to show what it once was. The central portion of the face of the gallery is old, and also retains the original colouring, which, like all old colouring, is both soft and rich. This old portion consists of three panels, each of which is about 5 feet in length by some 14 inches wide. Each panel has five quatrefoils in a line, and each quatrefoil contains the forerunner, or early form, of the Tudor Rose, these being double, six-petalled outside, and four-petalled within. The latter are gilded, the quatrefoils are red, and the groundwork is that deep blue which seems to have died with Gothic art. The spandrels are filled with the beautiful characteristic three-leaved ornament of the period, containing another smaller six-petalled rose. The upper and lower ornamental borders are new, with the exception of a small portion of exquisite work from which the new has been copied. The work is both solid in effect and delicate in detail, and its beauty must be seen to be understood. It probably belongs to the transition between Decorated and Perpendicular, though its actual date may be well within the Fourteenth Century.

Across a meadow on the north side is Besford Court, the chief interest of which lies in the old front and entry facing west. The barge-boards are beautifully carved, and there is a very fine elevation on the north side. A grand old oak door, with original iron knocker and fastenings, opens into the inner court. Within the house there is nothing of special interest. West of

the Court is what appears to be an old Tithe-barn. It is of half-timber construction, with two small stone crosses on the gables, and has an open-timber roof inside of ordinary design.

Drives to Pendock and Eldersfield.

Within a short distance of Birts Morton there are several churches of interest, especially The Berrow, Pendock, and Eldersfield, all in Worcestershire. Pendock, which lies a little off the road between Ledbury and Tewkesbury, has some very fine old oak pews carved with the famous "linen-pattern." Eldersfield, which is about three-quarters of a mile off the road to Staunton Swan, has the remains of a singularly rich Norman doorway, and also some fine oak pews with the same ornament as those of Pendock. In the churchyard is a gigantic yew. Close by Eldersfield is the small, wooded hill of Gadbury Camp. The first of the two places which head this paragraph has a sad interest for many Malvern men, and for geologists all the world over, in having had for its late rector the genial and gifted William S. Symonds, known all his life for his researches in Geological Science, and during his later years for his two fascinating novels of local historical romance, "Malvern Chase" and "Hanley Castle."

Drive to The Berrow.

This village is close to Pendock, and its church is of far more importance than that of the latter place. The drive is a charming one, being along the Castle Morton road as far as

the turning to the Tewkesbury road, and then along the latter past the "Duke of York" Inn, until a by-road to the right is reached, which soon leads to The Berrow. The return drive may be made by the by-road west of the village, which leads to Camer's Green. There was once a Moated Grange here, wantonly pulled down some years ago, and its old oak carried off. The moat appears to have surrounded both Court and church, not an uncommon practice in this part of England. On the south side is the wooded Berrow Hill, from which, probably, the village takes its name. The church has many points of interest, the most notable of which is the tower, apparently of late Decorated work, with some Perpendicular additions. It is a tall, imposing structure, and is peculiar in not being square, two of its sides being broader than the others. The porch is a fine example of late, perhaps transitional, Decorated work, and is richly carved. The nave arcading—found on the south side only, as in some neighbouring churches—is probably Decorated, and the capitals are of singular construction, projecting unequally on one side.

Drive to Bromsberrow Church.

This little church, which is just in Gloucestershire, is about three-quarters of a mile beyond the turning to Eastnor mentioned in the former section, "Circle by Bromsberrow and Eastnor," and it lies under the curiously-shaped Conygree Hill. Much of the present building

is restored out of memory, though the modern half-timber tower and wooden spire are not unpicturesque. The Fourteenth Century porch, however, is of much interest, and was thought worthy of special mention by Bloxam in his "Gothic Architecture." This writer remarks that probably there are other Decorated porches in the neighbourhood, if search were made. The surmise is correct, among others being the fine ones of The Berrow, Corse, Ashleworth, and Hartpury, to say nothing of examples west of the Malvern Hills. Apart from the church, the drive to Bromsberrow—through Castle Morton, and by Camer's Green, and sharp to the right from the latter—is one of the loveliest round Malvern, full of varied charms, and far from the sound of a railway whistle.

Drive to Staunton Swan.

This village is close to Eldersfield, and is on the extreme southern border of Worcestershire, lying on the old coach road from Gloucester to Ledbury. The "Swan" is now a somewhat deserted Inn, but its comfortable bedrooms bear witness to its former glory, when the coaches passed by it, and the ostler's bell still hangs at the back of the house as a further witness to those days. About half a mile along the Ledbury road is the old church, which stands on some rising ground, with a picturesque half-timber farm-house on the east side, and an old pigeon-house, with a pool of water in front of it, on the south. A grand old yew is close to

the west end of the church. The latter has an original short spire, and the interior is also worth seeing, especially some interesting tombs.

The great point, however, in the visit to Staunton Swan is the drive thither, being one of the most beautiful in the district. After traversing the Castle Morton and Birts Morton road as far as Camer's Green, the Gloucester road sharp to the left is taken, and a curious ridge is followed most of the remaining way, from which a wide and varied view is commanded on both sides; that on the west looking over the southern peaks of the Malvern range, the Bromsberrow and Redmarley hills, and out beyond Ledbury; while on the eastern side the broken valley extends right up to the Cotteswolds; and facing you are the hills in front of Gloucester, with May Hill to the south. Staunton Swan is about twelve miles from Malvern. A pleasant change in the journey home may be made by returning through Corse Lawn and Longdon. It is about two miles farther, but saves several stiff hills, and is very beautiful.

Drive to Upleadon.

Between Staunton Swan and Newent are the picturesque village and highly interesting church of Upleadon, Gloucestershire, on the bank of the little river Leddon. The road to Upleadon is on the right hand off the road to Gloucester, about a mile beyond Staunton Swan. The main interest of the church lies in its tall black-and-white half-timber tower, original examples of

which are very rare. The timber work consists of plain uprights. The original plaster has unfortunately been replaced by the usual churchwarden bricks. The massive timber construction of the lower part of the tower, as seen from within, is also worth noticing. On the north side of the nave is a remarkably rich Norman doorway in fine preservation. The chevron and the nailhead ornaments, the former of an elaborate character, make its chief decoration. The tympanum is exceptionally fine, and has an Agnus Dei bearing the cross *pattee*, and encircled by a wreath formed of the cable and either the pellet or small nail-head ornaments, while on each side is a carved animal of the usual type. Bloxam takes them to refer to the sacred prophecy—"The lion shall lie down with the lamb."

The writer takes this opportunity to protest against the annoying practice of keeping the keys of churches at too great a distance to be available for most visitors. In the present case they are kept at a house about a mile from the church. The same inconvenient custom obtains at the neighbouring church of Hartpury, and also at that of Birts Morton.

Drive to Haw Bridge.

This is a very beautiful drive of about sixteen or seventeen miles from Malvern. The route is through Longdon (see drive to that place), crossing the Tewkesbury road some three miles from Tewkesbury, and taking the Gloucester road on the right to Corse Lawn, and past the

latter village until the turn to the left which leads to the bridge. The view of the Severn here is decidedly picturesque, with the prominent Wainlode Camp rising in the background. On the eastern side of the river a few miles of winding lanes, through a charmingly-broken country, and passing within a short distance of Deerhurst Priory, lead into the Tewkesbury and Cheltenham road, about three miles from the former place.

Cyclists will find the route by Haw Bridge a pleasant variety in the run to Cheltenham, the distance being about twenty-four miles. The road is not so good, after Corse Lawn, as the ordinary one by Upton and Tewkesbury, but it is far more picturesque.

Drive to Ashleworth.

Whatever excursions visitors elect to miss, they will be wise not to miss Ashleworth. It is only some $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Malvern, and the drive there would alone repay the trifling cost and trouble. Its situation is one of the most picturesque among the lower reaches of the Severn, with the wooded Wainlode Camp right in front of the river bend ; and its antiquarian interest is out of the common, as close together are a singularly beautiful little church, an ancient tithe-barn of unusual size and architectural merit, and the remains of an Augustinian Priory worth a far longer pilgrimage to see. All three buildings are situated at the lower end of the village, close to the river, and all three

are mainly of the Decorated period, in examples of which this little-known corner of England is so strangely rich.

The church is chiefly of this period, and the west window under the tower is a beautiful specimen. The arches of the nave, constructed on the south side only, are sharply angular. The piers are also peculiar, being octagonal, with four very wide and four very narrow facets, resembling the hexagonal arrangement seen in some Perpendicular churches. The capitals have a deep, bold ogee moulding, with chamfered abaci above, and a sharp triangular beading below, and are broken at the angles by a sort of extension of the dividing line between the inner and outer courses of the arches. The bases are plainly chamfered. Probably this nave, as well as much of the tower, is of late Decorated work, most likely transitional Decorated-Perpendicular. On the north wall of the nave is some very curious herring-bone work, the "herring-bones" being of unusual lengths, and the masonry having very wide joints. An unneeded modern transept has unfortunately, and to the great loss of architecture, destroyed about half of this almost unique example of herring-bone masonry. It is probably early Norman, but may possibly be Anglo-Saxon work. Adjoining the chancel are the remains of the staircase to the Rood-loft, and part of the timber-work of the latter. The open-timber roof of both nave and aisle is mainly late Decorated, but that of the eastern part of the aisle is of later date. On the north side of the church is a stone porch

with an open-timber roof. A remarkably solid oak door, with original ironwork and a very massive lock, leads into the church. There is also a fine Renaissance pulpit, and the pews of the nave have the favourite "linen-pattern" ornament. A very graceful original spire surmounts the tower, and the latter is reached by an outside stone staircase at the south-west angle. This staircase is a modern addition, but its effect is by no means bad.

A remarkably fine preaching-cross, said to be the finest in Gloucestershire, and apparently of the same transitional Decorated period, stands south of the church. It was some time ago discovered in fragments, and pieced together. Above the capital is a sort of canopy with four niches, the two chief ones being filled with sculptures of the Crucifixion and the Blessed Virgin. The side ones are more worn, but one represents an old man, which some believe to be the figure of St. Augustine, but which is more probably that of St. Andrew, to whom the church was dedicated. The St. Andrew's cross held by the figure seems to indicate this.

About a quarter of a mile down the road to Hasfield, and almost half a mile from Ashleworth church, is a remarkably fine half-timber black-and-white house called the "Old Vicarage." The chief point of interest is the west front, which visitors can see without much intrusion, by walking up to the house. Of the latter the south wing and the porch are original, the north wing being a modern imitation. The porch is the gem of the building. It is a very

beautiful Fifteenth Century structure of great solidity and exquisite detail. The mouldings of the doorway, the rich ornaments of the struts, and the massive oak door with the original iron-work, and the small postern-opening, are especially worth notice.

North of the church, and close to it, are the remains of an Augustinian monastery (now a farm-house), said to have been established here in the reign of Edward II., the neighbouring church being served by its Brethren. It is a remarkable building, and has suffered less from time and change than most similar structures. It is almost wholly in the Decorated style, perhaps a little late in that period, like so much of the Decorated work in the neighbourhood. The building runs north and south, with a shorter transept at the northern end, which may have been the chapel. The whole is surmounted by an open-timber roof of great solidity, that of the transept being cut off from the space beneath by a plain-timbered flat ceiling, probably inserted after the Dissolution, when the monastery became lay property. The timber of the open roof appears to be chestnut. The construction consists of three sets of collar-struts between massive purlins and principals, plainly chamfered, while the wall-plates have the embattled ornament. The roof is spanned by the usual collars and curved braces, the latter being continuous from short wall-pieces which spring from plain wooden corbels. Between the tie-beams are plain semicircular collar-struts. There are four sections in all, but they are divided by

modern partitions. The mouldings are simple rounds, chamfers, and apparently ogees. In the southern compartment are some remains of mural painting, but the plaster is nearly worn off. What is left consists of an upper border of squares surrounded by cables, alternate with squares containing circles. Below is an ornamentation apparently of pomegranates and a delicate foliation resembling palm-leaves. In the wall at the top of a circular stone staircase, which leads to the upper rooms, are two corbel-heads, one that of a King or Prince, with crown and *fleur-de-lis*, and what appears to be the letter H on the breast. From this staircase is a charming view of the Severn and Wainlode Camp. The windows of the Priory are all alike, and consist of pointed arches with dividing transoms. The tracery consists of round trefoils, with elongated, upright quatrefoils above, and short uprights at the side, showing a Perpendicular tendency, however early the actual date. The doors are characteristic of plain examples of the period. The jambs are broadly chamfered. A plain dripstone surrounds the arch, with a deep, broad cavetto, finished by a small round moulding, the latter being returned square round a square lapel, which contains a quatrefoil. The same occurs in the windows also.

The Tithe-barn is not apparently so large as that of Bredon, but it is architecturally far more interesting, being really an important structure. It belongs to the same late Decorated period, and runs north and south, with two projecting transepts on the western side.

These are flanked by beautiful buttresses, and have huge doorways, headed by a curved, chamfered piece of solid timber. On the northern gable is a beautiful little round quatrefoil window. The gables themselves have ogee fynials. Inside is a massive open-timber roof, more in keeping with a church than a tithe-barn. The buttresses are quite a feature of this barn, as in the neighbouring one of Hartpur.

The nearest way from Malvern to Ashleworth is by Staunton Swan. After leaving the latter, and on reaching the main Gloucester road, the first turning on the left leads to Ashleworth, some two miles up this by-road. The turning is indicated by a finger-post. The alternative route is by Longdon and Corse Lawn, until the above turning is reached.

Train or drive to Dymock, and drive or walk to Kempley.

Dymock is reached by train (G.W.R.), but the drive to it through Bromsberrow and Brooms Green, turning to the left after reaching the Gloucester and Ledbury road, is worth taking. The church has some highly interesting Norman work. Kempley Church, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dymock, is a fine specimen of a small Norman structure. Its great feature is the Twelfth Century chancel, whose walls and vaulting are covered with mural paintings of the same early date, perhaps the most perfect example in the kingdom.

Drive to Corse Church.

A quaint little church, as nearly out of the world as it could get, at the end of a by-road almost opposite the road to Ashleworth. It is about a mile and a half from Staunton Swan, and about $13\frac{1}{2}$ from Malvern. South of the church is an old farm-house with a coat-of-arms on a stone in the north wall, much plain oak timber within, and the remains of a moat outside, being evidently the relics of one of the small Moated Granges so common to this part, and in close relation with the church. The latter is small, but highly picturesque, with a short broach spire which ends in a remarkable fynial. Like so many of its neighbours, it is mainly late Decorated work, and the wooden north porch is a very fine specimen of that period, and quite untouched. The barge-boards, jambs, and spandrels are richly carved, the first-named with a wavy spray enclosing in the curves an elongated two-leaved flower. Behind the plastered roof of the nave is apparently a fine timber roof, the only visible parts of which are the wall-plates and one tie-beam, and these have bold Decorated mouldings. The tower is perhaps the feature of the church, together with its solid little spire. All the belfry lights are Decorated except the one on the west side, which is Perpendicular, but probably little, if any, space of time divided the work. The Norman font in the nave, with a double cable all round, and the pellet ornament on one half only, is exceptionally free in execution.

Drive to Hasfield Church and Court, and the Great House.

A little nearer Corse Lawn than the road to Ashleworth—that is, between the latter road and the one to Haw Bridge—is a by-road which leads to the above places. The country between the Staunton road to Gloucester and the Severn is very broken and picturesque, consisting of a continual series of richly-wooded ascents and descents. Hasfield church is another of the Decorated structures so common in this district, but it has been badly restored and added to. The tower is of the above period, and is a good example. A stone cross is on each side of the parapet. On the south side of the nave are some fine Decorated windows, with original, beautifully carved corbel-heads, from which a dripstone is carried round, having the characteristic roll moulding. A late Perpendicular tomb in the chancel is said to be that of Dorothy Pauncefort, whose romantic story is referred to in Mr. Symonds' "Malvern Chase." On the south side is another example of a Decorated timber porch, but much worn by exposure.

Near the church is Hasfield Court, an imposing Renaissance structure, externally almost if not wholly modern, but containing within some remnants of the original house.

Just across the fields, and on the road from Hasfield to Tirley, is one of the most remarkable old houses in the country round, and which evidently once played a more distinguished part than it now does—that of a farmhouse.

The writer could learn nothing either of its history or its former possessors, only that it is called "The Great House." A great house it certainly is, and consists partly of stone and partly of half-timber black-and-white work. The latter is mainly of Elizabethan and Jacobean times. At some period a great alteration was made, as shown by the strange intermixture of stone and timber-work, obviously out of accord with the original design. Near the west angle of the south front is a curious little turret, which formerly opened upon the landing within, at the head of the main staircase. The interior is richer in old oak of the finest carving than almost any house in the district known to the writer. On the ground floor are at least three or four original doors of massive timber. Some remarkable arched doorways, with richly-carved pendants and spandrels, lead to the main staircase, and a still richer round-arched doorway opens from the landing above to the corridor beyond. In a room looking west is a ceiling with *fleur-de-lis* bosses. Unfortunately this is covered with whitewash, which, if carefully removed, would probably reveal a fine timber ceiling. Altogether this house is a rare find for an antiquarian, and would more than repay the fifteen or sixteen miles drive from Malvern, to say nothing of the beautiful scenery passed in reaching it.

Drive to Tirley.

The by-road from Hasfield, past the Great House, leads down to this place, but it is more

directly reached from Malvern by the road to Haw Bridge described in a previous drive. Tirley is a picturesque village which is partly situated on the side of the road just before reaching Haw Bridge. The church, like so many others in the district, has a plain open-timber roof, and a wooden porch of either the Decorated or early Perpendicular period. On the south side are some interesting square Decorated windows, with round trefoils, the cusps terminating in curious elongated triangular points, barred crosswise. The same ornament occurs in the windows of the neighbouring church of Corse. This drive may be combined either with the one to Haw Bridge, or with that to Hasfield.

Drive, or part train, to Hartpury.

Like its neighbour, Corse, this place may be described as being out of the world. It lies close to the little river Leddon, in the corner of Gloucestershire between the road from Gloucester to Newent and that between the former place and Staunton Swan; and it is reached by the first turning on the right from the last-named road after passing the "Canning Arms" Inn on the way to Gloucester. It is about 16½ miles from Malvern by Camer's Green and Staunton Swan. It can be reached by rail on the G.W.R. *via* Ledbury to Barber's Bridge, from which station it is only about a mile and a half distant. If so wished, this excursion can be combined with that to Ashleworth, as

the two places are only some 3 or 4 miles apart, and a road from the latter leads into the Gloucester road close above the turning to Hartpury.

Hartpury is well worth a visit, having a very interesting church, and a remarkably fine Tithe-barn, said to be the largest in England. The writer does not know the dimensions of the one at Bredon, but he had this barn measured, and the length is 153 feet 3 inches, the breadth being 32 feet. It very much resembles the neighbouring barn at Ashleworth, the main part being of the Decorated period, but with Renaissance additions. Two similar transepts are found here, with equally huge doorways, also flanked by fine buttresses, and the gables are topped by four-arched fynials, with excellent crockets. The gables of what may be called the "nave" have for fynials a carved griffon at the east end and a lion at the west. Inside is a very interesting open-timber roof of great solidity.

The church is another fine example of the Decorated period. The porch is perhaps the finest of the Fourteenth Century carved timber porches clustered in this district, and, like most of the others, is probably late in the style. The front jambs and the collar-spandrels are richly carved with trefoils and quatrefoils. Inside are five strut-collars with trefoils alone. A horizontal beam running from the outer to the inner door has a half-round moulding, filleted, with hollows at sides. The lower half of the tower is Norman, or more strictly Twelfth Century, and the upper part is

Decorated. A Norman window and two smaller belfry lights look into the nave. Other Norman remains exist in the arch between the nave and the chancel, the remnants of a window on the north side of the nave, a plain doorway on the south side of the nave, and some herring-bone work on the same side. The belfry lights are pointed inside, but square outside. The masonry of the tower is very solid, and the projecting squinches show that a spire was originally designed. The east window is one of the most beautiful examples of Decorated tracery in the neighbourhood. It consists entirely of trefoils of various form, springing from a small circle in the centre, and the effect is excellent. The mouldings are three-quarter rounds, with wide hollows. The hood-moulding has a quarter-round moulding. The expansion of the two lower trefoils against those above gives the effect of a light transom on each side of the small circle referred to. This window is best seen from outside. The windows on the south side are also Decorated, but two windows on the north side of the nave are transitional between that period and Perpendicular. The westernmost one has quarter-round mouldings, filleted, on the mullions. Fragments of old glass are in these windows. The oak pulpit is Renaissance. The chancel has a fine open-timber roof. The nave also has a partly-old timber roof, with two fine oak or chestnut corbels, that on the south side having a carved figure of singular design. At the west end is a very beautiful octagonal font of the Decorated period. Quatrefoils are on the upper

portion, and window-tracery on the lower ; while in the dividing cavetto are four-leaved flowers, except on the north panel, which has two carved heads.

Close to the church is a farm-house built out of the remains of a nunnery, which, from the fragments left, would appear to have been erected in the Renaissance period.

Drive to Redmarley, Payford Bridge, and Newent.

This may also be reckoned among the loveliest drives round Malvern. For most visitors the drive to Payford Bridge (nearly thirteen miles from Malvern) will be found long enough, and it contains the pick of the scenery. The same road is followed as in the drive to Staunton Swan as far as Camer's Green, and then straight on through the village until, after a mile or two, just past a mill, the Ledbury road is joined. The latter is followed southwards, towards Tewkesbury, until a turning to the right is reached, which leads up the hill to Redmarley, an interesting village with an old church. The road runs southward to Payford Bridge, and after about a mile dips down a very steep pitch, between high red sandstone banks rich with foliage and flowers, to the little river Leddon, which is crossed by the above picturesque stone bridge. The scene here is a real bit of unspoiled nature. The little river ripples between wooded hills, and seems almost to cut a path through them as it bends away out of sight, while the narrow,

shut-in valley is gay with orchards and richly-green meadows.

If time allows, the drive of about four miles farther to Newent, Gloucestershire, would well repay the trouble, both for the scenery on the road, and for the sight of the quaint little town itself. The latter is about eighteen miles from Great Malvern, and is approached by another deep pitch between red sandstone banks. It mainly consists of a long street, many black-and-white houses, a very interesting church not very well kept, and an old half-timber Town Hall and Market Place, of the same kind, but not so fine, as that at Ledbury. The church is interesting as containing a good deal of exceedingly curious and apparently early Renaissance work, which here forms a by no means unpicturesque contrast with the older Gothic—an effect not uncommon in France, but rare in England. On the south side is a fine old tomb of a knight in armour, which, when the author saw it, was the victim of very radical treatment, being used as a table for pots, pans, brushes, and rubbish of all kinds—enough to make the unhappy warrior rise up and challenge the militant member for his division, in lieu of the parson, to a trial of skill.

Newent is about three miles from the well-known May Hill, which is worth ascending for the view, and also for its historic and scientific interest.

Drive to Ketford Bridge.

This is another charming spot on the Leddon. It is reached by the road past Bromsberrow

church (see p. 129), then the main road to Ledbury on the right, and, after a few hundred yards, the Dymock road to the left, and again, after reaching Broom's Heath post office, another turn to the left, which latter lane leads direct to Ketford, about fourteen and a half miles from Malvern. There is a ford here which is used by the country carts, and is fairly easy. The alternative is to leave the carriage, and walk the horse over the footbridge to the farm on the other side, where, or at the cottage opposite, tea can be obtained by visitors.

The bridge is a picturesque old stone structure, with a wooden parapet. The scenery all around is delightful. A good idea of the Leddon may be gained by walking up the lane on the north side of the bridge, past a farm, then following the road to the right along the side of a slight hill, and descending past another farm, and over a small bridge, to the weir—a lovely part of the river—and then up another short hill westwards, where the Newent road to Ketford is reached. From this hill is a magnificent view of the Leddon country, with the distant Cotteswolds on the east, and the Malvern Hills to the north. A short, sharp descent between high red-sandstone banks, richly wooded, brings you back to Ketford Bridge, the side opposite to that from which you started. The whole walk is only some three to four miles, and through a beautiful and very little known district.

The drive to Ketford could be combined with that to the neighbouring Payford Bridge by making a circle, the easier way being to take the latter place first.

**Drive or Walk through Eastnor Park to
Eastnor Castle.**

This is one of the most noted short drives round Malvern, and is between seven and eight miles in extent. From the first lodge, just past the Camp Hill, an old Roman road runs along a natural ridge of Wenlock Limestone, the whole of the way being downhill to the castle. One of the most beautiful and varied collections of trees in the kingdom lines the road as far as the second lodge. The thick growth of yews on the right side is specially worth noting, some of the trees being of great size, and the view under them being extremely picturesque. These trees, and the arbutus shrubs also, are a beautiful sight when in full berry. In spring daffodils carpet the wood everywhere. On the right-hand side, a few hundred yards before reaching the second lodge, is the famous Mistletoe Oak, one of the rare examples (mostly in Herefordshire) of mistletoe growing on an oak. After the second lodge the scenery becomes more open, and herds of fallow deer, and sometimes red ones, are to be seen among the trees or on the slopes of the hill.

The castle is only a modern imitation, and of no interest, the old Ditch-House, which formerly stood on the edge of the lake, having unfortunately been pulled down when its pretentious successor was designed. The gardens and the lake, however, are very beautiful, and inside the castle are some fine paintings, armour, and,

above all, some glorious specimens of old French and Italian tapestry. Visitors are admitted on Tuesdays and Fridays. The drive home may be varied either by taking the Ledbury road and Chance's Pitch, or the road past the Ragged-stone and over Castle Morton Common.

Drive, walk, or train to Ledbury.

Nothing better witnesses to the rural character of Herefordshire than the fact that Ledbury is reckoned among its four chief towns. It is, indeed, nothing more than a village-town, but it is a very picturesque one both as regards its situation and its antiquities. The parish church is among the largest and finest in the country round Malvern, and is one of the examples—characteristic of this border county, and doubtless designed for defence—of the tower being separate from the rest of the building. All these detached towers—at least, all which the author has seen—are Norman, or of a date soon after that period, a time when the danger from Welsh attacks was most imminent. This church, moreover, has an excellent example of a Norman west front, of which Tewkesbury, Bredon, and Bishop's Cleeve also furnish instances. Perhaps the most interesting piece of work in the church is the Norman choir. The arches spring from short round pillars, whose height and diameter are equal, these pillars resting on square pedestals, the height of each of which is equal to the pillar and capital it supports. Square abaci are between the pillars and capitals, and the pedestals



LEDBURY TOWN HALL AND MARKET PLACE.

are deeply chamfered. The whole effect is both artistic and strangely original. The circular Norman clerestory lights are enclosed by the later and loftier aisles. The chapel called St. Catherine, and used as a baptistry, is a beautiful example of early Decorated work. The hollow mouldings of the jambs, mullions, and tracery of the windows are thickly studded, within and without, with the ball-flower ornament, the effect being richness almost carried to prodigality.

Church Street, the narrow lane leading from the main street to the church, is famous for the picturesque view of its old houses, with the church beyond, as seen from the street below. Modern red-brick, however, is fast spoiling it.

In the square of the main street stands the finest remaining example in this part of the country of an old black-and-white half-timber Town Hall and Market Place. It is of the Sixteenth or early Seventeenth Century, and is a beautiful structure. The old wooden pillars which support the hall above still remain, as also the wooden pins which fix the struts. The ornamental design consists almost solely of chevrons, with intersecting uprights, and nothing could be more effective. Many other half-timber houses adorn the town, as well as the ancient hospital on the west side of the main street.

Ledbury is only eight miles from Great Malvern, and is easily reached by road or rail. A very pleasant way to drive to it is by Eastnor Park, about a couple of miles longer than by Chance's Pitch, but much more beautiful. It is also, for those able, a charming walk, and can be

so reached by three routes—either by the ordinary high road past the Camp Hill, and down Chance's Pitch; or, instead of the latter, turning through the gate leading into Eastnor Park, and traversing that well-known domain, and then, instead of following the road, taking the field path on the right of Eastnor church, and, crossing between the wooded hills above, dipping down to Ledbury by a rough track which leads direct into the road close to the town; or, lastly, by the Wyche-Cutting and Colwall, through the lodge-gate at Old Colwall, and through the wood over Wellington Heath, joining the Bosbury road which runs below. This last route may puzzle a stranger to find, but will repay him if he succeeds.

Drive or walk to Bosbury.

This is another place of much interest which is only a short drive from Malvern, and a still shorter walk, being hardly more than six miles distant by the nearest cuts. Like Ledbury, it is picturesque with its old half-timber houses; and, also like Ledbury, the massive Twelfth Century tower of its church is separated, but by a much wider space, from the main building. The nave of the church is a fine example of Semi-Norman or Twelfth Century, a style so common in this part of the country, and there is a beautiful late Perpendicular chapel on the south side, near the chancel. There are also some very good floriated stone crosses on tombstones, supposed to belong to the Knights Templars who had a

preceptory near Bosbury. The ruins of an ancient palace of the Bishops of Hereford are on the north-east side of the church.

At the western end of the single street is the former house of the Harford family. It is now an Inn, and greatly changed, but the main room contains a grand old carved chimney-piece, and is also panelled. The little river Leddon, which gives its name to Ledbury, runs across the top of the village just behind this house. There is no railway to Bosbury, the nearest station being Ledbury, four miles off, which is hardly a help from Malvern. The drive is through Colwall, and then through the beautiful winding lanes north and west of that place. The nearest way to walk is to cross the south spur of the Worcestershire Beacon, and, passing an old black-and-white farm-house on the western side, take the road westward until it turns to the north, after which take the field paths until the road to Bosbury is reached.

Drive or walk to Colwall and Coddington.

The walk or drive to Bosbury can also be taken through Coddington, which is a picturesque village with some good black-and-white houses, and an interesting church containing some remarkably narrow Twelfth Century lights. Colwall church has a fine early nave. The capitals of the pillars at the west end, with carved heads, are of special interest. The remains of the ancient hunting-seat of the Bishops of Hereford are also here, in a farm-house on the north side

of the church. Little is left of a very distinctive character save the mouldings on some of the windows, but the old place stirs thoughts of that far-back time when Bishop Cantilupe and the Red Earl quarrelled as to their rights over the hills above.

Drive, walk, or part train to the Ketch Inn.

A pleasant walk (or longer drive, either by Worcester, or crossing the river at Pixham Ferry) is to the Ketch Inn, about two miles on the Kempsey side of Worcester. It can also be reached by train to Worcester, and walking the rest of the distance. The walk from Malvern is very charming and varied—by Pickersleigh to Madresfield, taking the left hand road round the latter; then, by the side of the main lodge, along the field path to the Old Hills, crossing these to Pixham Ferry, and over the Severn in the ferry-boat; and from here, past Kempsey, along the east bank of the river until the Inn is reached, a walk of about nine miles from Malvern. The chief point is the view from the old parlour in which tea is served. The window of this room looks down on a long reach of the Severn, whose high left bank of red sandstone, well-wooded, rises on one side, while the Malvern Hills form a beautiful background on the south-west.

Drive to Ombersley and Holt Fleet.

A pretty drive, along a very good road, is to the village of Ombersley, about six miles from

Worcester on the Kidderminster road. This village is famous for its old half-timber houses, of which it almost wholly consists. Some of these are individually worth seeing, but the effect as a whole of the long street of black-and-white buildings approaches the unique. The only other village known to the author with so many of these houses is Weobley, Herefordshire, the examples there being certainly finer. Several of the best specimens in Ombersley are at the farther or northern end of the village. In the churchyard is a fine old cross, and also the remains of the ancient church, now closed, and which contains some very good early work.

A by-road runs westward from the village to Holt Fleet on the Severn, less than two miles distant, and here a bridge crosses the river. Holt Fleet is a favourite spot for steamer-trips from Worcester, and during the season visitors will be able to reach it in this way, or at any time by a rowing-boat. From the high ground above the pleasure-gardens here a fine view is gained of the Severn and the Abberley Hills beyond. An excellent road on the western side of the river runs to Henwick and St. John's, Worcester, and is a shorter route back to Malvern.

Layamon's Cave, near Stourport.

Between Worcester and Bewdley the Severn has some beautiful reaches, though inferior to the scenery above the latter place. The monastical caves in the high rocks below Bewdley are described elsewhere; but another cave of

smaller dimensions, just below Stourport—at Redstone Ferry, a short distance from Areley Kings—is of special interest as being the reputed hermitage of Layamon, who is said to have written in it his “Brute,” or chronicles of Britain. It is a small chamber in a moderately high, rather steep rock on the west bank of the Severn, and is easily reached by boat or steamer from Worcester. Layamon is supposed to have lived in the reign of King John, and to have been born at Astley, near Stourport. Not far from the above cave are some interesting remains of a former monastical settlement.

Train to Droitwich.

This place is celebrated for its salt, and sufferers from rheumatism, etc., visit it for its baths. These are so strongly saline that it is impossible to sink in them, and the bathers walk about in deep water with more trouble to keep beneath than above the surface. The old church in the middle of the town is in a neglected state, but affords the solace to antiquarians of having escaped restoration. It contains some remarkable work of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, and is altogether one of the most interesting churches in the county. There are also several fine old half-timber houses scattered about this somewhat dirty town. It is only about six miles from Worcester, and so within easy reach of Malvern.

Westwood Park.

Close to Droitwich is Westwood Park, the beautiful seat of Lord Hampton. The site of


Westwood House was formerly occupied by a small Benedictine Nunnery. The present house is partly Elizabethan, and partly of later work. It is considered one of the finest old mansions in Worcestershire, and the natural situation is in harmony with the beauty of the building.

Drive or train to Bromyard.

This is a small village-town on the eastern border of Herefordshire. The drive to it from Malvern, about twelve miles, is a very beautiful one, over the wooded hills to the north-west of the latter place. It can be reached by train through Worcester, but this is not to be advised, as the drive is the chief attraction. There are a number of quaint half-timber houses in Bromyard, and also an old church. The latter has some interesting Norman work, including a very fine doorway on the south side. Bromyard Down, a small hill which rises above the town, is a prominent object in the western view from Malvern.

Drive or train to Stoke Edith.

Stoke Edith, where is the residence of Lady Emily Foley, the Lady of the Manor of Malvern, is about five miles on the Malvern side of Hereford. The drive there is a very pretty one, through Ledbury, and amid the apple orchards and hop gardens of Herefordshire. There is a railway station at Stoke Edith, on the G.W.R. line to Hereford, and perhaps it is better to go by train, so as to give longer time for a ramble



Malvern : What to see and where to go

Among the beautiful wooded hills which rise behind the park. Backbury Hill, a little to the south-west, should be included, for, besides its geological interest, it commands lovely views of the winding river Lug below, with the city of Hereford and the Black Mountains beyond. Adjoining Stoke Edith is Tarrington church, which has some very interesting Norman work ; while a little way along the road to Malvern is the Tarrington Oak, one of the noted trees of Herefordshire.

Drive or train to Tewkesbury.

The ancient town of Tewkesbury is perhaps the most interesting place within easy distance of Malvern, from which it is reached in less than forty minutes by the Midland railway. Those, however, who can afford the time and expense would do well to drive there. The distance is about fourteen miles, and the road is the same as the ordinary one described to Twynning Fleet with the exception of the last two miles. The return journey may be varied by crossing the Severn over the Mythe bridge, and taking the road through Longdon, and the second short cut to the left, a mile before reaching Upton, which leads into the "Pheasant" road. Another pleasant variety in the drive to or from Tewkesbury may be made by taking the private road through the beautiful grounds of Pull Court. In going from Malvern, the same second by-road is taken off the "Pheasant" road to Upton as in the drive to Longdon,

afterwards crossing the road to the latter place, and bending to the right past Ham Court until the park lodge of Pull Court is reached. Several fine old half-timber houses are on the side of the road to this lodge. The drive through Pull Court grounds opens, after a short by-road, into the main Ledbury and Tewkesbury road, close to the Mythe bridge.

Tewkesbury is full of old houses and old traditions, the latter all connected with the decisive battle which made the place famous. The hollow field, "the bloody meadow," is still pointed out where the retreating Lancastrians under the Duke of Somerset, wearied by their long march and disappointed in their hope of being joined by the Welsh contingent they were looking for, were caught in a trap by the Yorkists under Edward IV., who had hurried from London by forced marches. The massacre was completed through the streets of Tewkesbury, and even in the Abbey itself, contrary to the sacred rights of sanctuary. The house, the very room, is also shown where the young son of Henry VI. was stabbed to death by Edward and the Duke of Clarence. The burial-place of the latter and his Duchess, even their supposed skulls, are displayed to visitors in a damp vault behind the high altar. The very atmosphere of Tewkesbury has a scent of the rival Roses, and one feels, as one walks through the quaint streets and under the overhanging half-timber houses, as though one were part and parcel of that wild scene at the close of mediæval England, an effect which the modern life and such stir

of business as exists have not the power to dispel.

At the southern end of the town is the church of the great Abbey, the St. Alban's of the West of England. One cannot be too thankful that it was spared when so many fine churches were destroyed, a mercy perhaps partly owing to the good report of its monastical tenants. Fortunately, also, its oolitic stone has worn so well as to render restoration—a friend almost more to be dreaded than an enemy—unnecessary. The massive Twelfth Century tower, with its interlacing arches, and the wonderful west front, which the late Professor Freeman calls a “glory of Northern architecture,” first strike the stranger with awe. The gigantic arch of the latter work is regarded as, and doubtless is, an architectural enigma, but probably the upper part was once filled by a large circular window, or else by a huge tympanum, while a sculptured allegorical design may have filled the space above a high doorway below. Speculation, however, in these matters is always vain, and better left alone.

The scene on entering through the Norman porch, especially from the extreme west end of the nave, is impressive beyond exaggeration—perhaps more impressive, in a true sense, than any other church vista in England. The lofty Norman pillars and arches, unadorned by ornamental detail—which somehow spoils the similar arcading in Gloucester Cathedral—with the beautiful chancel beyond, stir the mind with the awe of reverence. The calm beauty of the place is beyond analysis, but there is nothing like it—

nothing, even in vaster structures, so completely satisfying. The lately-erected roodscreen has greatly spoiled this vista, by breaking its continuation in the chancel, and it is to be regretted that the above irritating piece of furniture was thought necessary.

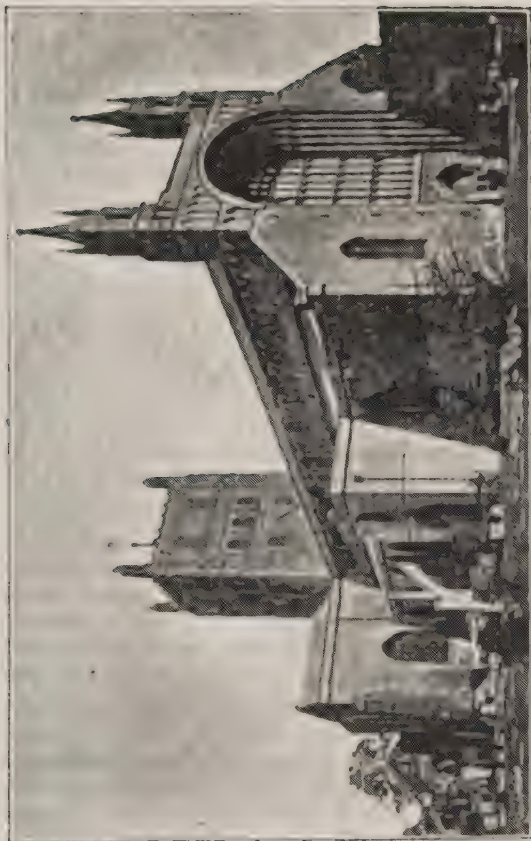
The transepts are of the same simple Norman character as the nave, but the chancel is Decorated. As at Malvern in the Fifteenth Century, a great fire or fall must have injured the chancel of Tewkesbury in the Fourteenth Century, for the work is mainly of that date above the Norman columns of the apse. The vaulting of the nave and transepts is said to be of the Fourteenth Century, but the style is certainly Perpendicular, more markedly so in the former. The assigned dates, indeed, all through Tewkesbury are puzzling, as in the neighbouring Cathedral of Gloucester, and in some instances lead one to believe that the old chronicles or other data from which they are proved are either in error or have been misjudged. Too much stress, again, is laid on the fact of the arms of certain benefactors of the church occurring on some of the bosses, since these may very well have been added at a later date in memory of former gifts. It is difficult to believe that the vaulting of the nave and the tower, with its Tudor roses and other still more characteristic details, was the work of the Fourteenth Century, at least so early in it; still harder to accept the chantries of Sir Edward Despenser and Robert Fitz-Hamon, with their fan-tracery vaulting and

Tudor ornaments, as having been built in 1375 and 1377. Examples of Perpendicular exist still earlier than these dates, but hardly of the same character.

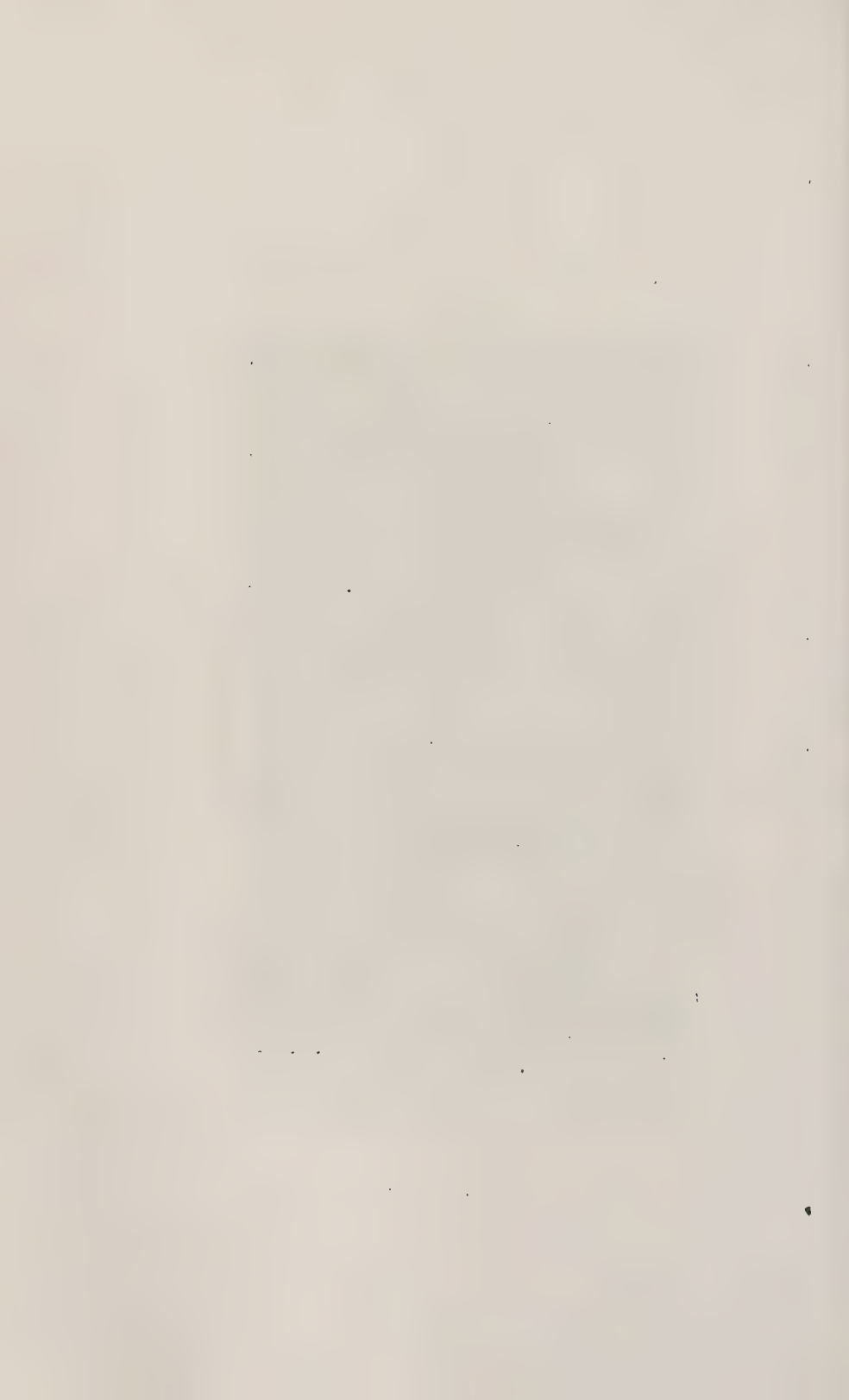
The vaulting of the chancel is a very beautiful and complicated specimen of late Decorated work. The date assigned to it is somewhat earlier than its general character would lead one to expect, yet the mouldings are distinctly Decorated. The seven windows of the apse are filled with the rich glass of the Decorated period, and viewed from a distance, as from the end of the nave, are incomparable in their soft dreamy wealth of colour. Unfortunately they have been much damaged in places, especially those on the north side, and a mixture of new glass and mere paint has restored the gaps.

The Norman tower was originally a lantern or open one, and it is a great pity that it is not so still, as the highly interesting work below the belfry is of vastly more value than the later vaulting which hides it. On each side of the lower arcading are seven short octagonal pillars (one, oddly enough, is round), with strongly-moulded bases. These support eight plain semi-circular arches with cushion capitals and deeply-chamfered abaci. Above, on each side, are three loftier arches, the central one less wide than the two lateral, and within these are smaller wall-arcading arches, three in each of the side ones, two in the central one. The beauty of this Norman lantern, when open to view from the floor of the church below, can be imagined.

On the east side of the north transept is a



TEWKESBURY ABBEY.



sort of annexe of the original building which is an architectural puzzle. A Decorated arch opens into the chancel north aisle, and another arch of the same period is some distance to the north of the first one. Between these, at the wall-angles, are corbels of the Twelfth Century, showing a former groined vault of that period; while to the north of the second Decorated arch is a beautiful chapel of very early Early English, in its character approximating to the Twelfth Century, but with Decorated vaulting and a Decorated east window. Some beautiful Early English arcading is on the north wall, and on the west side is a singular ornament which the author only remembers to have seen in the Abbey church of St. Etienne, Caen. It resembles a roll moulding cut into short pieces, and placed together in herring-bone fashion. On the west side of this chapel are the remains of what appears to have been a very beautiful porch, like the one at Ely. The obvious signs, however, of an extension farther west—too great an extension for a porch—raise the doubt whether it were an earlier porch, or merely a doorway between two chapels. In any case, the whole work in this extension, or series of extensions, is interesting enough to demand study.

The tombs and sepulchral chantries of Tewkesbury are among the finest and most numerous of any church in the kingdom. On opposite sides of the chancel are the late Perpendicular chantries of Sir Edward Despenser, with the remarkable kneeling figure of the knight on the roof, looking, with folded hands, towards

the high altar ; and that of Robert Fitz-Hamon, called "The Founder." On the north side of the chancel, close to the latter chantry, is the tomb of Hugh Despenser, son of Edward the Second's favourite, the Hugh Despenser who was executed at Hereford. The late Decorated canopy above this tomb is a masterpiece of delicate carving in stone, perhaps unequalled. Another fine tomb, in the chapel opposite, across the north aisle, is that of Sir Guy de Brien, standard-bearer to Edward III. at Crecy. On the north side of the ambulatory behind the high altar is the curious Perpendicular cenotaph of Abbot Wakeman, the last abbot of Tewkesbury, whose half-decayed body is represented with worms crawling over it. In the south aisle of the chancel are several other fine tombs, amongst them a Decorated one with immense ball-flower ornaments and a huge boss-synial.

The finest monument in Tewkesbury, however, and probably in England, is the Beauchamp Chantry on the north side of the chancel, erected by the Countess Isabel le Despenser to the memory of her first husband, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Abergavenny and Worcester, who was slain in the war with France, 1421. This chantry is of Tudor or late Perpendicular work, and would be hard to rival. The marvellous delicacy of its carving — a miracle in stone—its softness of colouring, perfect form, and faultless harmony in ornamental detail, make it a gem of old art, and leave an impression on the mind such as is produced by a great picture or poem.

On the south side of the chancel are the remains of some sedilia, which are among the gems of the church. They are of the finest Decorated work, with the soft, rich original colouring still on them, and the mouldings are exquisite. Considerable fragments of these sedilia are preserved in one of the south apsidal chapels. If these fragments could be put together and restored to their proper place without the addition of new work, as seems possible, it would be a commendable deed.

The Lady Chapel, which extended east of the ambulatory, is quite gone. The east end of the Abbey is surrounded by a series of apsidal chapels of the Fourteenth Century, which greatly add to the external effect of the building, and are well seen from the meadow on its southern side. The cloisters, like the Lady Chapel, are gone save for a few fragments, which show them to have been Perpendicular, and of rich work. A little distance from the west end is the old Gate-House of the Abbey, a somewhat plain specimen of the Perpendicular period.

Visitors should take note of the fine west front of Tewkesbury, for, apart from its great arch, already described, it is a very perfect example from base to pinnacles of a Norman elevation. This part of the country has several similar but smaller examples, among the finest being those of Bredon, Ledbury, and Bishop's Cleeve churches.

Deerhurst Priory.

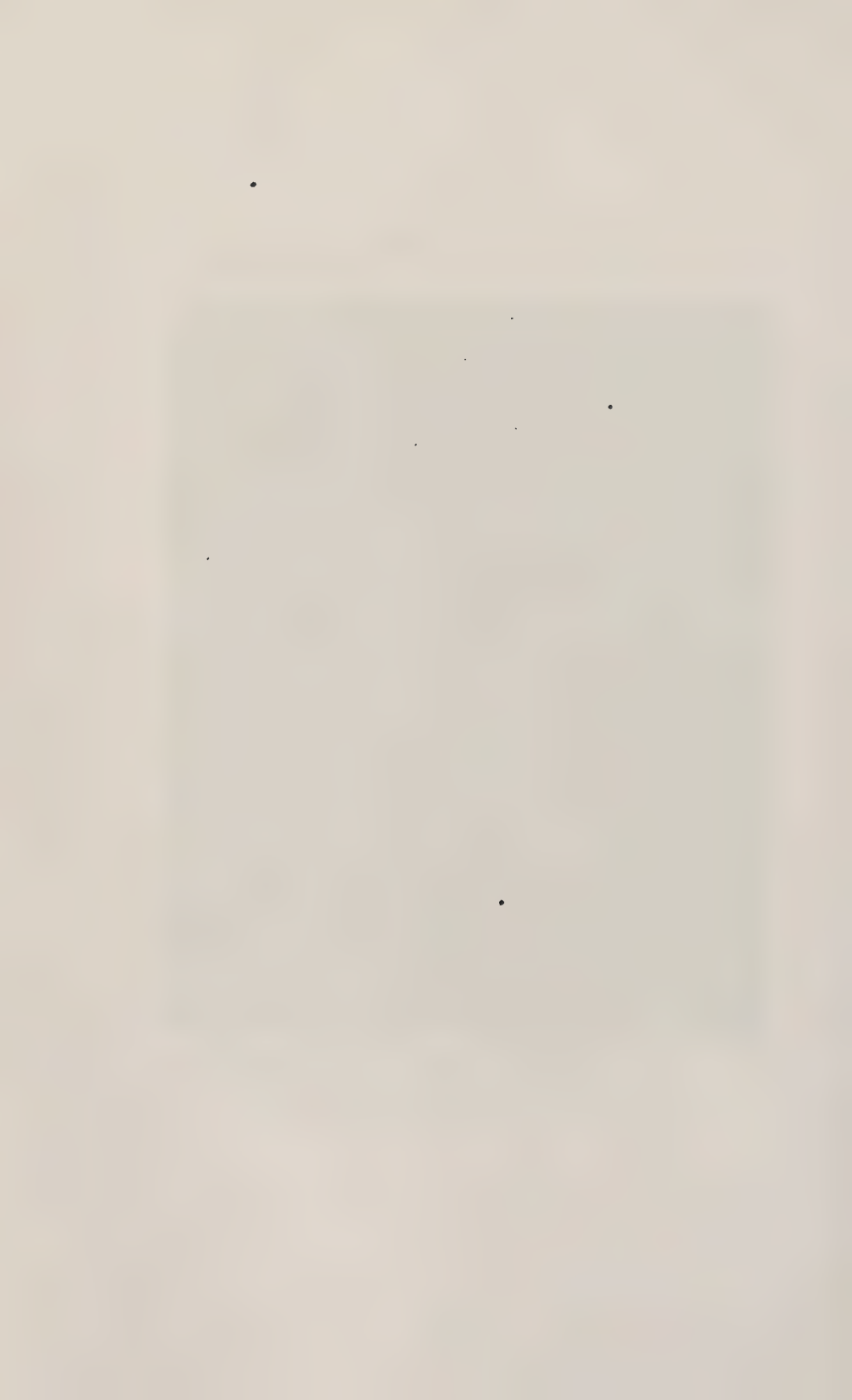
Deerhurst Priory is only about two miles walk by the field-paths from Tewkesbury, but it is

four or five miles by road. It is neither a very large nor a very striking building viewed from outside, though somewhat quaint; but it has an interesting history, especially for Malvern people, for its Anglo-Saxon Abbot, St. Werstan (it was once an Abbey before it was reduced to a Priory), being driven out by the Danes, fled to Malvern, and was the first to establish a religious house there, afterwards suffering martyrdom, as recorded on one of the chancel windows of Great Malvern Priory.

The great interest of Deerhurst Priory, however, and that which stirs the pilgrimage of visitors, is the remarkable Anglo-Saxon work which has survived the change and destruction of centuries. Several courses of lights of this period open from the tower into the later nave, while the bulk of the chancel, and many fragments elsewhere, belong to the same early date. The original corbel courses, enclosed by the later Decorated aisles of the chancel, are especially interesting. The Anglo-Saxon masonry of this church consists of the usual "long and short" work—alternate large and small stones, one above another—and the arches are rudely simple, either two blocks meeting above and forming a triangle, or a semicircle cut from a single block, or, again, a semicircle of "longs and shorts." The mouldings are often classic, borrowed from the Romans, and curiously suggestive of the Renaissance work which succeeded Gothic, as the classic preceded it. The Anglo-Saxon remains in Deerhurst are of an early character, but their date can only be guessed.



BELFRY WINDOW, DEERHURST PRIORY.



Besides the Anglo-Saxon work, the arcading of the nave is a fine example of the Twelfth Century, and the church contains some early and well-preserved brasses. In the chancel the square-set oak benches bear witness to a former custom of receiving the Holy Communion seated instead of kneeling.

East of the church, in a farmhouse which was once part of the domestic buildings of the Priory, are some remarkable remains, chief of which is an Anglo-Saxon pillar with a highly characteristic base and capital. This is in the cider cellar, and is in great danger from the huge barrels which almost hide it. Gloucestershire antiquarians would do well to intercede with Lord Coventry, to whom the farm belongs, for the protection of this almost unique specimen of early art. There is also in the same building a very rare example of an oblong, square-headed Decorated window, filled with exceptionally fine tracery.

About a quarter of a mile south of the church, and forming part of an old farmhouse, is another most interesting Anglo-Saxon relic, brought to light in 1885. There is some evidence to show that this Chapel was built by Earl Odda in memory of his brother Elfric, and that it was dedicated in 1056. If so, the work remaining is of a much ruder character than might be expected at that date, and contrasts strangely with Norman work of the same period, and even with contemporary work in England. In 1675 an inscribed stone was dug up near the Chapel, and is now preserved at Oxford. A copy of this

stone is to be seen in the Chapel, and the inscription states that Odda raised the building—presumably this building—"in honour of the Holy Trinity, and for the good of the soul of his brother Elfric, which in this place quitted the body." Also that "Bishop Ealdred dedicated it on 12 April in the 14th year of Edward King of the English." The translation is from the account of Deerhurst by the Rev. George Butterworth, its late vicar.

Another historical episode is possibly associated with this place. The famous meeting between the rival Princes Edmund Ironsides and Canute, generally ascribed to Olney Isle, Gloucester, is claimed by some writers to have taken place on Olney Isle, Deerhurst.

PART V.

LONGER EXCURSIONS.

(Twenty to twenty-five miles.)

Drive or train to Ross.

THIS picturesque little town is described later on in the trip down the Wye. It is about 21 miles from Malvern, and the drive there is one of the most beautiful in the district, being through Ledbury, the village of Much Marcle, with the charming park-scenery of the latter, and over Perriston Hill, from the south-west side of which is a magnificent view of Herefordshire, the hills of the Wye and the Forest of Dean, and the Welsh mountains. Ross has an interesting church, in which the famous "Man of Ross" lies buried, a fine old Jacobean Town Hall and Market Place, and the noted view of the Wye called the "Man of Ross Prospect." Ross is the usual starting-point for trips down the Wye to Symond's Yat, Tintern, and Chepstow. By train, through Hereford, the distance to Ross is about 32 miles.

Drive or train to Hereford.

This old border town has its full share of history and antiquities. It is pleasantly placed on

the eastern bank of the beautiful Wye, in the midst of a fertile country surrounded by richly-wooded hills, the whole backed up, some twenty miles west, by the Black Mountains of South Wales. Most of the old town has disappeared, but history lingers in the names of the streets; and here and there, in the midst of modern red-brick commonplace, old half-timber black-and-white houses peep out in picturesque assertiveness. One of the finest of these, the sole remnant of the once continuous Butchers Row, stands at the junction of two of the main streets. Another old house near the Cathedral is doubtfully famous as the birthplace of Nell Gwynne, who made some atonement for her frailty by the freedom of her charity. Castle Green marks the site of the ancient castle, only some slight remains of which now exist. Off Widemarsh Street are the remains of the Blackfriars Monastery, which are worth a visit. There are two old churches of note, both with spires, St. Peter and All Saints, the latter far the finer, the spire and porch especially.

The Cathedral is, of course, the main object of interest in the city. It was one of the first Cathedrals to undergo restoration, and suffered the worst treatment. In 1786 the west tower and two western bays of the nave, beautiful work of the Twelfth Century, suddenly fell, and the architect Wyatt, not content with leaving bad alone, replaced the whole of the ancient triforium and clerestory with meaningless pointed arches of his own invention. Later on another architect, Cottingham, still further "restored"



HERSFORD CATHEDRAL.

this unlucky nave, amongst other things facing the pillars with a ridiculous shallow fluting. The nave, indeed, which must have been among the finest of Norman examples, is but a travesty of its former glory. The transepts are far more interesting, both the Norman one on the south, and the beautiful early Decorated northern one, which contains the exquisite shrine of St. Cantilupe. The Lady Chapel is rightly reckoned one of the gems of Early English architecture. If our eyes are not blinded by the glaring modern glass in the glorious lancets of its east window, they will be enraptured by the beauty of the stonework. If Hereford could show nothing else, this Lady Chapel would repay a long journey.

Outside, the grand early or transitional Decorated tower, solidly square, and studded with the favourite "ball-flower" ornament—never seen to better advantage than here—dominates the whole structure. Visitors are advised to admire the tower of Hereford while they may, before restoration, unhappily soon likely to be needed, shall have spoilt it. This Cathedral had no monastery attached to it, and consequently the cloisters are only two-sided, leading from the Bishop's Palace, etc. For the same reason the triforium and clerestory galleries are not passaged right through. In the south aisle of the chancel, and preserved in a frame, is a curious old map called "*Mappa Mundi*," said to be of the Fourteenth Century.

The Wye at Hereford is spanned by a fine old bridge, which is but a short distance from the

Cathedral. Offa, King of Mercia, is closely associated with the early history both of the city and the Cathedral. The former Anglo-Saxon church he is said to have built in expiation of his treacherous murder of the King of East Anglia. The Castle is notable as having been the prison of Prince Edward after the battle of Lewes; while Widemarsh Common, on the skirt of the town, was the scene of his escape, when he played his famous trick on his guards by racing horses with them, and then suddenly flying to join the waiting Earl of Gloucester—the sequel to which was the tragedy of Evesham and the death of the great Simon de Montfort.

Hereford is about 22 miles by road from Malvern, and an interesting drive through a country of orchards and hop-gardens. It is reached by train in about three-quarters of an hour. The picturesque little town of Ledbury is passed on the way.

Drive or train to Cheltenham.

This is an essentially modern town, and hardly needs much description. It is pleasantly situated under the Cotswold Hills, and is one of the most fashionable resorts in England. It has not much to interest the antiquarian, except the famous rose window of the Decorated period in St. Mary's church. The scenery of the Cotswold Hills is very beautiful—far more so than is generally known. Cleve Cloud, their highest point, is to the left or north of Cheltenham, while on the right is Leckhampton Hill, with

its curious rock called the "Devil's Chimney." Cheltenham is easily reached from Malvern by Midland rail. It is also a pleasant drive of about 22 miles through Upton and Tewkesbury.

Train and drive to Winchcombe.

Winchcombe is about seven miles north of Cheltenham, and lies in an elevated valley under the northern end of the Cotteswold Hills. It is about 24 miles direct from Malvern, diverging eastwards from Tewkesbury by the Stow road. Winchcombe is a very ancient place, being once the seat of a powerful Abbey, and was reckoned of importance when Cheltenham was an obscure village. It is well worth a visit, but is not easy of access. The nearest railway station is Beckford, beyond Ashchurch Junction, on the Midland line, and from the Inn there a trap can be hired to complete the journey, some six or seven miles. The alternative is to take a carriage from Cheltenham, or the omnibus which runs once a day from that place to Winchcombe. In the latter route a glorious view will be obtained on a clear day from the highest part of the road, where it crosses the brow of Cleeve Cloud.

Winchcombe is full of quaint old stone-built houses, and has a fine church, chiefly Perpendicular, which contains a beautifully-carved organ, said to be the work of Grinling Gibbons. Only a few stones are left of the once important Abbey.

Train and drive to Sudely Castle.

About a mile east of Winchcombe are the remains of this fine old castle. Most of the building has been rebuilt or modernised, but much is left that is interesting. The ruined part called the Banqueting Hall is a very beautiful example of late Perpendicular, as also is the oriel of Catherine Parr's bower. That lady's body is said to have been found under the floor of her bower, and a lock of her hair is preserved in a glass case, as well as her letter accepting Lord Seymour's offer of marriage. She was popularly supposed to have been poisoned in this castle by her husband, whose hopes of a more ambitious union she stood in the way of. If so, it is a curious fatality that the only wife of Henry VIII. who escaped death or divorce should have been the victim of another husband. In the garden, on a high pedestal, is a very finely-carved bust, said to be that of Queen Elizabeth. Visitors cannot be sure of admittance to see the castle without previously writing for permission.

The scenery around this castle is very beautiful, and thoroughly English. The spurs of the Cotteswold Hills almost surround it, and it stands in an extensive and richly-wooded park, through which flows a fair-sized stream. The ruin itself is of considerable size, and the castle must have been important in early days. The inhabited part of the building contains a large collection of works of art and antiquarian interest, but only a few of these are associated with the original castle.

**Train, or train and part drive, to
Bishop's Cleeve.**

Those visitors who do not mind time and cost, and who love fine scenery, should take the early train to Cheltenham, and there hire a carriage to drive them back to Malvern by the road through Bishop's Cleeve to Twynning Fleet, crossing the carriage-ferry at the latter. The road is excellent, and the near view of the Cotteswold Hills on one side, and the more distant Malvern peaks on the other, to say nothing of the rich country between, will not be soon forgotten. By most people, however, the railway will be chosen, and a train (*vid* Ashchurch Junction on the Midland line to Cheltenham) which stops at Cleeve Station.

In any case the church of Bishop's Cleeve should be seen, for it is one of the finest examples of Norman work in the country round Malvern, and at present, to the antiquarian's joy, is unrestored. Being mainly in one style, a detailed description of the building would be wearisome. It is enough to say that its fine west front, glorious south porch, and equally remarkable nave and aisles, place it, as already stated, in the first rank of Norman churches in the West of England.

To those not specially interested in architecture the near view of the Cotteswold Hills, particularly of Cleeve Cloud, which rises at no

great distance behind the church, will prove an attraction; nor would it be difficult to ascend the latter hill from here, and the view from the Cheltenham road near the top is magnificent.

**Train, or part drive, to Pershore and
Evesham.**

Pershore is in the heart of the plum country, and gives its name to, as well as largely depends upon, the big yellow egg-plum so famous in the fruit-market. It is a small, old-fashioned, rural town, on the bank of the classic Avon, and has the remnant of an Abbey, which in its entirety must have been a noble structure. The Norman nave is all gone save for a mere fragment to give a hint of its grand design, which seemingly somewhat resembled in its character the other great Norman naves of this part of England. The original chancel, which is curiously apsidal, is one of the most beautiful examples of plain, solid Early English work to be seen in any church, and its early Decorated vaulting could hardly be excelled. The exquisitely-carved bosses of this vaulting are, indeed, almost incomparable, and for those who are fond of architecture, and have good heads, it is worth while to ascend to the strangely-narrow triforium to study them more closely. The south transept is mainly Norman, and the

wall-arcading below is of special interest. The vaulting is assigned by the late Sir Gilbert Scott to the early Fifteenth Century, but the mouldings of the groins, the carving of the bosses, and other details, are rather of the Fourteenth Century, and it would be safer to call the work transitional Decorated - Perpendicular. The tower is Decorated, probably rather early. The arrangement of the lantern of this tower, with its beautiful solid screen-work, having rich bands of quatrefoils, is, as Sir Gilbert Scott remarks, perhaps unique in church architecture.

Evesham has been still more unfortunate than Pershore in the destruction of its Abbey, scarce anything being left save the "Bell Tower," one of the latest genuine Perpendicular structures, having been actually built in the second quarter of the Sixteenth Century. It stands on a small rise above the Avon, and is richly panelled. Near it are the two spired churches of All Saints and St. Lawrence, also mainly Perpendicular. Some few fragments of the Abbey domestic buildings still exist, and a fine archway; and these few witnesses are all that remain of the once great monastery. Evesham, however, is rich in remnants of antiquity, and there are some fine old black-and-white houses, the whole effect of the place being singularly picturesque, an effect added to by the Avon, which half encircles the town.

Like Tewkesbury, Evesham is full of the memory of one great battle, and its interest centres in the tragic fate which here overtook the famous Simon de Montfort and his little

band of followers. The story has been told too often to need much repeating. The scene was the sloping meadow-land above the Avon, north of the town, and the affair has rightly been termed a slaughter rather than a battle. Prince Edward, having escaped from Hereford, and being joined by the deserter Gloucester—our own Malvern Red Knight Gloucester—suddenly surprised young Simon Montfort at Kenilworth, and destroyed his army, and then marched quickly on Evesham, where the elder Montfort awaited his son, having been strengthened by Prince Llewellyn's Welsh forces which had joined him at Kempsey. At first De Montfort took the advancing army to be his son's, from the latter's banners which were displayed, but when he presently discovered the truth he exclaimed—"Let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are the Prince's!" The undisciplined Welsh fled at the first onset, and the Earl's own followers were too few to do more than die bravely. De Montfort, his son Henry, and nearly all the knights and barons who were with them, perished on the field, and the great Earl himself was buried in the Abbey. A spring or stream marks the spot where he fell, and its water was believed to possess healing virtues from his blood which had stained it. His fame has long survived him as a pure patriot and the founder of our representative Parliament. His fame as a champion for freedom also long survived him in the veneration of the people. His tomb in the old Abbey which witnessed his defeat and death disappeared in

the general destruction, but he had a more enduring shrine in the hearts of the descendants of those for whom he had given and lost all.

Pershore and Evesham can both be seen in one day, both being on the Great Western line, a few miles apart. By road Pershore is 15 miles, and Evesham 21, from Malvern. The road between Pershore and Evesham by way of Wyre Piddle is very beautiful, running a good part of the distance by the side of the Avon, and commanding lovely views of that river. It is a mile or so longer than the road by Bengeworth, but is far more picturesque, and visitors would find it well worth while, especially by this route, to drive between the two places. In such case they would go to Pershore, and return from Evesham, by train.

Train to Bromsgrove.

Bromsgrove is famous for its fine church, and the church is famous for its fine spire and its fine peal of bells. The former, which with the tower rises to a height of 189 feet, is a conspicuous object from Malvern in clear weather, lying at the bottom of the Lickey, just to the left of the gap in the wooded top. The church is largely Perpendicular, and contains some important tombs, notably of the Talbot family. There are also some very interesting old half-timber houses in the town. Bromsgrove is on the Midland line to Birmingham, and is easily reached from Malvern, being about 21 miles from the latter by rail.

Train or boat to Bewdley.

Bewdley is about fifteen miles by road from Worcester, and is rather a long drive from Malvern. It is reached by the Great Western line through Worcester and Hartlebury. The pleasantest way to reach it is by boat or steamer (when one is running) from Worcester to Stourport, walking the couple of miles which remain. On the left bank of the Severn, just before reaching Bewdley, are some remarkable caves scooped out of the sandstone cliff, and called the "Blackstone Caves." These caves, which were of religious origin, are described in a later paragraph.

Bewdley is a picturesque little town on the banks of the Severn, and also lying on the fringe of the once extensive Wyre Forest. It is two miles from the busy town of Kidderminster, famous for its carpet industry.

Train or drive to Gloucester.

Gloucester is reached either by the Great Western line through Ledbury, without change, or by the Midland line *via* Ashchurch Junction. To those who do not mind the time and expense the author recommends the drive (about twenty-one miles from Malvern) by Castle Morton Common, Staunton Swan, and Maismore Hill. The view from the top of the latter small rise, on a fine day, is one to be remembered.

On the west side are the Welsh mountains and the Forest of Dean, while to the south-east, just below you in a hollow of the Cottswolds, the churches and houses of Gloucester lie clustered, the tall, graceful tower of the Cathedral dominating all else. This picturesque, almost bird's-eye view, of an ancient city is so fine that it is a wonder it is not better known.

Gloucester is full of old churches, several of which would command attention but for the overshadowing presence of the Cathedral. The New Inn, Northgate Street, with its half-timber quadrangle, and its wooden galleries partly veiled by climbing plants, is a poem of picturesqueness. Its history is closely connected with the Cathedral, and portions of the structure, such as the corbels on its northern side, are of the Fifteenth Century. Perhaps nothing in Gloucester more astonishes a stranger than its extensive docks, and the large ships and steamers filling them, in odd contrast to the green fields and hills lying around. The city, however, is connected with the Bristol Channel by the Berkeley Canal, which runs to Sharpness Point on the Severn. On the west bank of the latter, a little below the docks, are the ruins of Llanthony Abbey, the second of the name, built here by the monks after they were driven by the Welsh from their unfinished Abbey in the Black Mountains. Higher up the river, on the west side of the town, is Alney Isle, a piece of flat meadow-land formed into an island by the dividing Severn and a brook, and famous as the traditional meeting-place between the rival kings Edmund Ironsides and Canute;

though Olney Isle, Deerhurst, some two or three miles below Tewkesbury, is claimed by some writers as the scene of this meeting.

The Cathedral of Gloucester mainly consists of Norman and Perpendicular, to the finest portion of which last an earlier date is accorded than the character of the work would suggest. Nothing, indeed, is so wonderful in this Cathedral as the early date assigned to its glorious east end. In spite of the Decorated character of many of the mouldings, the work is essentially Perpendicular in both form and spirit, and, in appearance, by no means of a very early type. Yet the date of its partial completion is given as some years before the end of the first half of the Fourteenth Century. When antiquarians like Professor Willis and the late Professor Freeman agree upon this date, lesser men can only wonder in silence; but wonder they must, and almost feel that they have to relearn their architecture. The same difficulty confronts one at Tewkesbury, but not at the mother church of Worcester, where the work in the nave (the vaulting, etc.), attributed to nearly the same period as the chancel of Gloucester, is about what might be looked for at the date assigned.

The late Mr. J. H. Parker remarks that the Fourteenth Century glass in Gloucester was evidently made to fit the Perpendicular framework of the window, and presumably he means the great east window of the chancel; but this glass is certainly Perpendicular in its colouring and general feeling, though many of its ornamental details are Decorated. It is, in fact, like

its stone frame, transitional. If there is no mistake in the dates fixed for this east end work in Gloucester, it is a marvellous instance of a style preceding itself by at least half a century. The doubt is not as to the transitional character of the work, for the mouldings—the surest of guides—show this, but whether the very early date accepted is beyond question.

Whatever the date may have been, the task which the transitional builders set themselves was not to rebuild the east end, but to panel the whole of the existing Norman face. Nearly everywhere the square, even-sized stones, or the solid arches, of the Normans lie behind this panelling, which might almost be compared to a lady's finely-meshed shawl thrown over a man's shoulders.

The work began, we are told, with the south transept, and here, as might be expected, we find the clearest signs of Decorated influence. The vaulting, as in a less degree is the case with the chancel also, has the most distinctive features of that period. In form, design, and mouldings it is Decorated, and if the secondary dividing groins were taken away it would be a Decorated vault pure and simple. The absence of bosses, however, is not characteristic, and makes its effect poor. Below the vaulting the details are decidedly Perpendicular. The piers from which the vaulting springs are very light and graceful. Octagonal bases (apparently earlier ones utilized and shaped) support other small octagonal bases, from which rise five slender round shafts, with four still slighter ones

between. A wide cavetto runs up the sides of the windows and their blank wall-panelling, and is continued round the window-heads. The capitals are very small, and either round or octagonal. Slender pilasters, moreover, rest against square faces, which overlap them, with shallow hollows on each side, a characteristic Perpendicular arrangement, and more noticeable in the north transept and the chancel. The great south window is an equal mixture of both styles. The central mullion branches off at the upper part, and the sides are divided into what would, separately, be Decorated lights, with trefoils and flattened sexfoils. Below the transoms are cinquefoils and small dividing uprights. The mouldings are mainly Decorated. Above the passage which runs below the window the wall is panelled with cinquefoils as in ordinary Perpendicular, only that quatrefoils are above these instead of the more usual trefoils. On the whole, the work of this south transept is more akin to Decorated in its upper, and to Perpendicular in its lower, part.

The north transept offers an instructive contrast with the south one. It is much more pronouncedly Perpendicular, but there is the same mingling of styles. The vaulting at the spring of the groins is an approach to fan-tracery. The mouldings are Decorated, but the groins of the roof are curtain-shaped, showing a Perpendicular tendency, as also do the shallow groove-mouldings of the panel-work in the blanks below the clerestory windows. The great north window is more broken up by straight

mullions, and the arching of the several lights is more depressed. Altogether the character of this transept is far more Perpendicular than that of the south one.

In this church the choir is in its proper place, under the central tower, extending to the end of the wall of the eastern arch of the tower, so that the chancel can be here called the chancel, and not, as is usual in most modern arrangements, the choir. The original Norman is panelled throughout, except the east front which was entirely renewed, and the existence of the earlier work would hardly be noticed without either ascending to the grand triforium above, or stepping aside into the aisles. This chancel is certainly the gem of the building, and there is nothing like it in any other church. The groined roof is superb, alike for its graceful height, airy lightness of texture, and beauty of detail. It is an exquisite web of stone in which the loveliest bosses are thickly entangled. The general character is Perpendicular, but the mouldings, once more, are Decorated, being mainly a kind of elongated three-quarter round, with a round fillet or beading on the face. In the spandrels between the intersecting groins are quatrefoils and circles, which are also strongly Decorated, but are partly neutralised by the bosses, which have a general Perpendicular character, and contain such usually late ornaments as the Tudor Rose. The mouldings of the panel-work of the walls, and of the slender piers which support the roof, are strongly Perpendicular.

The great east window is a marvel of construction, and is one of the largest, if not the largest, in the kingdom, being 72 feet high by 38 feet wide. It is mostly filled with old glass of apparently the same transitional character as the stone-work around, though, as already said, far more inclining to Perpendicular in both colour, which is practically confined to red and blue, and general effect. Some of the figures have a Fourteenth Century feeling about them, and the canopy designs, with cusped quatrefoils and cinquefoils, are characteristic of that period; but certainly not the colouring. This window is crossed by several transoms, but, in common with all the dividing lines, they are so designed as not to interfere with its web-like lightness, which is in keeping with the whole chancel. The ornamental details above and below the transoms further add to this effect. The middle transom has upright pendants, with quatrefoils drooping from them. The transom below this has quatrefoils above cinquefoils, the latter with sharply-curved ogee heads. The upper lights at the sides, right and left of the two main mullions, are, separately, almost pure Decorated windows, with six-foiled tracery in the head of each.

The chancel is curiously and picturesquely bent outwards at its eastern termination, making, with a backward bend in the window itself, a sort of apse. The four western bays are straight, but the fifth one on each side turns outwards rather sharply, giving, from a little way off, an effect of distance to the east window, almost as though it belonged to some farther part of the

building. The apse-like appearance is added to, as just stated, by the out-bulge of the great east window, the effect being as though the latter had been pushed gently backwards, the sides bending under the thrust, while the centre kept straight—the effect, in brief, of a slightly-bayed window. This very original arrangement is certainly picturesque, especially as seen from the west end of the choir.

The Norman triforium is immense, and, unlike most such structures, can be inspected with perfect comfort. The two sides are connected by a narrow semicircular passage, famous as the “Whispering Gallery” of Gloucester. The outside of this gallery is Twelfth Century, said to be only used-up masonry applied by the later builders—if so, a very uncommon practice in complete arcading, as in this case. The inside masonry, nearest the east window, if original, and built at the same time as the chancel, is suggestive, as the stones are distinctly Perpendicular.

The arrangement of this part of the church, by which the Norman triforium on each side (whose continuity had been broken by the later east end) joins hands, and without the light being cut off from the great window, is among the most ingenious of architectural devices, and also incidentally adds to the outside picturesqueness. When walking through the passage just described, with solid masonry all in front, it is difficult to conceive what has become of the huge window which you know must be on the other side, and still more difficult to con-

ceive how it escapes being blotted out; and when the little passage is seen from outside, a mere riband of a bridge, it is equally hard to grasp that this was the seemingly solid block you passed through. Yet this passage circles, with an intervening space, the back of the east window, without appreciably darkening the latter. Behind it is the Perpendicular Lady Chapel, partly built over the earlier Norman work, and also constructed with regard to the lighting of the great window. It contains some good Perpendicular glass, much broken, and two late side chapels.

The main arcading and triforium of the nave are Norman, except the two west bays, which are Perpendicular. The vaulting is said to be Early English of 1242, but it looks, so far as can be seen from below, somewhat later. The south aisle of the nave is Decorated, the windows being freely studded with the "ball-flower" ornament, so common in the West of England. Although the work is good in itself, the general effect of this nave is poor and cold, lacking the simple dignity of that of Tewkesbury, and the rich fulness which the nave of Hereford must have once possessed, and almost does still.

In the north transept is a very beautiful piece of Early English work, of which style there is not much in this Cathedral. It lies under the north window, and is called the "Reliquary."

The crypt, a remarkably fine one, is, with some slight exceptions, Norman, and of a very solid type. It is doubly apsidal, having an inner circle within an outer one, the latter form-



GLoucester Cathedral.

ing a kind of ambulatory. At its east end are several chapels, where formerly services were held. This crypt is of a most gloomily picturesque character, and its enormously thick walls are well adapted, as they were designed to do, to carry the main structure above.

The cloisters are generally regarded as the finest in England. They are certainly unique, being throughout of rich fan-tracery and paneling, which in any other church would belong to the Tudor period. They are bewitchingly beautiful, but their monotonous repetition of one idea is not to be compared artistically with the variety and fine execution of the cloister vaulting at Worcester.

The Chapter House, which opens out of the cloisters, is mostly very fine Twelfth Century work, with a Perpendicular east end, the vaulting of which appears to be earlier than the window.

Some very interesting remains of the domestic buildings of the Abbey are on the north side of the cloisters, an exception to the usual arrangement.

Two English Princes lie in Gloucester Cathedral whose lives were tragedies. One of these, the unhappy Duke Robert of Normandy, died in Cardiff Castle, kept prisoner there by his shrewder brother who had deprived him of his crown and liberty, and, according to tradition, of his eyesight also. In a chapel off the north aisle of the chancel is an early, beautifully-wrought black-oak effigy of the Duke, who was buried either in the chancel or the Chapter House.

Between two of the chancel pillars, almost opposite the latter monument, is the magnificent Fourteenth Century tomb of the equally unhappy Edward II., who was murdered in Berkeley Castle at the instigation of the "tiger-hearted" Queen Isabel and her famous favourite Mortimer.

Outside, the Cathedral mainly presents a remarkable and highly picturesque combination of Norman and Perpendicular. This result is partly owing to the later builders having adopted the plan of constructing their work inside—if the phrase be admissible—the earlier building. Nothing looks worse than Perpendicular tracery in a Norman window. Nothing could look better than the early Perpendicular work of Gloucester within the Twelfth Century southern transept, or the mingling of the two at the east end, where the apsidal Norman chapels round off the transepts towards the Lady Chapel.

The great Perpendicular tower (for a wonder given a date fully as late as one would suppose) dominates everything below and around it, and it would hardly be exaggeration to call it the finest tower in England. It is said to be 225 feet to the top of the pinnacles. From a little way off it has the appearance of a filagree of delicate detail, yet the lines which produce this are few and simple, every one telling with magical effect. Seen from some such short distance, perhaps best from the road to Maismore, or from the meadows of Alney Isle, Gloucester Cathedral is as strikingly beautiful a work in stone as can be met anywhere.

PART VI.

LONG EXCURSIONS

(Over twenty-five miles).

Train, or part drive, to Tenbury.

THIS charming little town is in the extreme north-western corner of Worcestershire on the banks of the river Teme. It can be reached by rail from Worcester ; but to those who can manage it by driving, walking, or, best of all, cycling, the road from the Hundred House, eleven miles in extent, is full of interest. The Shropshire hills, the bold Cleve peaks especially, make a fine feature in the landscape, and the swift Teme keeps the traveller company a good part of the way ; while the country, though otherwise far wilder, resembles Kent in being equally adorned by hop-gardens and cherry orchards. Tenbury has an interesting church, with a partly Norman tower, and there are some old black-and-white houses in the town. The sweep of the Teme below the church, with the river banks half-hidden by huge pollard willows is very picturesque. From Tenbury a return through Bromyard, by a hilly road of about eleven miles, may be made to Malvern ; or an easy nine miles to Ludlow, whence by train home. These last directions are not, of course, given for those

simply going and returning by rail. The Hundred House is only five miles from Stourport (on the G.W.R.), whence, or from the Hundred House itself, a trap might be hired to drive to Tenbury. The latter is $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Malvern by Ankerdine Hill, and about a mile farther by Henwick and Holt. The last route is much the easier, but far less beautiful.

Train to Cleobury Mortimer.

Cleobury Mortimer is one of the loveliest centres in Shropshire, and also contains a fine church. It is, moreover, famous as being the reputed birthplace of Robert Langland, the author of "The Vision of Piers Ploughman," and who is supposed to have been a monk of Great Malvern Priory. Cleobury Mortimer is on the G.W.R. line from Worcester to Tenbury, and is easily reached by train.

Drive, or part train, to The Broadway.

The Broadway has the reputation, especially among Americans, of being the most picturesque village in England. It is in exactly the opposite corner of Worcestershire to Tenbury, being in a narrow peninsula of the county at its extreme south-east, and the character of its houses has more affinity with East Gloucestershire or Oxfordshire than with the county of pears and plums. It consists practically of one long street, extending almost a mile, and which is part of the highway to Oxford. The houses are nearly all old, a considerable number of

them being of architectural interest. The remnant of an ancient Grange, once belonging to the Abbots of Pershore, stands near the village green, while close to the centre of the village is another old building once connected with Pershore Abbey, the "Prior's Manse." Both these structures contain architectural remains worth seeing. On the north side of the street is a magnificent specimen of an ancient hostel, the "Lygon Arms," formerly the "White Swan," a building wholly picturesque both within and without. King Charles I. is said to have stayed here, and also Queen Elizabeth, who must have been ubiquitous in her lodgings. The church is nearly a mile from the main street, and is rich in Twelfth Century work, and also in the possession of a probably unique wooden pulpit of apparently the Fourteenth Century, from the front of which some mean-souled vandal has stolen one of the ornaments.

Behind the village rises the Broadway Beacon, 1045 feet in height, which is well worth ascending on a clear day, as the view almost rivals that from Malvern, including in its scope Warwick and the spires of Coventry.

The Broadway is somewhat difficult of access, except for cyclists, the only way being by train to Evesham, and then driving the remaining six or six and a half miles. An omnibus from the Lygon Arms leaves Evesham railway station daily at 1.50, or did so quite recently, to convey visitors to The Broadway. The distance from Malvern by road is about 26 miles, and the best way is by Twyning Fleet, Bredon, Beckford, and

Dumbleton, a very beautiful drive, and no hills. The alternative is by Pershore and Evesham. A third route is open to cyclists—by Upton, Hill Croome, Strensham Mill Ferry, Eckington, Great and Little Comberton, Elmley Castle, and Child's Wickham—also a very charming and varied road, with some lovely peeps of the Avon.

Train, and short drive, to Berkeley Castle.

This interesting old Gloucestershire Castle is situated near the beginning of the Severn estuary, and is reached by Midland train to Berkeley Road Junction, from which the small town of Berkeley is between a two and three miles drive. The Castle is historically famous as the scene of the fiendish murder of Edward II. at the instigation of Queen Isabel and Mortimer, and the dungeon is shown where the unhappy king is said to have been tortured and put to death by those human devils, Gurney and Maltravers. Visitors will do well to write to the housekeeper to find out when they can see the castle, or they may make the journey in vain. Berkeley church is singularly fine, and has some very interesting architectural features, including a remarkable Fifteenth Century sculpture of St. George slaying the Dragon. It stands on the top of one of the buttresses in front of a pinnacle, and is figured in Bloxam's work on Gothic Architecture.

Train, or part steamer, to Sharpness Point.

Here the Berkeley Canal enters the Severn,

and the latter is crossed by the great Severn Bridge. The river, or rather beginning of the Channel, is very broad at this point, and is navigable by large vessels. Some little distance beyond the right bank are the famous Danby Beeches, forming the eastern fringe of the Forest of Dean. Sharpness is reached by Midland and Severn and Wye railways, changing at Berkeley Road; or by steamer from Gloucester, the more interesting route by far. Visitors must find out from the steamer-agents at Gloucester when the boats run.

Train or drive to Alcester.

This picturesque little town is about 24 miles from Malvern by road, through Worcester, Spetchley, and Inkberrow. It is given in this division because it is a much longer distance by train, and, if visited at all, that means of reaching it will probably be chosen—*via* Worcester, and loop lines on the G.W.R. and M.R. It is a very pleasant run for cyclists along the above road, but possibly most visitors would not think it worth the long drive, or longer journey by train. Alcester is just in Warwickshire, being about eight miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and is on the banks of the little river Arrow. It has many old half-timber houses, an interesting church, and a quaint Seventeenth Century Town Hall. Ragley Park and Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Hertford, and formerly connected with the Marmions, are close to Alcester.

**Train, and part drive, to Stratford-on-Avon,
Warwick, Guy's Cliff, and Kenilworth.**

This is a rather long day's excursion, but a quite possible one by taking the first train from Malvern and the last from Warwick. It would be better, of course, to devote one day to Stratford, and another to the remaining places, but where time will not allow this the whole can be fairly managed in one day.

It would be almost a folly to describe the birthplace of Shakespeare in this book. Every one knows what is to be seen there—the half-timber house and the very room where he was born, the old Inn where he made merry with his friends, the site of the home where he ended his days, the beautiful church in which he was buried, and also the rustic cottage at Shottery, a mile from Stratford, where he wooed Anne Hathaway. It is an easy affair to visit these places—a harder, and to some minds an impossible, effort to localise the great poet, to catch the spirit of him, as we have enshrined it in our own souls, and materialise it in the show scenes amid the busy life of modern Stratford. It is more easily done in the living pages of his wonderful works. Yet, if he had not lived, one would look with interest at the house of his birth, as a fairly typical black-and-white structure, as also at the Shottery cottage, and the old Falcon Inn; and the church where his bones lie is worth a visit apart from him.

Those who have plenty of time would do well

to take the beautiful drive from Stratford to Warwick by Charlecote, entering Warwick by the Avon bridge, from which is the famous view of the river and castle, the subject of many an artist's effort. Those who have not time will take the train, the distance being only about eight miles.

Warwick is one of the most interesting of English towns, and one of the richest in antiquities. First and foremost is the great castle, rising almost sheer up from the richly-wooded Avon. Besides its magnificent architectural proportions, it is full of the romance of legend and history, including the somewhat shadowy "Guy," and the more substantial "King-maker," the great Earl of the "Wars of the Roses." The quaint old building called "Lord Leycester's Hospital," on the higher part of the town, is of much interest, and of still more interest is the beautiful Beauchamp Chapel of St. Mary's church. In this chapel are the tombs of its founder Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and the husband of the famous Amy Robsart.

The fashionable inland watering-place, Leamington, is only two miles from Warwick, but contains no antiquarian objects of interest, and is essentially a modern town, though a very pleasant one, and in the midst of a charming country.

Guy's Cliff is only about one mile and a half from Warwick, and is famous for its singularly picturesque situation on the Avon, as well as

for its traditional association with the "Strong Earl."

Kenilworth Castle is about three miles from the latter place, and, besides its magnificent ruins, is full of historical memories. Here Simon de Montfort lived with his royal Countess, and here his son Simon was surprised and defeated by Prince Edward, but later on, after his father's death at Evesham, maintained a long and desperate defence. Here, also, lived the other famous but far less noble Earl of Leicester, whose romantic association with the castle Sir Walter Scott has blazoned with unfading though somewhat unhistorical colours. Not far from Kenilworth is another place of historical interest, a field noted as the scene of the execution of Piers Gaveston, the hated favourite of Edward II.

Visitors will probably do best to drive to Guy's Cliff and Kenilworth from Warwick, returning to the latter place in time for the last train home.

Train to Coventry.

This is also a long trip, but is easily managed in the day, and is well worth the trouble. The Midland train is taken to New Street Station, Birmingham, and the remaining short distance is by the North Western line from the same station. Coventry is scarcely second to any town in England in the number and value of its antiquities. Three fine churches—the famous "three spires" of Coventry—make the chief feature of the city; besides which are the

remains of the ancient Cathedral, St. Mary's Hall, and, not least, the hospitals for old men and old women. The above are the pick of the town's treasures, but many quaint old houses peep out in almost every street, in strange contrast to the busy life of modern Coventry. Projecting from a window in the central part of the town is a painted figure of "Peeping Tom," in memory of the Lady Godiva tradition, a legend which has perhaps given greater fame to the place than have its more solid achievements.

St. Michael's is by far the finest existing church in Coventry, its magnificent Perpendicular spire—unhappily just restored, and with stone quite different from the original—being justly famous. St. Mary's Hall is another grand building of the same period, containing a remarkably fine carved oak roof. In the Muniment room is a wonderful collection of ancient MS. deeds, some of very early date, relating to the city. Little is left of the Cathedral save some early bases of columns, but that little shows how fine a structure it must have been. Both the ancient charities, popularly called "old men's" and "old women's" hospitals, are highly interesting relics. The interior court of the latter, which was the old Grey Friar's Hospital, is unique in its way, and there is probably nothing quite like it. It is an oblong quadrangle of black-and-white half-timber, with beautiful barge-boards, mouldings, and ornaments, about as perfect a gem of this class of work as could be imagined.

Those whose taste lies more with manufacture than antiquities will find an interest in some of

the great cycle manufactories, of which industry Coventry is the centre. Visitors are allowed to see over at least a portion of the works. Coventry is certainly the home of the bicycle, and the number of men and boys on these machines when the "dinner-hour" arrives is a sight to be remembered.

Train to Lichfield.

This is also among the rather long trips, but, like the one to Coventry, it can be easily managed in the day—*via* M.R. to New Street Station, Birmingham, and the rest of the journey by London and North Western line.

The Cathedral contains more work of the Decorated period than most churches, but has suffered much from past injury and consequent restoration. Its famous three spires are of the above period, and also its beautiful trefoil-pierced parapet. The entrance to the Chapter House, and the doorway to the south transept, are very rich examples of Early English. Of the latter piece of work, in his "Gothic Architecture," Bloxam says,—“There are five distinct sets or divisions of architrave mouldings, covered with sculptured foliage and oval-shaped medallions inclosing small figures in relief, a profusion of the tooth ornament runs up the jambs between the insulated shafts at the sides, it is also deeply recessed, and altogether one of the most highly ornamented of this style.”

The great Dr. Johnson was born in Lichfield in 1709; and it was in the market-place here, in his after years, that he stood some hours bare-

headed in the rain, to the wonder of the passers-by, as a penance for a youthful act of disobedience to his father in that same spot—the corner where the elder Johnson used to keep a bookstall.

Train to Birmingham.

Birmingham possesses no antiquities of any account, save the very fine collection in its Art Gallery ; but it is a marvellous centre of manufacture, and visitors might spend a very pleasant day in going over some of the principal works, where they will be most courteously received. Among those of chief interest are the Steel Pen Works, the Glass Works, the Electro - Plate Works, the Papier - Maché Works, and the Button Works. Birmingham is very quickly reached (in about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours) by the special express trains of the Great Western Railway, and also by the Midland Railway.

Train to Cirencester and Fairford.

These places are rather a long way from Malvern, but can be reached by rail *via* Gloucester or Cheltenham. The first-named is chiefly notable for its famous Perpendicular church, and the second for its still more famous old stained glass windows.

Train, or part walk or drive, to Kilpeck, the Golden Valley, Abbey Dore, and Grosmont Castle.

Visitors to Malvern should not miss seeing Kilpeck church, one of the most perfect gems of Norman architecture in existence. It is easily

reached, being only a few miles from Hereford, close to the G.W.R. station of St. Devereux. The whole church is not much larger than a spacious room, yet it contains a wealth of ornament which would go some way towards embellishing a Cathedral. With the exception of a few slight additions, it is entirely Norman; and is, moreover, separated into the three ancient divisions of nave, choir, and chancel, these being, unlike later churches, sharply marked off from one another. In important churches the central tower would rise above the middle of these divisions, and hence the ancient and proper place for the choir is under the central tower. In Gloucester Cathedral this position is still maintained, but in most churches it has been relegated to the chancel, which is usually and improperly termed the choir. It would be almost impossible to give a detailed description of the ornaments which cover the capitals, groins, and arches of this little church. The profuseness and variety of decoration must be seen to be realised. Kilpeck is, indeed, a museum of Norman ornaments.

Abbey Dore is another church, of quite another kind, which should not be missed. It is really the remnant of a Cistercian Abbey, now used as a parish church. It is most picturesquely situated, and what is left of its beautiful early stone-work is highly interesting. Abbey Dore can be reached within a short distance by train, or, for those who like walking, it is a charming ramble from Kilpeck through part of the famous Golden Valley.

Grosmont Castle is only a short walk or drive from the last place. It stands on the Garway, a hill to the south-east of the Black Mountains. The ruin is not specially remarkable, but near it is the site of Edward the First's earliest victory over the Welsh, when he was only a youth of sixteen.

Train and drive to Weobley.

This is one of the most interesting villages in the West of England, being composed mainly of its original half-timber black-and-white houses, and also possessing an unusually fine church. The latter is chiefly of the Decorated Period, considerable examples of which beautiful style are not too common. The late Decorated spire is the feature of the church, being a really grand example. Happily for the antiquarian, this church is as yet unrestored, but the spire, at least, is in bad need of repair, and visitors should hasten their pilgrimage before that unavoidable calamity.¹ The whole village takes one back to the Mediæval past, and many of the old houses are of great interest, some of them, as seen by their mouldings, belonging to Gothic times. A small gem of a porch stands at the extreme end of the village, up a side street. It is said to have been brought from another building, and attached to the house it now forms a part of.

Weobley is not an easy place to get to, being 12 miles from Hereford, from which it must

¹ This has since happened.

be reached by carriage, a beautiful drive. There is, however, a station at Moorhampton (on the Midland line from Hereford to Brecon), which is about four miles from Weobley, and whence a carriage may be hired to the latter.

Near Weobley are the two conical hills called Robin Hood's Butts, which stand out so prominently in the western view from Malvern.

Train to Shrewsbury.

This is a long day's trip, but easily enough managed, either by Hereford (the only change), or by the Severn Valley line *via* Worcester, both routes commanding exceptionally lovely scenery. Shrewsbury is full of historical associations, amongst others the famous battle it gave its name to, and which Shakespeare has made still more famous. The town is charmingly placed on the banks of the Severn, and is full of antiquities. Only a fragment of the old Castle remains; but what is left of the Abbey church is very fine work, the rich red colour of the sandstone adding much to the effect. The bold tracery of the transitional Decorated-Perpendicular windows is extremely beautiful. It is, however, in its old half-timber black-and-white houses that Shrewsbury is chiefly glorious, these being of great number and variety. Altogether, in its antiquities and historic interest, it may be said to rival the better-known Chester. A monument to the great Clive, the conqueror of India, and who was born at Market Drayton on the border of Shropshire, is a prominent object in Shrewsbury.

Train to Bristol.

Bristol is between two and three hours' railway journey from Malvern. The "City of Churches" possesses many objects of interest, including the Cathedral, which has a very fine and richly-ornamented Twelfth Century Chapter House, the famous church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and the great suspension bridge over the Avon at Clifton.

Train, and drive or walk, to the Black Mountains and Llanthony Abbey.

The Black Mountains are the dark, lofty, straight-edged range, with peaks here and there projecting, which forms so prominent an object in the western view from Malvern. They lie south-west of the latter place, and are between the counties of Brecon and Hereford. They are not, as they seem to be from Malvern, one range, but several, lying one behind the other, and broken up into more or less separate hills. They rise to a height of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet, and the scenery is very wild for such an elevation. The highest point, the Gadr Vawr, 2,545 feet, may be seen above the rest, and also the ridge of the Pen-Cerrig-Calch, 2,200 feet. Another fine mountain, the most westerly one, is the Mynydd Troed, near the village of Talgarth. Close to the latter place is the lake of Llangorse, or Llynsafeddan, a beautiful sheet of water about three miles long by one broad. To the south of the range is the famous Sugar Loaf of South Wales, whose conical peak overhangs the town of Abergavenny. These mountains can be visited from the latter town (reached by G.W.R.), or from the small town of The Hay

(M.R. Brecon line) ; or good walkers can take the train (G.W.R.) to either Pandy or Llanvihangel, near their feet, and walk over the mountains to Llanthony Abbey, returning by way of Abergavenny, whence the train home.

Llanthony Abbey is about seven miles from Llanvihangel, being romantically placed in a valley between the mountains, and is notable as having been a ruin always—at least, it was deserted soon after being built in the Twelfth Century, owing to the attacks of the Welsh. The monks retired to Gloucester, where they erected another Abbey on the west bank of the Severn, and called it by the old name, so that there are now two ruined Llanthony Abbeys. The Abbey can be reached by carriage either from The Hay or Abergavenny, but the road from the latter is far the easiest and shortest, being about 11 miles. The old refectory of the monastery has been made use of as an Inn, where visitors are lodged and boarded.

Train to Brecon, or drive from The Hay to Brecon and Abergavenny.

This excursion is the most beautiful, at all events the grandest, in the whole Malvern radius, and visitors who love fine scenery should not miss it. For those whose time and purse are limited it is easy to see Brecon in the day, taking the early train to Hereford, and the M.R. line from the latter. Some of the trains have a through Midland carriage from Malvern to Brecon. Where it can be managed, however, the author strongly advises the following plan. Take the early train to The Hay (changing for

the latter at Hereford if there is no through M.R. coach), and drive the 15 miles from The Hay to Brecon. The grand scenery of the Black Mountains, with the bold form of the Mynydd Troed especially prominent, is on the left hand nearly all the way, being only exchanged for the still grander peaks of the Brecon Beacons as the town of Brecon is approached. The view from the steep dip down to the latter by the side of the rushing river Honddu, with the magnificent outline of the Beacons—nearly 3,000 feet high—rising right in front, sharp-peaked, and curved like bent horns, is hardly second to any mountain peep in England and Wales. After seeing Brecon (either returning the same day, or staying the night), drive the 20 or 21 miles to Abergavenny, a drive which it is not exaggeration to call one of the finest in Great Britain. From Abergavenny take the G.W.R. train back to Malvern.

The Castle Hotel is the chief hotel in Brecon, and the view from the adjoining ruined Keep of the old castle is worth the short ascent. The Brecon Beacons are grander than their height would suggest, their sharp, horn-like peaks seeming to cut the sky, while their abrupt rise from the valley below gives them the appearance of twice their elevation. The beautiful river Usk runs through the town, spanned by a fine old bridge, and there are several old churches. The chief architectural treasure, however, is the church of St. John's Priory. This alone is worth a visit to Brecon, being almost of Cathedral propor-

tions and excellence. A great part of the work is Decorated, and the chancel is a very beautiful example of Early English. There are also some fine tombs.

The road between Brecon and Abergavenny, seen on a fine, clear day, is lovely almost beyond description. Every mile of the twenty-one is out of the common beautiful, and the charming river Usk runs in sight nearly the whole way. From Brecon the road gradually rises to the pass of Bwlch, from which a noble view of the Beacons is obtained. As you face Bwlch, far down in the left hand valley the lake of Llangorse, or Llynsafeddan, is seen gleaming in the sun, while on the right side the Usk ripples between the richest of wooded hills. Here one concludes that the best of the scene is left behind, and one's surprise is great, on passing to the other side of Bwlch, to be suddenly in the presence of an equally grand prospect. The view from the eastern side of the pass is, indeed, magnificent, looking down on the valley of the Usk, with the hills round Abergavenny at the far end, and the Black Mountains, with the grand mass of Cefn Moel, on the left. On the same side, more in the background, is the great ridge of Pen-cerrig-calch. The road runs some three miles down hill from Bwlch, and lovely views meet you at every turn—of the Usk valley on the right, and on the left peeps into the vales of the Black Mountains in the direction of Talgarth. By and by the picturesque little town of Crickhowell is reached, with the ruined tower of its old castle ; and

presently the pointed Sugar Loaf looms closer on the left, after which Abergavenny is soon gained.

If seen in Autumn, as the author last saw it, the scenery just described is made still more beautiful by the rich red fern which covers and colours the mountains, and the effect in the late afternoon sun is brilliant beyond imagining.

Train to Dudley.

Dudley is on the extreme northern border of Worcestershire, close to Staffordshire, and forming the fringe of the Black Country. Behind it lie the smoke and dirt of the latter, West Bromwich being continuous with it on the east. On the other side its castle looks out on the Shropshire hills and the beautiful country westward. It is reached in about an hour and a half by the best G.W.R. trains, and the magnificent ruins of its ancient castle will well repay the journey. These lie on the top of a small hill above the town, and the great court-yard of the castle is surrounded by the remains of what in its entirety must have been a very large fortress. Behind the castle, and in an extension of the hill on which the latter stands, are some remarkable caverns, partly natural, and partly old mine workings (if the author remembers aright), with underground streams running through them. These caves and corridors are of extraordinary extent and weird appearance, and are worth exploring.

Circle by train to Bridgnorth, Buildwas Abbey, Wenlock Priory, Church Stretton, and Stokesay Castle.

A circular, or rather zig-zag, trip, beautiful in scenery and of great architectural interest, may be taken to the above places. This can be accomplished in one day, or the journey broken by passing a night either at Church Stretton or Craven Arms Junction, in which case Ludlow, and perhaps Leominster, can be included in the next day's programme. The times of the trains should be carefully worked out before starting.

Bridgnorth is reached by the Severn Valley branch of the G.W.R. It is a singularly picturesque old town, mainly situated on a lofty bank of the Severn, and a curious rock-hewn passage leads up to its higher part. There are also the remains of an old castle, from the terrace-walk of which a very fine and extensive view is obtained. The Severn here, and most of its course between Shrewsbury and Bewdley, especially near Coalbrook Dale, is extremely beautiful, flowing between high, wooded hills, with now and again bold rocks, and its stream broken by rapids—altogether very different to the tame river one sees in its lower reaches.

Buildwas Abbey (pronounced Buildas) is about two miles beyond Ironbridge, and is a very fine and early specimen of Semi-Norman or Twelfth Century work, in which the West of England is so rich. The solid round pillars, plain pointed arches, and square bases and abaci; of this ruin furnish as good an example as need be sought of

that turbulent period when, as in the like case of the Fifteenth Century, architecture flourished while civil war raged round.

Not very far from this fine old ruin the isolated thickly-wooded Wrekin rears its rounded form, and, if time allowed, would be well worth ascending.

From Buildwas the train takes (or did so until lately) the visitor to Wenlock, justly famous for the ruins of its once great Priory, which before its destruction must have been a magnificent building. Even now its beautiful remains of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries are worth a long journey to see. The town itself has several quaint old houses, notably the half-timber black-and-white "Guild Hall." This place is also of great geological interest, having given its name to an important formation of the Silurian series, *i.e.* the Wenlock Limestone. Not very far from here, roughly speaking, and in the direction of Shrewsbury, is the site of the ancient town of Uriconium.

From Wenlock the train is again taken, either all the way to Church Stretton, or to some station within an easy walk of that place. This charming little town lies on the west side of the valley which divides the Longmynd range proper from the line of half-isolated peaks opposite, and to which Sir Roderick Murchison gives the very good name of "Caradoc Range." The name is taken from one of the principal peaks, *Caer Caradoc*, an ancient camp where Caractacus is reputed to have made his last stand, and where he was captured by the Romans. If

time allows, the Longmynd should be ascended. The whole range bears this name, and also a particular peak at the back of Church Stretton.

From Church Stretton the train is taken to Craven Arms Junction, and—once more, if time allows—a visit paid to the neighbouring Stokesay Castle. If time does *not* allow, this place can be included in the trip to Ludlow. Stokesay Castle is a border, semi-domestic fortress of great interest. Half stone, half black-and-white timber, with a moat encircling it, and wooded hills around, few buildings are so completely picturesque. The interior is also full of interest, and there are some remarkable Gothic tiles in one of the rooms—if the author rightly remembers, the Banqueting Hall—of very uncommon design. From Craven Arms (or if necessary from Church Stretton) the train is taken to Hereford, and thence home.

Train to Leominster and Ludlow.

Leominster is easily reached by G.W.R. *via* Hereford. It is situated in the northern part of Herefordshire, not far from the border of Shropshire, and in the midst of a beautiful country. For cyclists it is a very pleasant run, along the road to Hereford as far as the "Trumpet" Inn, and then to the right, later on taking the road by "England's Gate." Besides several quaint old houses, and a general picturesqueness, Leominster has two objects of special interest—a fine church, and an old half-timber black-and-white town hall. The latter has been restored,

and also removed from its original site, but it is still worth seeing. The church is of much interest, and, amongst other features, contains some beautiful Decorated windows, richly studded with the "ball-flower," an ornament so common to the county.

Near Leominster is Mortimer's Cross, the scene of the famous battle between Edward Duke of York, whose father had just been defeated and slain at Wakefield, and Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, who was marching against the future King with a large force, chiefly Welsh. Edward, after a stubborn fight, gained a complete victory, which greatly influenced the fortunes of the Yorkists. At King-ton, about four miles from Leominster, is a modern stone commemorating the battle, whose actual theatre was the scoop of valley between the former place and Mortimer's Cross, some five miles from Leominster. The road from Mortimer's Cross to Presteign, Radnorshire, through the village of Shobdon, with the remains of its rich Norman Church, is of rare beauty, and may be commended to cyclists.

In connection with this battle, the author may perhaps be allowed to do an act of justice to a gentleman who died some four hundred years ago. The late Mr. Symonds, in his excellent novel "*Malvern Chase*," is a little hard on the personage referred to—Sir Andrew Trollope—who played a notable part in the Wars of the Roses. Mr. Symonds not only selects the Knight as the villain of his story, but actually makes him brained by the faithful

follower of the hero for attempting to hang the latter. He also makes Sir Andrew, at this very battle of Mortimer's Cross, treacherously, and from behind a tree, strike down the same hero. Doubtless Mr. Symonds was not aware that Sir Andrew was the ancestor of several distinguished persons now or lately living, or he would have chosen another "villain." Sir Andrew, though a soldier of fortune, and one who changed from the Yorkist to the Lancastrian side, was an honourable man, and was knighted by King Henry VI. for his valour, an honour which its recipient protested he did not deserve, as "I slew but fifteen men, for I stode styll in one place, and they came unto me, but they bode styll with me" (*Skinner's "Chronicle"*). Such a man was hardly likely to strike a foe unawares from behind. Sir Andrew, moreover, was slain in the fatal battle of Towton, a worthier fate than being brained for an act of treachery.

Ludlow is perhaps the most picturesque old town in the kingdom, and the finest approach to it is from the south, by the road from Leominster, crossing the ancient bridge over the swift Teme, and looking up at the old Gateway and the castle ruins, as well as the noble church. The place is filled with the breath of history and poetry. Here Milton is said to have written his "Mask of Comus," which was performed for the first time in the hall of the castle. In the castle, also, the unhappy sons of Edward IV. lived a spell of their short lives, just before their tragic end in the Tower of London; and in the same building died Prince Arthur, elder brother of

Henry VIII., a death which may have partly changed the history of Europe.

Three relics of special antiquarian interest reward the visitor to Ludlow—the church, the castle, and the well-known Feathers Inn. The latter stands in the main street, and is one of the finest specimens of a half-timber black-and-white house in this or any other country. The outside is almost matchless, and the inside is also very fine, but the panelled ceilings have been spoiled by whitewash for the sake of making the rooms lighter. The church is mainly of the Perpendicular period, and the effect of the building as a whole is grand, an effect to which the lofty and excellently-designed tower largely contributes. The old oak stalls of the choir are very good examples. The castle was the seat of the Lords of the Marches, and was long in possession of the famous Mortimers. It is built on the high ground on the west side of the town, looking steeply down on the river Teme. The building is of large extent, and, like most of the west country castles, contains some fine architectural details, notably the remains of the circular Norman chapel said to have been erected by Joce de Dinan. Ludlow castle and town have been the scene of many a fierce fight, alike in the early struggle with Wales, and later on in the Wars of the Roses and the Great Civil War.

Ludlow is easily reached by train, and can be taken after visiting Leominster. The drive of about nine miles between these two places is a beautiful one, and the entrance to Ludlow over

the old bridge across the Teme is singularly picturesque.

Drive to Ham Mill and Bridge, New Mill Bridge, Stanford Bridge, and the Hundred House.

With the exception of its first stage, this excursion is scarcely possible for any but cyclists, unless a night be passed at the Hundred House. The whole round is a little over forty miles, but it is one of the hilliest in the district. It is also one of the most beautiful, especially in late September, when the hops, which are dotted over the rising ground above the Teme, are at their best, and the apple orchards are rich with red and yellow. Martley, which is within a mile of Ham Mill, can be reached either by the picturesque but steep road over Ankerdine Hill, whence are glorious views of the Teme and the Severn valleys, or by the easier route *vid* Henwick and the road to the left between the latter place and Hallow. After passing Martley the road is to the left, up a hill between red-sandstone rocks, leaving the road to the Hundred House and Witley on the right. Half way down the other side of the hill is a gate on the left, with an open view looking back towards Ankerdine. The path beyond this gate leads down to the Teme and Ham Mill, a walk of about a quarter of a mile. The scene here is one of the most picturesque in Worcestershire. The Teme runs between wooded hills, on one



HAM MILL.

side being the old half-timber mill, beautiful in its unrestored decay, and hard by the foaming water of its weir.

At the bottom of the hill from which the above path leads down is Ham Bridge, a red-brick replacement of the original stone structure; but the form of the latter remains, and the bricks are old enough to have taken a fine faded colour. The next turn to the right, past a grand old black-and-white house, leads to the once noted Ham Castle, and a little farther on is New Mill Bridge, a few yards off the road, and worth visiting for the lovely reaches of the Teme on either side. Close by is Shelsley Beauchamp church, whose fine tower is rich with the colour of its red sandstone.

A few miles farther, after running between the loveliest of wooded hills, and past numerous hopfields, Stanford Bridge is reached, where there is another picturesque mill with a fine weir. Here the road turns to the left to Tenbury (about ten miles off), and sharp to the right to the Hundred House. A steep ascent of between two and three miles, with beautiful views of the Teme valley and hills behind, leads to the shoulder of Abberley Hill, and a descent of about three-quarters of a mile brings you to the Hundred House—a large and very comfortable hostel, old, and with a history.

From the Hundred House the gradient is easy, running past Lord Dudley's seat of Witley Court, and through Holt, Hallow, and Henwick.

Ham Mill, the first stage of this excursion, is within driving distance from Malvern, being

only about fourteen miles by way of Sherridge, Ankerdine, and Martley.

Drive or train to the Blackstone Rocks and Bewdley, and walk up the Severn to Arley Castle.

This, like the last described, is an excursion either limited to the cyclist, or to the enthusiastic visitor who is willing to make a two days' drive of it. It is about twenty-five miles to the Blackstone Rocks and Bewdley through a very steep country—at least, that part after Holt, some eleven miles. It is possible, however, by taking the train to Bewdley, to visit the Blackstone Rocks, and then to walk along the banks of the Severn to Arley Castle, about three and a half miles, taking the train back from the latter place, and no lover of fine scenery would repent the trip.

The road is by Henwick, Hallow, and Holt. Opposite the Lion Inn at the latter the road turns to the right down a steepish hill, at the bottom of which is Lenchford, where is a rather fine reach of the Severn. Some distance farther on is the picturesque church of Shrawley, on the top of a hill. After four or five miles of continuous up and down through a lovely country, Areley Kings is reached, and then Stourport, from which Bewdley can be reached by roads either east or west of the river. The nearest way, however, is a turn to the left before ascending to Areley Kings. A finger-post directs to



THE BLACKSTONE ROCKS.

Bewdley. This road leads under the picturesque Ribbesford Hill, with charming peeps of the Severn all along, and presently descends to within half a mile of the Blackstone Rocks. The best view of these is from the towing-path on the west bank—*i.e.* close to where the road sweeps. To see the caves themselves would necessitate either crossing by the boat belonging to the farm opposite (in the lucky case of anybody being within hail on the east bank), or going over Bewdley Bridge. Bewdley is about a mile farther along the road just described.

The monastical caves of the Blackstone Rocks are well worth seeing. The soft red-sandstone is carved into a series of chambers, one of these being a chapel, with rude pillar, arch, and capital, resembling rough Norman work, and having even a piscina near where the altar must have once stood. The rocks are somewhat lofty, and are crowned with dense foliage. Signs of ancient work can be traced almost throughout their course. The name "Blackstone" is said to be due to a dark-coloured lichen which covers a great part of the red sandstone. The rock which faces the river, and rises sheer from it, is very picturesque. It also is topped with trees, and the strata of the rock are exceptionally well marked. Adventurous divers sometimes, at much risk to themselves owing to a sunken rock, take a header from the ledge above into the deep pool at the foot of this crag; but the author hopes, for the sake of his responsibility in mentioning it, that none of his readers will attempt the feat.

The walk (or bicycle ride for a steady rider) along the towing-path on the west side of the river to Arley Castle is one of the most beautiful three or four miles to be found anywhere. For the first mile or so the scenery is of much the same character as that below Bewdley. Then the scene abruptly changes, rapids begin, wooded islands break the stream, and the river suddenly enters a gorge between high, forest-clad hills, fringed by red-sandstone rocks. Arley itself is one of those picturesque little places more often met with in imaginary pictures than in real scenes. Its houses climb from the river bank up the side of a wooded hill, and are crowned by the turrets of the castle, which is partly old, and the tower of the church.

For those who have the time, the river between Arley and Bridgnorth is well worth following, and the latter town is too famous for a picturesqueness which is almost unique to need more than a reminder.

Drive to Howe Capel, Fownhope, and Mordiford.

Though a very hilly road, it is quite possible with a pair of good horses to drive to Howe Capel, for it is only about sixteen and a half miles from Malvern. The route is through Ledbury, and by the Ross Road as far as Much Marcle, and then a road to the right (opposite the wayside inn by the cross roads) which leads over the hills between here and the road from

Ross to Hereford *via* Fownhope. Apart from the beautiful scenery throughout, the object of the drive is the unique view of the Wye from the top of the hill above Howe Capel. This view springs suddenly upon you, and it is a view you will not often meet again. The river runs in almost a straight line westwards, with the richly-wooded hill of Howe Capel in front; while in the distance, to the right of the great valley, is the sharp outline of the Black Mountains, on the left being the peaks of the Sugar-loaf, the Skyrid, and the Biorence. The walk through the lovely Howe Capel woods down to the Wye below will well repay visitors, only they must take their lunch with them, as there is no inn within easy reach. The old Manor House near Foy, on the road past Howe Capel to Hoarwithy Bridge, is a very fine specimen of a small Renaissance mansion, but the road is steep, and none too good, and only ardent archæologists would thank the writer for sending them there.

The return journey (if the trip is to end here) might be varied by taking the road to Ross, and turning to the left before descending to the latter. The road winds down the woods of Perriston Hill, and passes by the side of the beautiful park of Much Marcle.

The other part of the excursion is only possible for cyclists, or for those who are willing to make it a two days' drive. The road from Howe Capel to Fownhope is very hilly, but it is one of the loveliest within the Malvern range. On the right are the richly-wooded and curiously-

broken hills reaching from Perriston to Woolhope and Stoke Edith, while on the west side is the beautiful Wye Valley and the Welsh mountains beyond.

Fownhope is a very picturesque village on the eastern bank of the Wye, and the church has some good Norman work, including a well-preserved doorway and tympanum. There is a comfortable inn here, which would make a convenient halting-place in a two days' trip. Fownhope is about four or five miles from Howe Capel.

It is curious that so quiet and out-of-the-way a village as this should have been the birthplace of the famous champion of England, Tom Spring, whose real name was Winter. Many stories yet survive of his courtesy, and even chivalry, and he appears to have had qualities which made him respected both in and out of the "ring." One story of him, which was told to the writer many years ago by an old gentleman who knew him, shows a pathetic side to his character not commonly associated with a prize-fighter. A writer in an old number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* also gives many personal reminiscences of "Tom," and testifies to his pluck, straightforward manliness, and high if rough moral conduct.

Close to Mordiford, which is a charming little village some two or three miles from Fownhope, the river Lug joins the Wye. The former river is spanned by a very fine old stone bridge, and the stream is here broken up by small islands into several branches, which run rapidly for a

short distance, and then rejoin. The bridge is a few yards down the Hereford road, at the western end of the village, and close by the old church.

From Mordiford the return will be by Stoke Edith, about three miles distant, and Ledbury.

The Scenery of the Cotteswolds—train and drive.

The scenery of the Cotteswold Hills is perhaps as little known, having regard to its merits, as any in Great Britain. In its own way—and it has a very peculiar way of its own—it is equal to most scenery of a quiet order, and it is unlike any other. Seen from Malvern, except when the sun shines brightly on them, these hills appear an almost unbroken line. In reality they mainly consist of prominent headlands with connecting curves, such headlands looking like veritable capes of the sea, as they probably were in ancient times. These hills are also a tableland, and from their summit the country sweeps back towards the east, just like the plain you have left behind in ascending them, only that this new plain is no plain at all, but a rolling, broken expanse of innumerable heights and hollows, on and in which are large towns, a busy population, and important railway lines. This, at all events, is the character of a great part of the Cotteswolds, as, for instance, in the region to the north and the south of Stroud. The road leading to the latter

from Frocester Hill is a good example. Looking eastward, and also to the south, you see rolling hills, with wide, deep valleys between, while important towns, with factory chimneys and clustering white houses, fill the hollows, and also creep up the hills; and these signs of busy life do not spoil the sense of nature as you would expect, but even add to the picturesqueness, perhaps because of the greatness of the expanse, and the height from which you are looking on the scene. There is one exception to this account. So long as the white Cotteswold stone was used, the harmony between man and nature was maintained; but the Nineteenth Century touch kills everything, and the red bricks of the "speculative builder" are beginning to spoil the effect described.

The Cotteswolds are a large theme, and only a few special points of interest, and those most easily visited from Malvern, can be given here. Stow-on-the-Wold, in the country behind Winchcombe, is of great interest, but is almost beyond the reach of any save cyclists. Cleeve Cloud, the highest point of the range, is crossed by the road between Winchcombe and Cheltenham, and is only a six miles drive from the latter town. The view from the road before descending to Winchcombe, or by the well-known "Rising Sun," is hardly to be surpassed.

On the other side of Cheltenham the true headlands of the Cotteswolds begin, or, at least, they are more marked. Leckhampton, with its famous rock, the "Devil's Chimney," is a fine hill, but Birdlip, still farther south, is a veritable

cape, and it needs little imagination to conjure up the sea beating against its base. The road to its summit from the Gloucester side is one of the steepest of the many steep Cotteswold ascents. The view from the top, where is a comfortable inn, is perhaps only second to that from Frocester. Both Leckhampton and Birdlip can be easily driven to from either Cheltenham or Gloucester.

Frocester Hill, which has a still finer view, is more difficult to reach. There is a station on the Midland line at Frocester village, from which the ascent can be made, a long and very stiff two miles, but on a good road. On a clear day a magnificent view will be had of the horse-shoe bend of the Severn at Newnham, and that river's widening course to Sharpness Point, with the Malvern and Welsh hills in the background, while to the south the Bristol Channel can just be seen glittering over the top of Stinchcombe Hill. The latter is another of the Cotteswold high points famous for its view, and some consider it to be the finest of all.

The walk, or drive, from Frocester Hill (by the road to the left, or north) along the ridge of the tableland down to Cain's Cross is full of interest, and gives a characteristic sample of Cotteswold scenery. On the west side are magnificent views of the Severn valley below, sometimes half hidden by the beautiful woods which crown the ridgeway. On the east side the broken tableland is curiously studded with white hamlets and towns, Nailsworth being prominent among the latter, and later on Cain's

Cross and the outskirts of Stroud. The road down to Cain's Cross is very steep and rough. Indeed, most of the descents from the Cottswolds are dangerously steep, and cyclists would be on the safe side in walking them.

A most comfortable little hotel, with the heartiest of hostesses to welcome you with the best of fare, greets the visitor to Frocester, where possibly, though the writer cannot vouch for it, a carriage might be hired for the ascent of the hill, and the descent to Cain's Cross. At the latter place the railway is again found, and can be used for the return home. •

Train and drive to the Upper Wye.

The whole of the upper course of this river is beautiful, but the pick of the scenery is between "The Three Cocks" ($4\frac{1}{4}$ miles from The Hay) and Rhayader. Pretty peeps of the river are to be had from the train, but that is not the way to see it for any one who loves nature. The best plan is to take the early train (in which is a Midland carriage through to the "Three Cocks" Junction), and then either drive, walk, or cycle. The distance from the "Three Cocks" to Builth is about 14 miles, and from the latter place to Rhayader $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles. There is a very comfortable inn at the "Three Cocks," but it may be necessary to order a carriage from The Hay, or else to drive from the latter.

The road to Builth runs most of the way close to the Wye, and it is well worth while to

make descents to the bank during the journey, as the river-reaches are lovely throughout, and cannot be properly seen from above. Such a deviation, and the first one, should certainly be made at Boughrood Bridge (pronounced Böck-roöt), passing over the road bridge, and going as far as the railway bridge. From the latter is one of the finest views on the whole course of the Wye. The picture is perfect, with the rocky bed of the river, the richly-wooded banks, and the sharp line of the Black Mountains beyond.

The scenery becomes wilder as you advance towards Builth. The river runs between the rugged, battlemented hills of Radnorshire, and the stream is everywhere broken by innumerable boulders, while thick woods cover the banks on either side. Heron are common here, and may often be seen flying over the water, or fishing from one of the many rocks which jut out of the river.

After Builth less of the river is seen from the road than during the previous stage until within about five miles from Rhayader, where some of the wildest reaches of the Wye are met with. The scenery, however, is beautiful all the way, the road ascending between high, wooded hills, with distant peeps of the river below.

The Wye at Rhayader (waterfall in Welsh) is spanned by a very picturesque single-arched bridge, below which the water tumbles and foams over a bed of rough rocks, at the side of which is a salmon-leap. There is a very comfortable hotel at Rhayader, and visitors can

return direct by train to Malvern *via* the "Three Cocks" Junction.

Visitors who have plenty of time will find many beautiful spots between Hereford and the "Three Cocks." The view from Whitney bridge, between 3 and 4 miles from The Hay, is well worth seeing, and between these places are the ruins of Clifford Castle, the early home of the famous Fair Rosamond.

The Lower Wye by train and boat.

The trip down the Wye is one of the most popular excursions in Great Britain, and Malvern is an excellent starting-point, the early G.W.R. train (8.9 at present) from the latter being in connection with the train from Hereford to Ross, from which place it is usual to begin the tour. Those who cannot devote the customary two days, with one night out, to the trip, can see some of the best portions of the river by taking the train to Kerne Bridge (for Goodrich Castle), Symond's Yat, and Tintern; or else by boating from Ross to Symond's Yat, or even as far as Tintern, and returning by the last train.

What is commonly understood as the Lower Wye is that part of the river which runs between Ross and Chepstow, about 55 miles in extent, and the only way to see it properly is by boat. So rapid is the stream that, though the distance sounds alarming, the trip is accomplished very quickly, and can be managed in one day. It is, however, much better to devote two days to the excursion, passing the night at Monmouth, by which

means the famous ruins of Raglan Castle can be added to the programme. It is customary for visitors to divide their favours by hiring a boat from Ross to Monmouth, and a fresh one at the latter place for the rest of the journey.

Ross is a picturesque old town, only about 21 miles from Malvern by road, but much farther by rail. Its chief points of interest are the old church, the fine Jacobean Town Hall, the "Man of Ross Prospect"—a view of the curious horse-shoe bend of the Wye from the plateau on which the church stands—and the general atmosphere of the "Man of Ross," whom Pope sang famous, and whose memory in this town is everywhere. Visitors can see all these objects (except the "Man" himself) while their boat is getting ready for them, and, if they wish, they can see the above worthy's tomb in the church.

The ruins of Wilton Castle, on the right bank of the river, make the first object of interest on leaving Ross. A tragical love-story attaches to this place. Lord Wilton, its owner, and his cousin the Lord of Aconbury were in love with the same lady, who choosing the former, his rival attacked and set on fire the favoured suitor's castle, in proof of which a half-burned beam used to be pointed out to visitors.

Just below this place a fine old bridge crosses the Wye, and the first rapid comes in view. From here quiet hill and meadow scenery is met until the ancient Castle and modern Court of Goodrich are reached. The former stands on a small hill, and is nearly hidden by dense foliage.

Visitors are landed at a little pier of stones, and a short, stiff climb leads up to this interesting Wye fortress, whose beauty and size you have no notion of until you are standing in its courtyard under its square Norman Keep. This castle, like most of the English border fortresses, has a good deal of architectural embellishment. The early slender-shafted arch, door and window now in one—by which you enter from the north side, and through which you have such a lovely peep of the river below—the remains of the Chapel on the south side, the Banquetting Hall, and the chevron ornaments on the Norman lights of the Keep, are instances. On a clear day the view from the Keep, with the Malvern hills to the north-east, is worth the ascent. Goodrich Castle, also like the other castles in this part of the country, suffered much, and sustained a vigorous siege, during the Great Civil War, when it was at length taken by the Parliamentary Colonel Birch, since which time it is said to have been a ruin. The church of Goodrich is interesting as having had for its former Vicar the father of the famous Dean Swift, who was only an Irishman by the accident of birth.

The winding character of the Wye is here remarkably illustrated by the fact that while the cross path from Goodrich to the ferry opposite Whitchurch is but little over a mile, the distance by water is more than nine miles.

After leaving Goodrich the Wye is defaced by one of those monstrous painted-iron bridges with which railway companies seem to take a

pleasure in spiting nature. The Great Western Company has treated this beautiful stream to several of these monstrosities, which, together with the telegraph posts along the bank, spoil the scene, and make one devoutly wish that there were a law "for the better government of the Nation's holiday-grounds."

Presently the charming reach of the river at Lydbrook comes in view, on the fringe of the Forest of Dean. A magnificent specimen of the Wych Elm is, or was, to be seen on the left bank just before reaching the village. On the opposite side, not far off, is Welsh Bicknor, where Henry V. is said to have been nursed by the Countess of Salisbury.

After leaving Lydbrook a bustling rapid is passed, and then, presently, comes one of the great scenic surprises of the Wye, as the river suddenly turns in under the lofty mountain-limestone crags called the Coldwell Rocks. All scenery much depends on the condition of the atmosphere, and these rocks especially so. If you see them, as the writer once did, on a half fine, half stormy November day, when the sun is still behind them, and they look black and frowning, in beautiful contrast to the brightness of the river below and the meadows on the farther bank, the effect will be grand; but when they are seen in the full light of the sun, or on a dull, equable day when there is no contrast, they are dwarfed in appearance, and some enthusiast's description may be thought overdrawn. Yet even then they can hardly disappoint. A series of weather-

worn limestone crags, of every shape from a needle to the square front of a castle Keep, and hung everywhere with rich wealth of foliage, these rocks form one side of a triangular promontory of high land ending in a point at Symond's Yat, round which the river winds, not very far from its sides, but at some distance from its point. Visitors usually leave the boat at the foot of the Yat, and climb up through a steep wood to that rock, from which is a magnificent view on a clear day. So great is the bend of the river that, after mounting to the Yat, spending some time there, and descending to the village on the other side, your boat will have only just arrived to meet you.

The rocks are very fine, also, on this side of the Yat, and still finer at the next bend of the river, past the Dripping Wells—some water-sprinkled boulders at the foot of the Great Doward, the wooded hill which rises opposite the village of Symond's Yat. On both sides of the Wye near here, especially on the left, are some noted caves, which when discovered were regular museums of the bones of extinct animals. These caves can be visited by applying to the landlord of the Symond's Yat Hotel.

The Forest of Dean now sweeps down to the left bank of the river from the hills above, and a little farther down is the densely-wooded slope called "The Slaughter," where the Welsh were once repulsed with a loss to which the name bears witness.

Soon after leaving the Dripping Wells the river enters a kind of gorge, with rocks similar

to those already described, but on both sides of the stream, and which some think even finer than the Coldwell Rocks. On the right bank a line of rocks, like castle ruins peeping from thick foliage, bears the name of the Seven Sisters, and the wildness is added to by fallen masses of rock in the river, some of which are green with moss and shrubs. The loveliness of this part of the Wye in Autumn, when the colouring is at its best, can hardly be imagined.

On emerging from this rock-girt reach the scenery becomes quieter, and, passing the picturesque slope of the Little Doward, the river runs in a singularly straight line to Monmouth, the old bridge, church, and houses of which are seen right in front.

Monmouth is famous as being the birthplace of the great Henry V., and some slight remains of the castle where he was born still exist. There are also a partly old church, the remains of a Priory, and a very fine old bridge and gateway (sketched by Prout) over the river Monnow, on the other side of which is a highly interesting Norman church.

Either on the evening of arrival, or early next morning, the great castle of Raglan should be visited. The condition of the tide below Tintern, and the consequent choice of hour for resuming the river trip, must regulate this visit, which, if possible, had better be made soon after arriving at Monmouth. Raglan is about eight or nine miles west of Monmouth, and can be reached either by train to Raglan Footpath Station, or by driving. The ruins are more

extensive than those of any other castle in Great Britain, and form the subject of one of the most famous etchings in Turner's "*Liber Studiorum*." Three moats formerly surrounded the castle, but only one now remains, that round the old Keep; and the dark water under the solid masonry of this tower, with the flight of steps from the water-gate dipping down to it, makes a scene full of tragic mystery. The greater part of the building is of the Perpendicular period, and some of it is still later. In architectural detail it is perhaps less interesting than the smaller castles of Goodrich and Chepstow: it is the vastness of the structure, the dominating mass of it, which makes it impressive.

Not far from Monmouth, on the outskirts of the Forest of Dean, is the fine old church of Newland, with its remarkable tombs in the open churchyard; and in a neighbouring field is the "Newland Oak," one of the largest oaks in the kingdom, measuring 44 feet in girth at some feet from the ground.

From Monmouth to Tintern the scenery is of a quieter character, or seems so after what has been passed. It should not, however, be missed, as is sometimes advised, for it is very beautiful, and the succession of wooded hills and rich meadow-land makes a fitting variety to the grander river-reaches which have come before and are to follow. The river near the villages of Bigsweir and Brockweir is especially lovely, and the high, wooded hills on the approach to Tintern called forth Wordsworth's poem with the famous passage—



TINTERN ABBEY.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

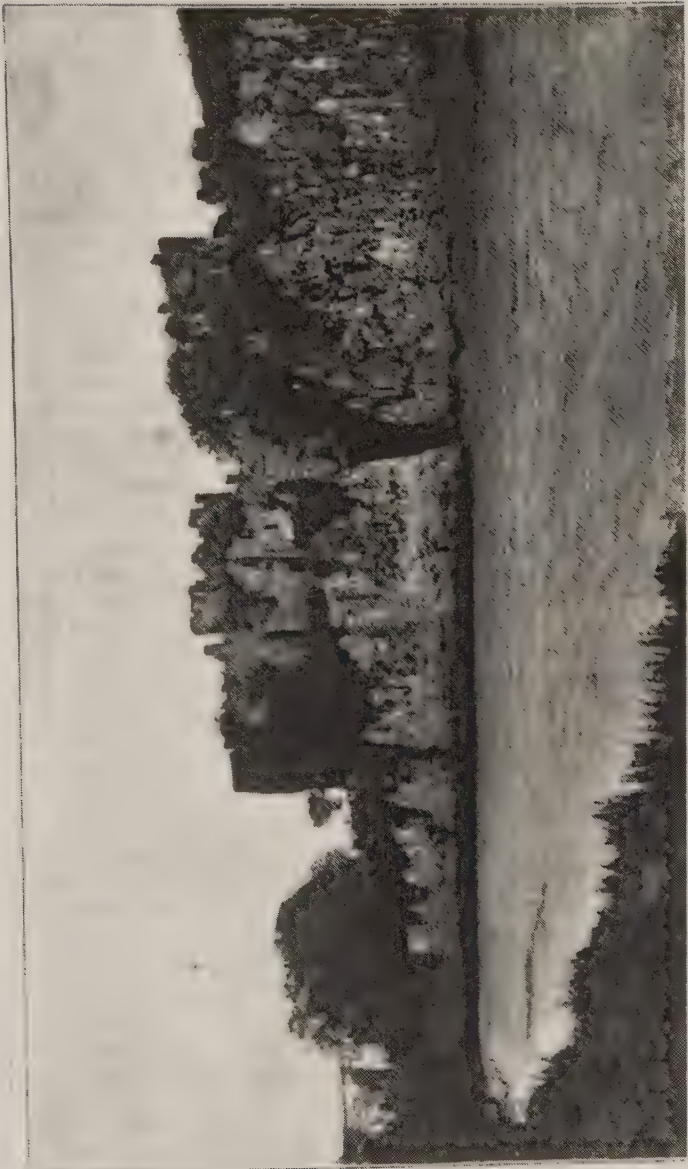
Tintern Abbey has been so often sung, painted, and described, that one hesitates to add to the volume of its praises. Its situation is beautiful, by the side of the fairest of English rivers, surrounded by wooded hills; and its architecture is beautiful, being in that happiest union of styles, the mingling of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. From any and every vantage-ground, far or near, above or below, within its ivy-clung walls, or from the hills around, it is always and ever a picture which satisfies the sense, a poem which lives in the memory. The exquisite tracery of its west window is famous, as also is its less perfect east window, the tracery-bereft circle of which romantic visitors love to see filled and fitted by the moon, as that planet rises over the wooded hill behind. An interesting scrap of history clings to Tintern in the tradition that the unhappy Edward II. took temporary refuge in the Abbey when flying from the pursuit of his "tiger-hearted" Queen and her ally the "rebel Mortimer."

From Tintern the road is lovely to Chepstow, but the river is still more so, and should on no account be missed; only, if possible, an hour should be chosen when the tide is high, and covers the thick mud of the banks. The ascent of the well-known Wyndcliff, with its wide panorama, including the Bristol Channel and the junction of the Wye and the Severn, should be

made after reaching Chepstow, from which place it is only a short drive to the slope of the hill.

On approaching Chepstow the scenery again becomes wilder, and the last few miles are perhaps equal, some think superior, to any part of the river. On one side rise the high, wooded slopes of the Wyndcliff, and on the other bank are some of the boldest and loftiest rocks on the Wye, the Bannagher Crag. Here, shortly before sighting Chepstow, the river takes a remarkable bend, almost forming a circle round a steep, wooded peninsula at Llancaut; while on the right bank, standing like forgotten sentinels, is another bold chain of rocks called the "Twelve Apostles." Above these is the richly-wooded height of the Piercefield Estate, from which Turner drew the sketch for his immortal etching of the "Junction of the Severn and the Wye."

The approach to Chepstow is a fine finish to the Wye scenery. High up, on a rocky perch above the river, stands the ruined castle, with its tall Keep and beautiful Chapel windows, rock and ruins being hardly distinguishable; while, a short way beyond, the town bridge spans the stream, and joins the counties of Monmouth and Gloucester. The scene, however, as usual, is marred by the hideous modern railway-bridge which crosses the river at a little lower point. Lazily-winged sea-gulls, and tide-worn rocks covered with thick tangle, now regretfully remind the traveller that the Channel is not far off, and that his pleasant cruise down this fairest of rivers is at an end.



After leaving the boat the old church, which contains some fine Norman work, much restored, should be visited, and also the castle. The latter has some excellent architectural details, especially the beautiful Chapel, and is noted as having been the prison for twenty years of Henry Marten, one of the signers of Charles the First's death-warrant. On the parapet of the main tower are some stone figures of armoured men, standing in natural positions as if on guard. These, like the similar ones on Carnarvon Keep, were intended to deceive an enemy as to the watchfulness of the garrison, or their numbers, at this particular post. The castle stood some stiff sieges during the Great Civil War, and changed hands more than once. The town has also a fine old Gateway, and some interesting half-timber houses.

The Wyndcliff is soon driven to from Chepstow, and is an easy climb from the point where the carriage stops. The view from the top on a clear day is of great extent and variety, and the hill itself is noted for its wealth of foliage.

The return to Malvern will probably have to be made by train *via* Gloucester, unless there is time to catch the last train by Ross and Hereford. If it be so wished, and there is no need to hurry, an extra day will permit of a visit to the Forest of Dean, by taking the train to Lydney-on-Severn (where, by the by, there is a fine church), and driving from the latter place through the beautiful forest road to the Speech-House; there passing the night, and returning to Malvern next day from the Speech-House station.

Train, or part drive, to the Forest of Dean.

The Forest of Dean occupies a high triangular tract between the Severn and the Wye, and the forest consists of a series of wooded hills rising one above another, the highest of which is about a thousand feet. Being a Royal Forest it is free to wander in, and nothing more beautiful can be imagined than to roam through its dense woods, clear of undergrowth and carpeted with ferns, past the tall oaks and beeches, and by the side of the swift streams which run down its valleys, lost to the civilised world as completely as if in Africa, save when one of the Forest mines breaks the solitude—those strange Forest mines which burst so suddenly into view, and as suddenly slip away again. There is no spot in all England where peace more completely reigns, and where the beauty of forest can be so fully understood.

Most of the great oaks were cut down for our ships during the long war with France, but there are still plenty of huge trees in various parts of the Forest, notably near the Speech-House. The latter—a building of Charles the Second's time, lately added to—was, and still is, the Forest Court-House, a remnant of feudal days. Here Forest cases are still tried, there being no appeal save to the Crown, and Counsel having no right to appear. It is let by the Crown as an Inn, and visitors will find every comfort there. It stands in a large clearing on the top of one of the high Forest hills, by the

side of an old Roman road whose pavement is still visible. Forest is on every side, and the view in front of a great sloping glade, studded with some enormous oaks, beeches, and hollies, and the forest-clad hills interminable in the distance beyond, is as fine a piece of nature as could be wished for.

Some beautiful trips can be made from the Speech-House. The famous Danby Beeches are only a drive of four miles, and are probably the finest group of beeches in England, some being of giant size. Unhappily, the finest of all lost its chief limb in a storm some years ago, and is spoiled of its once unique grandeur. These trees are picturesquely placed on the steep slope of a hill which looks down on the Severn Estuary where the great bridge crosses it near Sharpness Point. Another fine drive is to the Double View and the Buckstone (which, since its fall, is no longer a "rocking-stone"), both on the Monmouth road, and commanding glorious views of the Wye and the Forest of Dean. Visitors choosing to return home by Monmouth can take these on the way. St. Briavels Castle, an interesting old relic, is about eight miles from the Speech-House. The celebrated High Beeches, the tallest in the Forest, are on the road to Lydbrook, and only about three miles from the Speech-House. The quaint little town of Coleford, about three to four miles off, is interesting as possessing a tall May-pole still erect in the market-place.

Visitors from Malvern can reach the Speech-House either by way of Ross and Lydbrook

(G.W.R. the whole way, or driving¹ or walking from Lydbrook along the edge of the Forest); or by M.R. to Berkeley Road Junction, and thence by the Severn and Wye line; or by G.W.R. to Monmouth, and the beautiful drive from that place; or, lastly, if they combine the trip with that down the Wye, by train from Chepstow to Lydney-on-Severn, and the fine drive through the Forest. Those who can only spare one day can, by taking the early train straight to the Speech-House, see much of the best Forest scenery round the latter, and can also drive to the Danby Beeches, returning to Malvern the same evening.

Occasional Excursion.

Train and Steamer to Ilfracombe.

If it were not so easily managed, the above excursion from almost the middle of England would seem ridiculous. Yet a sea and river trip of over 170 miles, full of variety and interest, is comfortably accomplished in one day—a long day, it is true, but with no great fatigue to the excursionist. Whoever conceived the idea of this trip deserves praise for the “happy thought” of it, for it is certainly original in its way, and surprises as much as it pleases. These excursions are only occasional, during the summer season, and may be, though it is to be hoped they will not be, discontinued at any time.

¹ In this case a carriage must be ordered beforehand from the Speech-House to meet the train.

So far as Malvern is concerned, a Midland train starts at about 6.30 a.m. for Sharpness Point, the only change being at Ashchurch Junction, and the only halt after the latter place being at Cheltenham, so that the railway journey is a quick one. A large and well-appointed steamer is waiting at Sharpness, and starts at about 9 o'clock. The return third fare by rail is 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the return saloon fare to Ilfracombe is 5*s.* 6*d.* Excellent meals are served on board, breakfast 2*s.*, dinner 2*s.* 6*d.*, tea 2*s.* A lesser fare is to Weston-super-Mare, the only place at which the boat calls going and returning.

The whole trip is full of interest. The scenery of the Severn Estuary, though not bold, is quietly beautiful; and the yellow water of the river, the rich red sandstone banks, thickly wooded on the right side where the Forest of Dean sweeps down to it, with the Cotteswold Hills in the near distance on the left, make a scene alike vivid in colour and varied in form. The great Severn Bridge spans the estuary at Sharpness, and soon after leaving the latter the tall spire of Lydney-on-Severn comes into view on the right side. On the same side, a little lower down, the Wye enters the Severn—very quietly and unpretentiously after its grand doings higher up. The buildings of Chepstow are just seen in the background, some miles inland, and more plainly the wooded peak of the famous Wyndcliff. Farther down, the noted Severn Tunnel is crossed opposite Portskewet on the west side. Near here is St. Tecla's Isle, a tiny

island said to have been formerly a point of embarkation for pilgrims to the Holy Land. The ruins of an ancient chapel, St. Tecla's, are also said to exist on the island. In the distance, on the right, the smoke of Newport, Monmouthshire, can be seen, and the opening of the river Usk. Avonmouth and Portishead, and later on Clevedon and Weston-super-Mare, appear on the other side, with Cardiff on the Welsh coast opposite.

After Weston, where the steamer calls, the small islands of the Steep and the Flat Holme are passed, in the former of which the mother of Harold is said to have lived and died after her son's defeat at Hastings, and Gildas to have retired and written part of his history. Then comes the scenery of the Somersetshire coast, with Bridgwater Bay and the small town of Minehead in the distance, the Quantock Hills and Dunkery Beacon (1,707 ft.) rising up far behind. Next, close to the left, follows the rich coast of North Devon, with the lovely little bay of Lynmouth; and there is no break in the beauty all the way to Ilfracombe. Here, about four hours are allowed for rambling over the rocks and cliffs; and then comes the pleasant sail back, with perhaps a glorious sunset over the sea; until once more the excursionist is landed at Sharpness, and is soon spinning home through the West-Midland fields, wondering whether his 176 miles blow on sea and river is a fact or a dream.

The G.W.R. Co. run similar trips by rail to Chepstow, and thence by steamer to Weston-

super-Mare and Ilfracombe. In this excursion you have some beautiful peeps of the Wye scenery, but the Severn Estuary is missed.

PART VII.
NATURAL HISTORY OF THE
DISTRICT.

Geology.

THE rich soil of the Natural History of Malvern has already been so fully cultivated that the author only proposes to touch it lightly, leaving those interested in the various subjects to consult other works which deal with them in detail.

As regards Geology, the Malvern district is well known to all students as being one of the most interesting in the world, and it has received the attention of some of the most noted of past and present geologists. Those who wish to study the subject further are referred to the standard works of the late Professor John Phillips, who devoted Part II. of the Second Volume of the "Geological Survey" to this neighbourhood; and also to the writings of the late Sir Roderick Murchison, who wrote the greater part of his celebrated "Siluria" within sight of the Malvern Hills. Those who desire a more popular account cannot do better than read the two excellent little books, "Severn

Straits" and "Old Stones," by the late Rev. W. S. Symonds, the one dealing with the more recent formations of the eastern valley, and the other chiefly with the great Silurian System west of the hills. Numerous papers by the late Dr. Holl, Mr. Frank Rutley, and Dr. Callaway, are to be found in the past issues of the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society.

Probably no better centre can be found for studying the great Silurian System than Malvern. Immediately west of the hills are innumerable quarries and exposed strata of the deepest interest, though many of them, it is true, are no longer the fruitful mines they were thirty years ago.

Above Cradley, on the Bromyard road, are the Old Red Sandstone quarries famous for their fish-beds. From here, or close by, the late Dr. R. B. Grindrod obtained his nearly perfect specimen of *Cephalaspis Lyellii*, which is now either in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, or in the Oxford University Museum, the author forgets which.

As Mr. Symonds and other writers frequently allude to Dr. Grindrod's famous collection as being still in Malvern, it may be well to state here that this collection is now in the University Museum, Oxford, where it can always be seen. The author would also like to express his gratitude to the Authorities of the University Museum for their kind compliment in calling the above section of the Museum by its Collector's name.

At Brockhill quarry, at the bottom of Purlieu Lane, which is reached through a gate a little to the north of the Wyche-Cutting, there is an interesting section of Upper Ludlow Limestone and Downton and Old Red Sandstone, with a narrow seam of fish-bone deposit.

Lower Ludlow can be studied at Brockhill also, and many characteristic fossils of this formation were found at the mouth of both the Malvern and the Ledbury tunnels.

Woolhope and Wenlock Limestone beds will be well seen near the lodge leading into Eastnor Park, and the road to Eastnor Castle runs on a ridge of the latter formation. Wenlock Limestone in a shaly form, and very rich in remains of *Trilobites*, may be studied down Purlieu Lane below the Wyche-Cutting. Many of Dr. R. B. Grindrod's finest *Trilobites* were obtained from Dudley, where perhaps the Wenlock formation is better seen than anywhere else.

Wenlock Limestone can be examined in the long-abandoned "Ballard's quarry" below the Wyche-Cutting.

What is known as "Miss Phillips' Conglomerate," the union of Llandovery or May Hill Sandstone with the Malvern rock, may still be seen on the western slope of the Worcestershire Beacon, and in some other sites.

Hollybush Sandstone is best seen in the quarry on the west side of the Raggedstone, off the Ledbury and Tewkesbury road, and in the Gullet.

A good quarry of May Hill Sandstone is on the west side of the Swinyerd Hill, just north of the top of the Gullet.

Near the western mouth of the White-leaved Oak is the curious and very early formation called "Black Shale"—once mistaken by an unlucky speculator for coal—and which contains the minutest known species of *Trilobite*. South of this, under the Keys End Hill, is the kindred "White Shale," containing similar fossils.

The Malvern Hills are of Igneous origin, and mainly consist of Diorite,¹ being composed of quartz, felspar, hornblende, and mica (secondary); but the rocks present many varieties in different places, ranging from Diabase to nearly true Granite. Other minerals also occur, notably the rich green Chlorite, well seen at the Wyche-Cutting. Some of the rocks have a certain appearance of bedding, and this is perhaps best seen on the road to the Wyche, and also on the road to the Wind's Point, above Little Malvern Priory. The high tilt of the New Red Sandstone against the Syenite rock at North Malvern, and also on the Worcester road, is of much interest.

Many interesting geological trips may be taken from Malvern—to the Wenlock Limestone at Dudley, and also at Wenlock Edge; to the Downton Sandstone beds, near Ludlow; to the Caradoc Limestone facing Church Stretton, and the equally interesting formations of the Longmynd range opposite, with the famous Stiper

¹ The name "Syenite," formerly applied by Geologists to the main part of the Igneous rock of the Malvern Hills, is now being disused, but it will probably be some time before ordinary mortals drop the familiar title.

Stones still farther west ; to the well-known Starfish beds of the Lower Ludlow at Leintwardine, near Ludlow ; to the intensely interesting basaltic Clee Hills, with the exposed Mountain Limestone, which reappears on Pen-cerrig-calch, in the Black Mountains, amidst the Old Red Sandstone ; to the Aymestry Limestone near Leominster, or at Backbury Hill near Stoke Edith, a place close at hand, and full of geologic interest as well as picturesque scenery ; and to a host of other spots, near and far, which a glance at Murchison's "*Siluria*," or Mr. Symonds' "*Old Stones*," will give the cue to.

Botany.

It would be almost impossible to give here a list of the plants found in the district, and readers are referred to the works of the late Mr. Edwin Lees, of Worcester—who has given a practically complete list of Malvern flora—and Mr. Towndrow, of Malvern. Considering, also, the habit which many people have of carrying off *all* the specimens they find, one is not much disposed to divulge the secret refuge of rare plants. The author, moreover, is only a very poor amateur botanist, and must content himself with pointing out a few of the trees and plants he is personally acquainted with.

Among forest trees visitors will be struck with the abundance of Maples, Service-trees, and Guelder-roses, not only as hedge-makers, but as fine-grown standards. A specimen of the far-rarer Sorb-tree once stood in Wyre Forest near

Bewdley, but was destroyed some years ago by a tramp's fire, to the eternal disgust of that excellent botanist, Mr. Lees. Some fine specimens of the Maple may be seen above and below the Holy Well, one especially, standing by itself on the hill-side above the spring. In the meadows on the east side of Brockhill, below the Wyche, are some good specimens of the Guelder-rose, and also in the Cradley lanes. This tree abounds in the neighbourhood of Monmouth. A fine Service-tree is in the lane leading from the Chase to Sherrard's Green, and there is another at the opening of the lane from Pickersleigh to Madresfield. Some still finer specimens are on the left bank of the Severn close to the Blackstone Rocks, Bewdley.

Some of the Thorns on the Wells Hills are of great antiquity, more than their size indicates; and here also are some fine Hollies, although dwarfs to those in the Forest of Dean, near the Speech-House, some of which Mr. Lees reckons to have been where they are when the Romans occupied the district. Fine specimens of the Elder abound on the Malvern Hills, particularly towards the southern end.

The Hornbeam is thickly planted at the Holy Well, and is quite a feature of the wooded path called "Byron's Walk," the picturesque effect of which is not a little due to the angular, weird-looking trunks and boughs of these trees.

The Limes in the fields south of Little Malvern Priory are of extraordinary size, and worth a long march to see, the side of one being like the wall of a small house in breadth. The

tree on the lawn of Little Malvern Court, though much younger, is of immense height and girth of foliage, and probably as beautiful a specimen as can be found in England. The famous Portugal Laurel in the same grounds, and close to the road, is said to be the largest in Europe.

The great tree called Friar's Elm, on Barnard's Green, is a very old specimen, and can be easily seen. Some of the Elms, also, lining the steep glade leading from Hawk Hill to Blackmore Park are of noble height and girth, and the finest in the neighbourhood. Hawk Hill is just east of Pool Brook, and makes a very pleasant ramble, except when the wind is blowing from the north.

The Devil's Oak, just below the Cemetery, in the lane leading to Sherrard's Green, is an old specimen, pollarded, but far inferior to the Haunted Oak on the road between Upton and Tewkesbury. There are some fine Oaks in Colwall, and a fine one above Little Malvern Priory. A grand one is on the road to Hereford close to Stoke Edith, and known as the Tarrington Oak. The finest of all is the Newland Oak, near Monmouth, and which is about 44 feet in girth some feet above the ground.

This is a great country for Yews. Eastnor Park is full of them, some of great size. Several grand specimens are in the lane to the south of Colwall, leading to the Colwall and Ledbury road. A magnificent specimen is in Cradley churchyard, another in Eldersfield churchyard,

and yet another in that of Staunton Swan. An enormous one stands, or stood, on the curiously-shaped Conygree Hill, Bromsberrow.

Some fine Willows, both Black and White, fringe the Severn some miles above Worcester. The finest—an immense specimen—has unfortunately disappeared.

Some very fine specimens of the Wych Elm are to be seen on the hill above Old Colwall, on the way to Wellington Heath.

Several unusually large Alders, lately swept away, grew in the valley now occupied by the new Water-works.

Malvern is rich in Lichens and Fungoids, but poor in Ferns. The author remembers the Oak-fern in great abundance at the top of the quarry at North Malvern, but thirty years ago it had all been transferred to local gardens. The Parsley Fern is said to grow on the Camp Hill, but no one who is in the secret will betray its hiding. *Lastrea Oreopteris* and *L. Spinulosa* grew plentifully in the swampy wood at the Camp Hill, but have been abolished by the new Water-works. *Asplenium Trichomanes* and *A. Adiantum Nigrum* are still abundant, and *A. Ruta Muraria*—which once grew thickly on the walls of Great Malvern Priory—is sparingly found, as also is *Ceterach Officinalis*. *Blechnum Spicant* is very common in some of the woods on the west side of the hills, and absent in others. The Adder's Tongue is found plentifully in the fields below Malvern Link, and in other situations. *A. Viride* is found in the Black Mountains, and formerly grew on a bridge

over the Teme, in Worcestershire. The common Hart's-Tongue is rare near Malvern, but occurs not far away in many places.

Several of the rarer species of Orchis were fairly common round Malvern, but have nearly been exterminated by useless removal, and the less said about what remain the better. Pyramidalis, which can hardly be exterminated, grows to luxuriant size in the woods west of the Wyche, and still more finely on Sarn Hill, Tewkesbury. The Frog Orchis is also very common in the above woods; and, north of the latter, the Bee, the Fly, and other species, are still sometimes found.

Another rare plant which selfish people have done their best to exterminate, instead of being content to enjoy its beauty where it grows, is the exquisite Drooping Star of Bethlehem, which grows south of the Malvern Hills, somewhere between the latter and the Bristol Channel. The Yellow Star of Bethlehem, which grew in Purlieu Lane below the Wyche, *has* been exterminated, or practically so.

The beautiful Yellow Rock Rose, *Helianthemum Vulgare*, grows everywhere on the limestone west of the hills—thickly in Purlieu Lane, and almost continuously from here to Cradley and Bachelor's Bridge, and even on the Camp Hill, where there is no limestone.

The lovely Blue Cranesbill is found in abundance by the Severn and Avon, in Castle Morton, round Bredon Hill, and in many other places.

The Autumn Crocus, or Meadow Saffron, is

also very common on both sides of the hills, especially the western. In places it covers the fields along the banks of the Severn for miles.

The Daffodil also defies extinction in this part of the country, and may be said to occupy the land between Castle Morton and far beyond Hereford. In Spring the meadows and woods are gay with its rich pale-yellow bloom, and, if it happens to be in flower the wrong side of Easter, visitors will have a treat not soon forgotten.

Another very common flower all round Malvern is the White Violet, which grows almost everywhere in the neighbourhood, and scents the lanes with its perfume.

The Pasque Flower (*Anemone Pulsatilla*) grows in the neighbourhood of the Broadway, and in a few places nearer home.

The rare, or very local, Herb Paris, with its characteristic four leaves (but sometimes having three, five, or six), grows almost as freely as nettles not a long way from the shadow of the Worcestershire Beacon.

On the eastern side of the hills many plants grow which indicate the former forest of Malvern Chase—the Dwarf Broom, for example, which in early Summer covers the fields below the Malvern Wells road. In one or two of these fields, moreover, the deep blue Corn Flower thrives luxuriantly.

The author has found the beautiful Blue Succory near Pendock Cross, and also on the road between Cheltenham and Bishop's Cleeve, but doubtless it occurs nearer.

In June the hills in many parts are white with White Bedstraw, which is followed later by the Yellow variety. They are also, in good years, purple with the Foxglove, which almost covers large tracts of the slopes. Here, too, the pretty, æsthetic-hued Carline Thistle grows, very dwarf and dainty in this situation.

In late Summer the hills and commons are also covered with the graceful pale-blue Harebell; and along Barnard's Green road is the rarer deep-hued, long-belled, purple variety. The Giant Campanula grows also in the woods, especially on the western side of the hills. Many varieties of the Potentilla tribe are found in the district, particularly in Purlieu Lane and near the Gullet.

Mr. Lees mentions the rare *Narcissus Biflorus* as plentiful in Bromsberrow, but it may be doubted whether that wary naturalist expected any one to find it; and also the *Anemone Apennina* (Blue Mountain Anemone) as being found near Upton-on-Severn. The same authority mentions the Blue Marsh Vetchling as still flourishing in the Longdon marshes, a locality of the greatest interest to botanists.

The common Teasel attains an immense height—six to eight or more feet—in the wood on the south side of Sarn Hill, near Tewkesbury; and here also, in fair abundance, is the rare Stinking Iris, mainly found in the West of England. The common Yellow Flag blooms well in plenty of marshy places within easy reach, and the popular Forget-me-not is singularly fine in the damp corners of Purlieu Lane.

The interesting little Sun-dew is found in swampy ground near West Malvern, and the pretty Yellow Pimpernel is not uncommon on the boggy patches of Malvern Common, and the fields south of the latter. This bright, starry little flower almost carpets the Forest of Dean in the month of June.

Entomology.

The district round Malvern is particularly rich in Lepidoptera. It is impossible to give here a list of the moths to be taken either on the wing or by "sugaring." Mr. Edwards, the indefatigable Malvern collector, furnished a fairly-complete list of the Lepidoptera of the neighbourhood, published with the Rev. E. Horton's article in the "Transactions of the Malvern Field Club," 1870. The author must be content with referring Entomologists to this list, and with assuring them that the district is as rich as there described, as he has himself to some extent personally proved.

To the above list, however, the author may perhaps add or correct something from his own experience. The rare Camberwell Beauty (*Vanessa Antiope*) is there stated to have been "once seen in a garden in Malvern," whereas the author has a good specimen in his cabinet, set by himself, and brought alive to him by a patient who caught it near the College grounds. This specimen had evidently hybernated, probably in some crevice of a wall. *V. Cardui* (the Painted Lady) is given as occasionally common. It can hardly

be called common in Malvern, but it is to be seen on the top of the Wells Hills every Summer in fair numbers, not to speak of other places. V. Polychloros (the Large Tortoiseshell) is also given as being found at Bushley and Forthampton, but it was once pretty common in Malvern itself, especially on the west side of the hills. The Purple Emperor, again, is described as having been "once seen on the wing" by Mr. Edwards, which might give the idea of its having been only once come across, whereas that collector told the author that he had taken a fair number of specimens (not on the wing, but by rotten meat) in the Eastnor Woods. The Large Heath is described as "common everywhere." This must surely be a slip, and perhaps the Large Meadow Brown is intended. C. Porcellus (the small Elephant Hawk-moth) is given as scarce, but it would be better described as fitful in appearance. One Summer the author saw numbers of this moth in his garden, and captured several, and he has seen them fairly plentiful in other years, though they certainly cannot be called common.

The beautiful Comma (V. C-Album) is a feature in this district, being really a common butterfly amongst the hop-gardens on the west side of the hills.

The Fritillary tribe are another feature of the woods at the back of West Malvern—the High-brown, Silver-washed, Dark-green, and Large and Small Pearl-bordered species being all pretty common. The Greasy Fritillary was formerly very commonly found in Cowleigh

Park wood, but the draining of the land has driven it farther afield.

In the same wood the pretty little Wood White was thirty years ago almost as common as the Cabbage White is in a garden, but it is now much rarer, and, oddly enough, its defection dates from the creation of Malvern College. The Black-veined White used to be found in Cradley and the district beyond, but not commonly. The beautiful Marbled White was once common enough at the southern end of Bredon Hill, where the author has caught many specimens, and perhaps it is so still.

The Green Hairstreak is common everywhere, and some of the rarer members of the tribe (*W-Album*, etc.) are to be met with in the neighbourhood of the Gullet.

The Grayling is abundant at the White-leaved Oak, especially at the great quarry on the east side of the Raggedstone.

The Clouded Yellow, though properly a denizen of the chalk districts, is not infrequently met with in the fields between Malvern Wells and Hanley Castle, as well as in other places. One year the author saw large numbers in the fields close to Blackmore Park.

The larvæ of the Death's Head moth used to be brought to the author often enough to suggest the species being not uncommon in the district.

The Poplar, Privet, Lime, Eyed, and Humming Bird Hawk moths are met with in fair abundance; the large Elephant Hawk moth less commonly, and the small Elephant (*Porcellus*)

still less commonly. One of the most interesting captures the author was lucky enough to make was the beautiful larva of the Scarce Spotted Hawk moth (*D. Galii*). It was found on the Old Hills, and developed into a very fine male specimen. The preparation for transition was curious, as the caterpillar neither buried in the earth, nor spun a cocoon above ground, but made a compromise, tossing up the soil all over its moist web, so as to form an earthy shell.

The very local Scarce Magpie moth is abundant in the wood at the back of West Malvern, near the Rifle Range.

For the countless other moths, including the Noctuidæ, impossible to give here, the above list, or others yet more complete, must be referred to.

The Lobster moth is very properly described in this list as scarce, and it reminds the author of a story which Mr. Humphrey, the well-known Entomologist, told him years ago. This moth is sometimes taken on lamp-posts, even in large towns, and an enthusiastic collector, a Mr. Douglas, after long searching for it, one night discovered a specimen fluttering round a gas-lamp on the outskirts of London. He quickly swarmed the lamp-post, and, pill-box in hand, was just about to effect the insect's capture, when a policeman grabbed him by the leg, and shouting—"Come out of this, young feller!"—began to pull him down. "Hush! hush!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas excitedly, "I tell you it's a Lobster!" "I'll lobster you!" cried the

policeman, enraged at the levity, and quickly pulled the naturalist down, not, however, before the latter had boxed his prize. Mr. Douglas, after great trouble, succeeded in satisfying *his* captor that he had meant no harm, and the much-puzzled officer at length released him with the remark—"Yer seem to be a hinnercent sort of a fool, but yer know yer told me a lie—yer said it was a lobster!"

Ornithology.

In the above-quoted volume of the "Malvern Field Club" an interesting list is given of the birds of the district by Mr. Edwin Lees, taken largely from observations made by Mr. Blyth, the late Dr. R. B. Grindrod, and Mr. Edwards.

Amongst the rapacious birds the Kite is mentioned as formerly haunting the Malvern Hills; and the Peregrine Falcon, the Honey and the Common Buzzard, the Hen Harrier, the Hobby, the Merlin Hawk, the Sparrow Hawk, and the Kestrel, are cited as having been seen or taken in the near neighbourhood within recent years. The Kestrel is very common on the Wells Hills, and the author has seen as many as seven or eight during one walk. Two fine Buzzards were taken not long ago in the Forest of Dean, which is a great refuge for rare birds.

The Tawny, Long-eared, Short-eared, and White Owls, are also given as belonging to the district.

The Ring-Ouzel frequents the hills in Autumn, and the Water-Ouzel is common about the

valley streams, especially on the western side. The author has seen numbers of them wading in the rivers Lug and Wye.

The Grasshopper Warbler is not uncommon in this district; and not long ago the author saw on Malvern Common a pair of Yellow Wagtails, and also a Great Spotted Woodpecker. Mr. Edwards says that the Lesser-Spotted Woodpecker is plentiful about Madresfield. The Green Woodpecker is very common in the woods by the Holy Well.

Nightingales are plentiful in the valleys below, and are present even on the hills. Not many years ago they could be heard in the gardens of Malvern itself, especially in the wooded grounds above the Worcester road.

Whinchats and Stonechats are all over the hills, and build in the gorse-bushes. Their strange clicking chatter, as they flit from bush to bush, is familiar to all who walk the hills.

Golden-crested Wrens are also fairly common; and in the valley, by Madresfield for instance, Goldfinches. Bullfinches are pretty plentiful, especially when the gooseberries are swelling. Hawfinches are at times plentiful, as also are Crossbills. This severe January (1895) the author saw large numbers of the latter in his garden, pecking at the fir-bobs of the larches, and their rich deep-red colouring looked vividly bright against the snow.

The curious Nuthatch is sometimes come across. Last summer (1894) the author saw a fine specimen running up a tree near Severn End.

The Kingfisher is not so common as it was, thanks to the foolery of fashion. Many years ago, when the author was fishing at the Moat, Sherrard's Green, a couple of these birds settled on his rod—rather a compliment to an angler. It would be interesting to know if any are still seen so near Malvern.

Wild Ducks are not uncommonly met with ; and Wild Geese are occasionally seen flying across country, or visiting such pieces of water as New Pool below the Wells road. The author has several times seen Heron at this pool, and also by the Teme at Powick.

In bad weather Gulls, also, may now and then be seen flying over the hills, having been driven up the Severn by stress of storm.

Land and Fresh-water Mollusca.

Those interested in this branch of natural history are referred to a paper by the late G. H. Griffiths, M.D., in the same volume, quoted above, of the " Transactions of the Malvern Field Club."

INDEX

- Abergavenny, 54, 57, 213, 214,
 215, 216, 217.
 Abberley Hill, 54, 55, 81, 92,
 155, 227.
 Abbey Dore, 58, 209, 210.
 Alcester, 203.
 Alfrick, 92.
 Alney Isle, 45, 172, 187, 198.
 Ankerdine Hill, 54, 81, 91, 92,
 200, 224, 228.
 Areley Kings, 156, 228.
 Arley Castle, 228-232.
 Arrow River, 61, 203.
 Ashchurch Junction, 118, 123,
 124, 179, 181, 186, 257.
 Ashleworth, 129, 132-137.
 Astley, 156.
 Avonmouth, 258.
 Avon River, 47, 49, 61, 114, 115,
 116, 117, 118, 121, 182, 183,
 184, 185, 202, 203, 205.
 Avon River, Bristol, 213.

 Bachelor's Bridge, 90, 268.
 Backbury Hill, 158, 264.
 "Ballard's Drive," 72.
 "Ballard's Quarry," 262.
 Bannagher Crags, 250.
 Barber's Bridge, 141.
 Bardon Hill, 42, 50.
 Barnard's Green, 80, 81, 93, 266,
 270.
 Bear's Wood, 91.

 Beckford, 48, 122, 179, 201.
 Bengeworth, 48, 185.
 Berkeley Canal, 187, 202.
 Berkeley Castle, 198, 202.
 Berkeley Road Junction, 202,
 203, 256.
 Berrow, The, 53, 110, 111, 127
 128, 129.
 Berwyn Range, 56.
 Besford Church and Court, 124,
 126. [265.
 Bewdley, 51, 186, 218, 228-232,
 Bigswear, 246.
 Birkenhead, 7.
 Birdlip Hill, 46.
 Birlingham, 118.
 Birmingham, 7, 42, 43, 50, 185,
 206, 208, 209.
 Birts Morton Court and Church,
 53, 68, 109, 131.
 Bishop's Cleeve, 46, 148, 167,
 181, 269.
 Black Country, The, 51, 217.
 Black Hill, The, 56.
 Blackmore Park, 53, 266, 273.
 Black Mountains, The, 57, 58,
 59, 158, 174, 187, 211, 213,
 215, 216, 264, 267.
 Blackstone Rocks and Caves,
 186, 228-231, 265.
 Bloody Meadow, The, 110, 111.
 Bloreng, The, 58, 233.
 Bosbury, 60, 152, 153.

- Boughrood Bridge, 239.
 Bradlow Knoll, 60.
 Bransford Bridge, 81.
 Bransill Castle, 60, 65.
 Breconshire, 42, 213.
 Brecon Beacons, 58.
 Brecon Priory and Town, 214, 215, 216.
 Bredon Camp, 47, 121.
 Bredon Church and Village, 48, 114, 116, 148, 167, 201.
 Bredon Hill, 15, 47, 115, 117, 118, 268, 274.
 Bredon's Norton, 48.
 Bridgnorth, 218, 232.
 Bridge's Stone, 90, 91.
 Bridgewater Bay, 258.
 Brierley Hill, 43, 50.
 Bristol, 7, 213. [249, 250.
 Bristol Channel, 45, 187, 203.
 Broadway Beacon and Village, 7, 49, 200, 201, 269.
 Brockridge Common, 115, 116.
 Brockhill, 72, 262.
 Brockweir, 246.
 Bromsberrow, 71, 130, 137, 267.
 Bromsberrow Church, 128.
 Bromsgrove, 42, 50, 185.
 Bromyard, 157, 199.
 Bromyard Down, 55, 157.
 Brooms Green, 137.
 Brooms Heath, 146.
 Buckstone, The, 255.
 Buildwas Abbey, 218, 238, 239.
 Builth, 238-239.
 Bushley, 272.
 Bwlch Pass, 216.
 "Byron's Walk," 265.
 Caer Caradoc, 55, 219.
 Caermarthen, 58.
 Cain's Cross, 46, 237-238.
 Camer's Green, 71, 72, 128, 129, 140, 141, 144.
 Camp Hill or Herefordshire Beacon, 3, 39, 40, 41, 64, 147, 267, 268.
 Caradoc Range, 55, 219, 263.
 Cardiff, 258.
 Cardiff Castle, 197.
 Castle Morton, 53, 112, 268, 269.
 Castle Morton Common, 70, 71, 112, 148, 186.
 Cefn Moel, 216.
 Chance's Pitch, 71, 148, 151, 152.
 Charlecote, 205.
 Chase or Forest of Malvern, 19, 39, 40, 65, 69, 75, 80, 102, 115, 269.
 Chase, The, 265.
 Cheltenham, 4, 43, 46, 132, 178, 179, 209, 257, 269.
 Chepstow, 58, 240, 249, 250, 253, 256, 257.
 Chepstow Castle, 246, 250, 253, 212.
 Chester and Cheshire, 42, 56, 212.
 Child's Wickham, 202.
 Churchdown, 45.
 Church Stretton, 55, 218, 219, 220, 263.
 Cirencester, 209.
 Clee Hills, 56, 199, 264.
 Cleeve Cloud, 46, 178, 179, 181.
 Clent Hills, 50.
 Cleobury Mortimer, 55, 200.
 Clevedon, 258.
 Clevelode Ferry, 94.
 Clifford Castle, 240.
 Clifton, 213.
 Clifton-on-Teme, 92.

- Clincher's Mill, 71.
 Clun Castle, 56.
 Coalbrook Dale, 218.
 Coddington, 60, 153.
 Coldwell Rocks, 243, 245.
 Coleford, 255.
 Colwall, 60, 72, 152, 153, 266.
 Colwall, Old, 152, 267.
 Comberton, Great, 48, 122, 202.
 Comberton, Little, 48, 122, 202.
 Conderton Camp, 121.
 Conygree Hill, 128, 267.
 Corse Church, 129, 138, 141.
 Corse Lawn, 130, 131, 137, 139.
 Cotteswold Hills, 43, 45, 46,
 115, 130, 178, 179, 180, 181,
 187, 235-238.
 Coventry, 201, 206.
 Cowleigh Park, 10, 75, 91, 248,
 272.
 Cradley, 10, 61, 75, 261, 265,
 266, 268, 273.
 Craven Arms Junction, 218, 220.
 Credenhill, 59.
 Crickhowell, 216.
 Croome D'Abitôt, 52.
 Croome, Earls, 52, 105, 106.
 Croome, Hill, 114, 116, 202.

 Danby Beeches, 203, 255, 256.
 Dean, Forest of, 15, 45, 58, 173,
 187, 203, 243, 244, 246, 253,
 254-256, 265, 271, 275.
 Deerhurst Priory, 35, 43, 53,
 132, 167-172.
 Defford Common, 52.
 Defford Station, 123, 124.
 Derbyshire, 42.
 "Devil's Chimney," 46, 179.
 "Devil's Oak," 266.
 Devonshire, 42, 43, 58, 258.

 Dinedor Hill, 59.
 Dinmore Hill, 59.
 "Ditch-House," The, 147.
 Dog Hill, 60.
 "Double View," The, 255.
 Doward, The Great, 244.
 Doward, The Little, 245.
 "Dripping Wells," The, 244.
 Dripse Hill, 93.
 Droitwich, 51, 156.
 Dudley, 43, 50, 217, 262, 263.
 Dumbleton Hill, 48, 202.
 Dunkery Beacon, 44, 258.
 Dunstall, 52, 124.
 Dymock, 137.

 Eastington Court, 103-105.
 Eastnor Castle and Park, 60,
 70-71, 147, 152, 262, 266,
 272.
 Eastnor Church, 60, 152.
 Eckington, 48, 116, 117, 123, 202.
 Edge Hill, 42, 49.
 Eldersfield, 53, 127, 266.
 Elmley Castle, 123, 202.
 "England's Gate," 220.
 Evesham, 42, 43, 49, 121, 182,
 185, 201.
 Exmoor, 44.

 Fairford, 209.
 Forthampton, 53, 272.
 Fownhope, 232-234.
 Foy, 233.
 "Friar's Elm," 80, 266.
 Frocester Hill and Village, 46,
 236-237.
 Frome River, 54, 61.

 Gadbury Camp, 53, 127.
 Gadr-Vawr, 57, 213.

- Garway, The, 57, 211.
 Glamorgan, 42, 58.
 Gloucester, 29, 42, 43, 45, 69,
 122, 128, 186-198, 203, 209,
 214.
 Gloucestershire Beacon, or Keys
 End Hill, 40, 42, 44, 69,
 71, 263.
 Golden Valley, 58, 209, 210.
 Goodrich Castle and Court, 240,
 241, 242, 246.
 Gotherington Hill, 47.
 Grosmont Castle, 58, 209, 211.
 Guarford, 93.
 Gullet Pass, 44, 65, 66, 70, 262,
 270, 273.
 Guy's Cliff, 204, 205, 206.
 Hagley, 50.
 Hallow, 224, 227, 228.
 Ham Bridge, 92, 224, 227.
 Ham Castle, 227.
 Ham Court, 113, 159.
 Ham Mill, 224-227.
 Hanley Castle, 53, 97, 102, 113.
 Hanley Hall, 102.
 Hanley Swan, 53, 102.
 Hartlebury, 186.
 Hartpury, 129, 137, 141, 144.
 Hasfield Church and Court, 134,
 139, 140, 141.
 "Haunted Oak," 115, 266.
 Haw Bridge, 131, 132, 139, 141.
 Hawk Hill, 266.
 Hay, The, 57, 213, 214, 238,
 240.
 Henwick, 93, 155, 200, 227, 228.
 Hereford, 42, 43, 54, 57, 59, 60,
 75, 173-178, 210, 211, 212,
 213, 214, 220, 240, 266, 269.
 "Hermit's Cave," 64.
 High Beeches, The, 255.
 Highnam, 45.
 Hoarwithey Bridge, 233.
 Hollybush Pass or Gullet, 44,
 65, 66, 70, 262, 270, 273.
 Holme, Flat, 258.
 Holme, Steep, 258.
 Holt Fleet and Village, 91, 154-
 155, 200, 227, 228.
 Holy Well, 11, 63, 265, 276.
 Honddu River, 215.
 Hook Common, 113.
 Hope End, 60.
 Hopton Court, 92.
 Howe Capel, 232-234.
 Hundred House, 55, 93, 199,
 200, 224, 227.
 Huntingdonshire, 42, 49.
 Ilfracombe, 256-259.
 Ilmington Hills, 48, 49.
 Inkberrow, 203.
 Ironbridge, 218.
 "Ivy Rock," 62.
 *
 "Jubilee Drive," 70.
 Kempley, 137.
 Kempsey, 52, 81, 154.
 Kenilworth Castle, 184, 204,
 206.
 Kerne Bridge, 240.
 Ketch Inn, 154.
 Ketford Bridge, 145-146.
 Keys End or Gloucestershire
 Beacon, 40, 42, 44, 69, 71,
 263.
 Kidderminster, 43, 50, 186.
 Kilpeck, 209-210.
 Kington, 221.
 Knighton, 56.

- Knightsford Bridge, 92.
 Knightwick Station, 91.
 Kynin, The, 58.
- Langley Hill, 47.
 Layamon's Cave, 155.
 Leamington, 205.
 Leckhampton Hill, 46, 178.
 Ledbury, 44, 54, 59, 60, 141,
 144, 145, 148, 152, 153, 157,
 167, 173, 178, 186, 262.
 Leddon River, 44, 61, 130, 141,
 144-146, 153.
 Leicester, 14, 42, 49, 50.
 Leigh, 93.
 Leigh Sinton, 81, 90, 93.
 Leintwardine, 264.
 Lenchford, 228.
 Leominster, 54, 57, 218, 220-
 221, 223, 264.
 Lichfield, 208.
 Lickey Hill, 43, 50, 185.
 Link Top, 93.
 Liverpool, 7.
 Llancaut, 250.
 Llangorse Pool, 213, 216. [214.
 Llanthony Abbeys, 57, 187, 213.
 Llanvihangel, 214.
 London, 7.
 Longdon, 19, 47, 99-102, 105,
 130, 131, 137, 158, 270.
 Longmynd Hills, 56, 57, 219-
 220, 263.
 Ludlow, 54, 57, 199, 218, 220,
 223, 263, 264.
 Lug River, 54, 59, 61, 158, 276.
 Lydbrook, 243, 255, 256.
 Lydney-on-Severn, 45, 253, 256,
 257.
 Lymnouth, 258.
- Madresfield Court and Village,
 51, 52, 79-80, 81, 154, 265,
 276.
 Maismore Hill and Bridge, 45,
 61, 186, 198.
 Malvern Chase or Forest, 16,
 19, 39, 40, 65, 69, 75, 80,
 102, 115, 269.
 Malvern Common, 8, 271, 276.
 Malvern, Great and district, 4-
 38.
 Malvern Hills, 39-70.
 Malvern Link, 7, 8, 9, 12, 267.
 Malvern, Little, 8, 9, 12, 39, 43,
 53, 64, 68, 70, 75-79, 265,
 266. [277.
 Malvern, Natural History, 260-
 Malvern, North, 8, 9, 263, 267.
 Malvern, South, 9, 10.
 Malvern Wells, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11,
 19, 63, 273.
 Malvern Wells Hills, 11, 12, 39,
 40, 41, 43, 63, 70, 265, 272,
 275.
 Malvern, West, 7, 8, 9, 13, 271,
 272, 274.
 Manchester, 7.
 Market Drayton, 212.
 Martley, 92, 224, 228.
 Mathon, 60, 72.
 May Hill, 45, 130, 145.
 Mendip Hills, 42, 44, 57.
 Meon Hill, 48, 49.
 Midsummer Camp, 16, 40, 41,
 44, 60, 65, 66, 67, 70, 71.
 Minehead, 258.
 "Mistletoe Oak," 147.
 Moccas Hills, 57, 59.
 Monmouth, town and shire, 42,
 54, 58, 240, 245, 246, 255,
 256, 265, 266.

- Monnow River, 54, 61, 245.
 Montgomeryshire, 42, 54, 58.
 Moorhampton, 212.
 Mordiford, 232, 234.
 Mortimer's Cross, 57, 221.
 Much Marcle, 173.
 Mynydd Troed, 213, 215.
 Mythe Hill and Bridge, 46, 158, 159.

 Nafford Mill, 116, 117-118.
 Nailsworth, 237.
 Newent, 44, 144, 145.
 New Inn, The, 177.
 Newland, Malvern, 8, 80, 93, 124.
 Newland Church, Monmouth, 246.
 "Newland Oak," Monmouth, 246, 266.
 New Mill Bridge, 224, 227.
 Newnham, 45, 61.
 New Pool, 277.
 Newport, 258.
 Newtown, 93.
 Northamptonshire, 42, 49.
 North End Hill, 40.
 North Hill, 40, 41, 62.
 Nottingham Hill, 47.

 Obelisk, The, 60, 65, 66.
 Old Hills, 52, 81, 94, 154, 274.
 Olney Isle, 172, 188.
 Ombersley, 154-155.
 Overbury, 48, 121-122.
 Oxenton Hill, 47, 48, 115.
 Oxford Museum, 261.
 Oxfordshire, 41, 49.

 Pandy, 214.
 Payford Bridge, 144.

 Peak Range, The, 42.
 Pen-cerrig-calch, 57, 213, 216, 239.
 Pendock and Pendock Cross, 52, 127, 264.
 Penyard Hill, 58.
 Perriston Hill, 173.
 Pershore, 43, 50, 52, 121, 124, 182-185, 202.
 Pickersleigh, 80, 154, 265.
 Piercefield Estate, 250.
 Pirton, 52, 106-109.
 Pixham Ferry, 51, 61, 81, 94, 124, 154.
 Plinlimmon, 42, 56.
 Pool Brook, 8, 266.
 Portishead, 258.
 Portskewet, 257.
 Powick, 51, 80, 81, 94, 277.
 Presteign, 221.
 "Priors" or "White House," 94.
 Pull Court, 113, 158. [270.
 Purlieu or Purly Lane, 262, 268,

 Quantock Hills, 44, 58, 258.

 Radnor Forest, 56, 57.
 Radnorshire, 42, 56, 221.
 Raggedstone Hill and Pass, 40, 41, 42, 44, 66, 67-69, 70, 71, 72, 148, 262, 273.
 Raglan Castle, 241, 245-246.
 Raglan Footpath Station, 245.
 Ragley Park and Hall, 203.
 Redditch, 50.
 Redmarley, 130, 144.
 Redstone Ferry, 156.
 Rhayader, 239.
 Rhydd Ferry, 61, 93, 94, 102, 113.

- Ribbesford Hill, 231.
 Rigeway Line of Hills, 43, 49;
 50, 61.
 Ripple, 47, 113, 114, 117.
 "Rising Sun" Inn, 46, 236.
 Robin Hood's Butts, 59, 212.
 Robin's Wood Hill, 45.
 Ross, 54, 58, 173, 240-241.

 Sarn Hill, 46, 268, 270.
 "Seven Sisters" Rocks, 245.
 "Severn Bank," 52.
 Severn End, 97-99, 113.
 Severn Estuary, 43, 45, 64, 203,
 255, 257, 259.
 Severn River, 14, 15, 17, 43, 44,
 45, 46, 47, 50, 51, 52, 54,
 61, 81, 94, 97, 105, 106,
 109, 112, 113, 132, 136, 139,
 154, 155, 156, 158, 186, 187,
 202, 203, 212, 218, 223, 249,
 250, 253, 254, 256, 257, 260,
 265, 267, 268, 269, 277.
 Severn Stoke, 52, 109.
 Sharpness Point, 45, 61, 187,
 255, 257, 258.
 Shelsley Beauchamp, 227.
 Sherrard's Green, 80, 265, 266,
 277.
 Sherridge, 91.
 Shobdon, 221.
 Shrawley, 228.
 Shrewsbury, 42, 54, 56, 59, 93,
 212, 219.
 Shropshire or Salop, 15, 42, 54,
 55, 56, 199, 200, 220.
 Skyrid Vawr, 57.
 "Slaughter, The," 244.
 Somerset, 42, 44, 258.
 Speech-House, The, 253, 254,
 255, 256, 265.

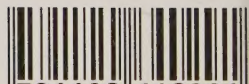
 Spetchley, 203.
 Staffordshire, 42, 217.
 Stanford Bridge, 224, 227.
 St. Anne's Delight, 63.
 St. Anne's Well, 18, 63.
 Staunton Swan, 129-130, 137,
 138, 139, 141, 144, 186, 267.
 St. Briavel's Castle, 255.
 St. Devereux Station, 210.
 Stifford Bridge, 91.
 Stinchcombe Hill, 46, 237.
 Stiper Stones, 263-264.
 St. John's, Worcester, 82, 155.
 Stoke Edith, 59, 157-158, 264,
 266.
 Stoke Prior, 51.
 Stokesay Castle, 218, 220.
 Storrige Beck, 91.
 Storrige Brook, 91.
 Stourbridge, 43, 50, 51.
 Stourport, 43, 50, 51, 61, 155,
 156, 186, 200.
 Stow-on-the-Wold, 236.
 Stratford-on-Avon, 49, 203, 204-
 205.
 Strensham, 48, 114, 116, 117,
 123, 202.
 Stroud, 46, 235.
 St. Tecla's Isle, 257, 258.
 Sudely Castle, 47, 180.
 Sugarloaf Hill, Malvern, 40.
 Sugarloaf, The, Abergavenny,
 57, 213, 217.
 Swinyerd Hill, 40, 44, 65, 66,
 262.
 Symond's Yat, 240, 244.

 Talgarth, 213, 216.
 Tarrington, 158.
 "Tarrington Oak," 158, 266.
 Tavener's Pitch, 91.

- Teme River, 43, 54, 55, 61, 81,
 92, 93, 199, 222, 223, 224,
 267.
 Tenbury, 55, 199, 200.
 Tewkesbury, 18, 19, 21, 30, 43,
 46, 47, 53, 61, 105, 113, 114,
 115, 116, 127, 128, 132, 148,
 158-167, 179, 183, 188, 194,
 266, 268, 270.
 Three Cocks Inn, 238.
 Three Cocks Junction, 238, 240.
 Tintern Abbey, 240, 246, 249.
 "Trumpet" Inn, 220.
 Tirley, 139, 140.
 "Twelve Apostles" Rocks, 250.
 Twynning Fleet, 114-117, 181,
 201.
 Upleadon, 130-131.
 Upton-on-Severn, 47, 52, 61, 97,
 99, 102, 103, 106, 109, 112,
 113, 114, 115, 116, 124, 132,
 158, 202, 270.
 Uriconium, 219.
 Usk River, 54, 61, 215, 216, 258.
 Wainlode Camp, 45, 132, 136.
 Walms Well, 65.
 Warwick, 14, 42, 49, 53, 201,
 203, 204-206.
 Welland, 53.
 Wellington Heath, 152, 267.
 Welsh Bicknor, 243.
 Wenlock Edge, 263.
 Wenlock Priory and Town, 218,
 219.
 Wybley, 59, 211-212.
 West Bromwich, 217.
 Weston-super-Mare, 257, 258.
 Westwood Park, 156-157.
 Whitchurch, 242.
 "White House" or "Priors," 94.
 Whitney Bridge, 240.
 White-leaved Oak, Valley of,
 44, 69, 70, 71, 72, 263, 273.
 Widemarsh Common, Hereford,
 178.
 Wilton Castle, 241.
 Winchcombe, 47, 179-180.
 Wind's Point, 65, 263.
 Witley Court, 55, 92-93, 227.
 Wolverhampton, 43.
 Woodbury Camp, 54, 81, 92-93.
 Woolhope Hills, 58.
 Woollas Hall, 118.
 Worcester, 9, 12, 19, 35, 40,
 42, 43, 47, 51, 52, 61, 77,
 80-90, 91, 92, 94, 97, 99,
 105, 107, 109, 111, 112, 115,
 121, 123, 124, 127, 129, 154,
 155, 156, 186, 188, 199, 200,
 203, 217, 268.
 Worcestershire Beacon, 9, 40,
 41, 60, 62, 63, 153, 262, 269.
 Wrekin, The, 42, 55, 219.
 Wyche-Cutting, 10, 16, 63, 72,
 152, 266, 267.
 Wyche, The, 8, 9, 10, 19, 40,
 63, 70, 263, 265, 268.
 Wye River, 43, 54, 57, 58, 61,
 173, 174, 175, 238-253, 254,
 255, 256, 257, 276.
 Wyndcliffe, The, 58, 249, 250,
 253, 257.
 Wyre Forest, 186, 264.
 Wyre Piddle, 185.

Breinigsville, PA USA
04 January 2011

252674BV00004B/8/P



9 781120 640291

Kessinger Publishing's® Legacy Reprints

Thousands of Scarce and Hard-to-Find Books

- Americana
- Ancient Mysteries
- Animals
- Anthropology
- Architecture
- Arts
- Astrology
- Bibliographies
- Biographies & Memoirs
- Body, Mind & Spirit
- Business & Investing
- Children & Young Adult
- Collectibles
- Comparative Religions
- Crafts & Hobbies
- Earth Sciences
- Education
- Ephemera
- Fiction
- Folklore
- Geography
- Health & Diet
- History
- Hobbies & Leisure
- Humor
- Illustrated Books
- Language & Culture
- Law
- Life Sciences
- Literature
- Medicine & Pharmacy
- Metaphysical
- Music
- Mystery & Crime
- Mythology
- Natural History
- Outdoor & Nature
- Philosophy
- Poetry
- Political Science
- Psychiatry & Psychology
- Rare Books
- Reference
- Religion & Spiritualism
- Rhetoric
- Sacred Books
- Science Fiction
- Science & Technology
- Self-Help
- Social Sciences
- Symbolism
- Theatre & Drama
- Theology
- Travel & Explorations
- War & Military
- Women
- Yoga

Download a free catalog and search our titles at: www.kessinger.net



ISBN 1120640296



9 781120 640291